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Knutsford

IN BLACK & WHITE

BY

SYDNEY HOLLAND
VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD

WITH PORTRAIT

THIRD IMPRESSION

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.
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DEDICATED

TO THE MAN

I HAVE KNOWN LONGEST

AND LOVED MOST

—MYSELF

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IN BLACK AND WHITE

CHAPTER I

APOLOGIA

STRANGE to say, my wife and children have never asked me to "jot down some of your recollections," which is the alleged justification for many biographies. On the contrary, they have been wonderfully unanimous in beseeching me not to do anything of the sort. I, however, am equally unanimous that I shall enjoy the jotting, even if not its results.

So—here goes!

I am writing these odds and ends of memories because it amuses me to put them down in black and white, and for no other reason whatever.

I am not at all proud of my career, which has only been successful because I have got through seventy-two years of it without being found out. Success, so called, is merely relative. People dub you successful if you turn out one degree better than they expected. Only the other day I overheard an East-ender say:

"Yuss, Bill's done well for hisself. Got mide a dustman in one of them Laibour burrows!" Bill was evidently a success—for Bill.

Luckily no one expected much of me. When I was a small schoolboy I remember my grandfather, Sir Henry Holland, who was physician to Queen Victoria, patting me on the head and saying: "I have succeeded, your father has succeeded, but I have never known a third generation succeed." Where I once saw depression, I see now absolution!

At any rate, I have had a life full of interest to myself, and possibly some who have the endurance to read more than a few of these pages may be encouraged to discover that it is quite possible to have a certain measure of success without the brain power which they, and I, so often envy in others.

I never had any success at learning: I never got into the sixth form at school; I never got a prize, except a choir prize (which was given at Wellington to every boy who sang in the choir); a holiday task prize, for which no other boy in my form worked while I was made to; and a "consolation" prize for Divinity, in which I got beaten by the son of—I think—the Bishop of Liverpool, Jacobson—who I felt had an unfair start. My one success in any examination was a scrape through the Law Tripos at Cambridge which was as great a surprise to my tutor as to myself. The betting was 200 to 1 against me, no takers, and I can only imagine that, because I landed the longest odds on record—to the lasting honour of "The Hall's" ability to make bricks without straw—I was elected an Honorary Fellow forty-three years later!

So far as I can analyse myself, I have done what I have through a certain ability to "get on" with other men, to some small power of speech-making, and, I suppose, to some distinctive but not distinguished personality. Another thing, too, may have helped me—I have never wasted a moment once I made up my mind that a thing ought to be done. I have rushed at it, and people will credit you with many qualities you have not got when once you have a reputation for "getting things done!"

I have never undertaken any work I did not feel that I could do, and I have tried to live by the wise saying of a Westmorland man to Charlie Cropper, my brother-in-law:

"Aa've never been beat by a job yet, because a'a always make it a rule to give over before aa'm beat, and rather be beat wi' a job, a'a would go away and leave it." A wise man, that. If he did not tell his secret to too many people, I dare swear he got through life, as I have done so far, without being found out.

But beyond everything else I have been supremely fortunate in those able men and women I have had to work with. I seem to have had some blessed instinct of judging where I could trust, and whom I could inspire with my own enthusiasm. It is largely due to them that I have done anything at all.

Recollections naturally imply and compel stories of men and things. At seventy-two I really begin to think that every story in the world has been heard by someone or other, and we all know and fear the story-killer, the man who invariably tells you, even when you have just invented the stuff—" Oh, that's an old one," or, more crushingly, " Why, Eve told that to Adam," or Adam to Eve, according to the brand of story.

I once spoke about hospitals to the boys at Eton, and the following week the master of one of the forms set a paper asking for recollections of what I had said. One of the boys began his paper : " After a few time-honoured jokes, Mr. Holland, etc., etc." I saw the paper and the master had written beside it in pencil : " If he had not made a few jokes, time-honoured or not, to begin with, you would never have listened to what he said." That is my experience, but " time-honoured " is good and—wholesome.

" Time-honoured." Well, I suppose I am getting that myself (more time than honour, though) and my stories with me.

If it is a heinous sin to re-tell an old story, I can only follow the example of the self-made man who, in his later years, was constantly being harried by a very religious daughter about his prospects in the next life. In despair one day she said to him :

"What will you do when you have to stand before the Great Throne and confess your sins?" The little man drew himself up with dignity:

"I 'ope, my dear, that I shall remember to be'ave like a gentleman and apologize."

I apologize.

I feel, too, handicapped because the Press in general seems to prefer to regard me as an unserious person and to ransack my sayings and doings for "bright bits," just as it does those of the Gloomy Dean for pessimisms. Yet I really have solemn and solid emotions and moments, just as Dean Inge has brighter ones. At least, I hope he has.

At all events, here am I and my "time-honoured" stories "In Black and White."

Why "In Black and White"? Because, when anyone doubts anything, he says: "I should like to see that in black and white!" It makes no difference, of course, but it sounds trustworthy. Also, because Black and White are the colours of one of the best known spirits, and I write this in good spirit. But mainly because of an odd coincidence in colour schemes that has followed my life. Black and white were the colours of one of the first schools I went to, Vecqueray's at Rugby. Black and white were the colours of the cap of my house, or dormitory as we called a house, at Wellington. Black and white, too, are celebrated as the colours of my college at Cambridge—Trinity Hall—and are the colours of the Magpie Cricket Club to which I belonged for many years. And, looking back along life, I see plenty of black, with now and then, I hope, a streak of white.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS

NOWADAYS nobody is the least interested in where you come from, so I will only say of my forbears that, except for one who was suspected of forgery, they were quite respectable. On my mother's side my great-grandfather, Sydney Smith, the celebrated Canon of St. Paul's and wit, used to say, when people bragged of their ancestry : " Mine all disappeared after the Judge came round for the Summer Assizes ; and no questions were asked."

I was born a twin, on March 19, 1855. My mother was Elizabeth Hibbert. My mother married at eighteen, and all the pictures of her show her to have been a very pretty, dark, small girl. Every one who knew her has spoken to me of her brightness and fun. Her mother, Emily, Sydney Smith's daughter, was a very clever and formidable person.

My poor little mother was very ill when my twin and I were born, and when she asked to see her baby I alone was taken in to her. The nurse was terrified lest my twin brother in the next room should cry out and so let her know of his existence. My mother looked at me and said that I could never grow into a good-looking man as my ears were too big ! My nose then was evidently just the ordinary baby's button affair.

At the time of our birth our father, then Henry Holland to the world and Harry Holland to every one who knew him, was away on circuit at Liverpool. He was engaged in a very important case in which Cockburn, afterwards

Lord Chief Justice, was his leader, and they were trying to upset a big will on the ground of undue influence. Cockburn took a very pessimistic view of their chances of success but had given way to my father's persistence, and could not spare him at the trial. Despite the attention of the best doctors that could be got, my mother got worse and worse, and the telegrams brought such increasingly bad reports that my father at last gave up the case and rushed back to 50, Chester Square. He arrived only just in time to see my mother before she died, and I have heard from those who were present of his intense grief. Later he told me himself about those terrible days.

It was a black outlook for him—not well off, dependent on his profession, with a daughter and twin sons, all very young, to support. My aunt, Caroline Holland, my father's step-sister, whom some still alive will remember as the conductor of an amateur choir and as a woman of a very remarkable personality, came to his rescue and took charge of us all.

Memories are the oddest of things ! Why certain small events should dig themselves into one's brain, to the complete exclusion of much more important ones, seems absurd but is the experience of most people. My first remembrance of living is being wheeled in a perambulator over one of the crossings in Lowndes Square. I was sitting "back to the horses" with my twin facing me, and the step—it is still there—was a deep one from pavement to road. The nurse was careless, the perambulator dropped with a jerk and threw my twin against me, and to this day, seventy years later, I recall our bump. But I cannot imagine why I should.

My next memory is of my father's second marriage, to Margaret Trevelyan, the elder daughter of Sir Charles Trevelyan and sister of Sir George Otto Trevelyan. I was only three then, but I can still see her coming into our drawing-room at Chester Square and kissing us, and saying that she was going to be our new mother. Her coming dethroned Aunt Caroline. Until her death in 1906 our step-mother was a real mother to us.

Among my early recollections of her is a visit with her to Holly Lodge, where her uncle, Lord Macaulay, lived, and I have a vivid memory of his study, with the large writing-table in the window, and of his giving us jelly on hot plates. At four years old, jelly on a hot plate is hard to corner, and it made us very miserable to see it melting away while we were chasing it round and round the plate.

I recall, too, going with her to tea on the balcony of Sir C. Trevelyan's house, 8, Grosvenor Crescent, and looking down over the green field which stretched from St. George's Hospital down Grosvenor Place, where the Wellington Club stands now. There was a bull in the field, I remember. It was "Tattersalls" then. It is strange how few people recollect the fact.

We saw very little of our father as boys, as he had to work very hard and was away a good deal on circuit; but I recall his home-coming in the evenings, usually with masses of papers. Later in life, large Colonial Office "pouches" took the place of law papers, and we used to hate the sight of them for we knew they meant work and worry for him and most unwilling exile for us.

As children, my sister (Edith Cropper), Arthur, and I used to go to Knutsford to stay with two old great-aunts, Mary and Lucy Holland, the heroines of Mrs. Gaskell's novel *Cranford*. I imagine I am one of the very few people alive who has been carried in a sedan-chair—I mean in the ordinary way of life and not as an artificial "experience." One sedan-chair survived in Knutsford long after the others had disappeared off the face of the land, and as the streets of the town were then Cheshire cobbles, and the distances from house to house very short, it was a convenient means of transport. I recall very well all three of us being packed into the chair and the sensation of being lifted off the ground and of the swaying motion as we went along from Church House to the house in High Street, where my step-aunt, Mrs. Deane, lived.

When we were eight years old, my brother Arthur and I were sent to a Mrs. Tomlinson's school at Blackheath. We were rather independent boys and did not mind leaving home, though it was a sad moment when our father said good-bye to us outside the school, and I can see him now, walking away up Lee Park and turning round to give us a farewell wave with his umbrella. I expect he felt the parting a good deal more than we did, as we were full of curiosity and were wondering what our new life was going to give us in the way of fun. We had a decidedly rude awakening from our dreams. We went down into the basement and wandered about until, suddenly, the boys returned from their daily walk. They clattered down the steps and, seeing us inside, shouted :

" Here, you new boys, open the door."

One of us—I hope it was Arthur—shouted back :

" We are not servants. Ring the bell."

They did, and when the door was opened they rushed on us, with one accord, like a pack of hungry hounds, and we were reduced to pulp. I daresay we deserved all we got, but we certainly got a good deal.

The episode had a sequel fifty years later. A man named Bruce answered an appeal I had sent to him for the London Hospital, and added: "I believe I was at Mother Tom's with you." I asked for his photograph and identified him with the ring-leader of those boys who had "pulped" us. I fined him accordingly, and he paid.

I do not know now whether I was happy or unhappy at Mother Tom's. Probably neither the one nor the other, for the average schoolboy does not, or did not, keep a balance-sheet of emotions.

Mrs. Tomlinson always celebrated her birthdays, and it was the custom for the boys to subscribe to give her a present. We used to sit round a table on which there was a large cake and the gift was then presented to her, and was always accepted as a surprise. The presentation over, she was handed a list of the amounts subscribed, which she read aloud. Once, it has stuck in my mind like a burr, she looked at my twin and me with a sweet smile :

" The two Hollands—threepence each. Very kind of them, I am sure, and I am much obliged." Did she know—I have always felt she did, and I blush to think of it even after sixty-four years—that we had received five shillings from our dear parents for presentation purposes, but thought we knew a better way of using the money ? I have called this book *In Black and White*, but this is an All Black memory, and I cannot see any whitening power in those threepenny bits.

One has read of pudding being served before meat to save the cost of the latter, but at Mother Tom's it was really done. Each boy was given a great helping of Yorkshire pudding, all of which he had to eat before the roast beef was handed round. I have never been able to eat Yorkshire pudding since—I still see it as pudding with a purpose.

We were tubbed once a week—all twenty-one of us—in the same water, by the old housemaid. It was a primitive and not very effectual sort of cleansing.

The school was advertised as a " Seminary of Sound Learning and Religious Education," and it had a high reputation for its teaching, but looking back it seems odd that boys between eight and ten should have had to learn the Thirty-Nine Articles by heart !

We were two years at the school and were sent from it to Dr. Huntingford's school, Eagle House, at Wimbledon.

Eagle House still stands in the High Street and was occupied not long ago by the late Sir John Jackson. It was a beautiful old Elizabethan house, and the school was a very good one judged by the standards of those days. School standards, however, are very different to what they used to be. The ideal to-day is strictness in school and companionship out of school, and there is no rarity in real friendship between masters and boys. It was very different in my time—there was a great gulf kept between the two. Dr. Huntingford had a very scientific method of caning—far too severe for little boys. We had to kneel down before him, put our heads between his ankles, and then from his full height—he stood 6 feet 4 inches—down came the cane with a tremendous swish. I have wondered why no maddened boy ever tried to pull his legs from under him. It would not have been difficult.

The boys were a nice set, and I made some good friends among them—Edward Toynbee, who was to start Toynbee Hall in East London ; Jack Shuter, the Surrey cricketer ; the Merewethers of Winchester fame ; Robert Hunter, the well-known solicitor ; Harry Pollock ; Percy Macquoid, the artist, and others. One friend there was Walter Otto Goldschmidt, the son of that wonderful singer, Jenny Lind ; and I recall a week-end at her house, Oak Lea, at Wimbledon. I heard her sing there, and again later when her husband conducted the Bach Choir, but her voice was then sadly far from what it had been.

Arthur and I ran neck and neck in lessons as in everything else, but there was not much competition for the places we usually occupied in the form.

It is a good idea in Baden Powell's book for Boy Scouts, one of the best books ever written, that the whole idea of competition should be altered. Every one, he writes, cannot be first, and the knowledge of this prevents many from trying to be first, but every one can compete not to be last ! If this idea was adopted, all but one would be pleased, whereas to-day all but one are displeased.

It was a bad day for me when Arthur left to go into the Navy. His leaving was my first real sorrow, for I had few real friends among the other boys as I had not wanted friendship while he was near. I felt desperately lonely.

It was while I was at Eagle House that my step-grandmother and god-mother, Saba, the second wife of Sir Henry Holland, died. Like my grandmother, she was also a daughter of Sydney Smith. My grandfather, Sir Henry, was a very remarkable man and, as the most fashionable physician of his day, came to know intimately all the leading people of his time. From attending them professionally he became their close friend, and if only he had let himself go, he could have written an autobiography of extraordinary interest. As it is, his *Memoirs* disappoint on every page. He held the position of Physician to Queen Caroline, and, much to his terror, he was called by Lord Brougham as a witness for her at her trial. He tells of the great personal anxiety of the witnesses and how, during the progress of the trial, he was called upon to see as patients three of the ladies who had been summoned to give evidence and had been made ill by apprehension. He does state, however, that, notwithstanding one scene in the House of Lords, the Queen herself was the person least excited or affected by the proceedings. My grandfather was examined in chief by Tindal, afterwards Chief Justice, and was cross-examined by the Solicitor-General, who was to become, later, Lord Lyndhurst. The examination and questions by other peers lasted an hour, but of his own cross-examination he wrote only: "I met with no difficulty which I was not prepared to meet." It is no wonder that such discretion made and kept friends. He was present when the Queen was repulsed at the doors of Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall on the day of the Coronation, and attended her until her death from acute inflammation of the bowels.

Looking through my father's papers after his death I came across the following note in his handwriting on this two-sided problem of "Queen" Caroline:

> My father, who travelled with her as her physician, never definitely stated to me his opinion whether she was guilty, or not guilty, of the grave charges brought against her. But

from what he said to me on different occasions I feel tolerably sure that, in his opinion, though she was guilty of gross language, levity, and most regrettable disregard of appearances, she was *not* guilty of the graver charges. He believed that Lord Denman (one of her Counsel) was of the same opinion. The Princess trusted my father to the last; and when negotiations were going on between Brougham and the Government, she wrote from Boulogne to my father asking him whether he thought that Brougham might be trusted by her. To this my father somewhat diplomatically replied that he thought she would be wise to place her full confidence in her other advisers, lay as well as legal.

My grandfather also attended Mrs. Fitzherbert for many years, and tells how he "witnessed once, when meeting the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert in the same room at Bridgewater House, that rejection of every intercourse on her part which gave origin to many anecdotes true and false on the subject." This is a fair example of the tantalizing character of his autobiography. He could have told so much but felt bound by professional etiquette to tell so little, and the result is much the same as reading Kelly's *Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes.* Still, it need not be very good to be better than his grandson's effort.

I remember him as a short man with a very clever face, a large choker and a swallow-tail coat. He invariably asked me a question in Greek which I was expected to understand and answer in the same language. As the question was always the same I mastered it in time and could answer without hesitation, which pleased him, though it made me rather suspicious about his memory. He was always hoping that I would "try to be a success in life," but with that qualification about the third generation which I have mentioned. He meant kindly but it was decidedly damping for a schoolboy with a bad report for his last term's work still undelivered to his parents.

He used to come, every Sunday, without fail, to call on my father and would stand with his back to the fire, talking. He left in half an hour, to the minute. Indeed, his whole life was mapped out, hour by hour, and he used to urge me never to be idle for a minute. I never do idle, so it is only fair to give him credit for this.

One of the surgeons at the London Hospital, Jeremiah McCarthy, once told me a story about my grandfather. One of McCarthy's first operations had been on a lady whose home was in Berkeley Square, and her parents were anxious about her heart, and so asked McCarthy if he would mind Sir Henry Holland being asked to sound her heart.

"I, of course," said McCarthy, "raised no objection, and your grandfather was sent for. He came, trotted into the room and then told me to listen to the heart. I said, 'Not in your presence, Sir Henry. It is your opinion they want.'

"'You listen first and then I will,' he replied. So I listened and he listened, after which we adjourned downstairs for the consultation, and your grandfather said:

"'What did you hear, Mr. McCarthy? I am deaf.'"

I never heard, though, what happened to the fee.

Still, my grandfather was not an avaricious man—he limited his income to £5,000 a year, which was not much for a man in his position and small beside what a physician of similar standing could make to-day. He was a brave man, too, for when young he had to undergo a very severe operation for strangulated hernia. There were no anæsthetics in those days, and the operation had to be done at night and by candle light. The servant who was holding the candle fainted, and my grandfather himself held the candle while the surgeon finished the operation.

He was the greatest traveller of his day, and all through his life took three months in every year for travelling. He died in 1873 at the age of eighty-six.

My father used to tell us stories about him, one of which was an amusing sequel to a visit my grandfather had paid to America during the war between the Northern and Southern States of America. General Grant had been very kind to him, even to arranging for him a ride along the lines of the Northern Army from which he could get a good view of the Confederate positions. Some time after the Civil War had ended General Grant came on a visit to England, and my father was asked by Mr. Pierrepont, the U.S. Minister in London, to meet him at an evening party. At the reception General Grant stood on the first landing and was introduced to each person as he came up. When my father's turn came, he ventured to say that his father entertained a very lively recollection of the General's kindness to him.

"He was a damned bad rider, sir," replied Grant, and walked off.

Old Sir Henry kept his sons woefully short of money, and my father found it impossible to live on his allowance at Cambridge, yet dared not ask for more. He did ask once—for some small debt that my Uncle Frank (Canon of Canterbury) owed—but never for himself, though his own debt was humble enough, only forty pounds. It is a terrible mistake for a father to make it impossible or even difficult for a son to speak to him about matters of life, and to withdraw himself on to a pinnacle of righteousness. If a father lets his boys know that he has been through the mill himself, he can get their confidence and can help them. I have seen this very often, and I am thankful and grateful that it was the line my father took with us.

The happiest homes are those where there is mutual confidence between parents and children—the result of real comradeship—and they make the best sons and daughters. The power and pleasure of sharing thoughts freely and without reservations prevents endless troubles. I have found this myself, and I remember a father telling me of one of the happiest experiences he had ever had. His daughter was going out fishing with a young fellow—they were both good fishermen—and a girl who was only a beginner. Just before they started the father said to his daughter:

"Don't you two go off and leave A alone. I want you to teach her, and all to fish together."

Towards the end of the day he walked to the loch where they were fishing and saw the girl alone and the two skilled fishers a quarter of a mile away. His daughter saw him and went up to him at once.

"Father, I want to explain how it happens that she's by herself."

He replied that he did not want any explanation and was certain it must have been unavoidable, and added that it would hurt him to think that any explanation was thought necessary. He told me that her reply was:

"Thank you, father, you could not have said anything that I loved to hear more than that."

Not worth recording? Perhaps not. But it is worth remembering.

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

IN 1868 my father settled that I was to go up for the entrance examination at Rugby, and he took me there himself. We travelled, I remember, with an old friend of his, Judge Denman, who was taking his son George, who has since become a Police Magistrate, for the same examination. I was deposited at Arnold's house, and old "Plug," as Arnold was called, sent for me and asked me the perfect tense of *τύπτω*. I could not remember it at the moment and was told, in consequence, that I should not get through. This turned out to be true. At the "exam." I sat next a boy, Joe Hornby, who, ever since, up to his death in 1915, was a dear friend of mine. He, too, was ploughed, but fate threw us together again at Vecqueray's, a preliminary school for Rugby, to which we were sent after our first failure.

I never had such a miserable year as that at Vecqueray's. Everything seemed to go wrong except that I got into the first XI at cricket.

We played Rugby football at Vecqueray's, and at Wellington afterwards, but it was a very different game in those days. Passing was unknown—in every scrummage the thing to do was to get the ball between your ankles and hold it there while the opposite side hacked you until you had to loosen it. Tackling, too, was unknown, and the backs used to hack down anyone running with the ball. Punting was forbidden—I think it is a pity that it was not kept so—and drop-kicking only was allowed, which is certainly more skilful and to which the oval-shaped ball lends itself better.

That year at Vecqueray's passed in very slow time, and then my father, being ambitious for me, wanted me to go into the Army, and settled that I should go to Wellington and then try for Woolwich. I did not like the plan, for I wanted very much to be a doctor and, to this day, I think I might have succeeded as one. I felt certain that I could never get into Woolwich, and my father did not want me to go into the Army unless I did. I am sure that, if I had pressed my wish to be a doctor, my father would have given way, but, at thirteen, a boy is tongue-tied and unskilled in argument and so apt to accept what his father shows he feels is best. Considering my grandfather's great success as a physician I have often wondered since why my father objected to the idea so strongly.

When it was settled that I was to go to Wellington, to my great joy, Joe Hornby persuaded his parents to send him as well, and in 1870 we found ourselves there, under Dr. Benson, who was to become afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

My three years at Wellington were very happy ones.

Looking back now I do not think Benson was a good Head Master. Coming as he did to Wellington from Rugby, one would have expected that he would have brought with him the Arnold tradition of getting the best out of boys by trusting them and by putting responsibility on them. But Benson trusted nobody, neither boys nor masters, and his rule was by fear. He had a very violent temper, which got worse and worse when a boy was being scolded or caned, until it ended in actual fury. He was, however, always kind to me, as far as he could be kind, and I was fortunate enough never to be "caught out" by him. He used to go round once a term and take each form in turn, and "Benson's exams." were the terror of every boy and of every form master. Benson used to march in, look rapidly down a list detailing our miserable failings, and at once put on some boy against whom there was a black mark. If, by good luck, the boy construed well, Benson cross-examined him until he did trip him up, and then the boy was sent for a cane and caned before the class. There was far too much caning—every master was allowed to cane, and the bad-tempered ones were always caning. No master should ever cane without taking time for reflection.

I remember Mr. H. W. Eve, the Science master, afterwards head of a great school in London, sending for a cane to punish some boys, and when it was brought and they were standing ready, he threw away the cane suddenly and cried :

" Ugh, I can't treat you like dogs ! "

There is an amusing and true story about Dr. Benson and his activity with his cane. Arthur Chambers, who had often suffered while at Wellington from Benson's canings, called on him, years afterwards, at Lambeth Palace, when he was Archbishop of Canterbury. The door was opened by the same butler who used to open the door when Chambers went up to be caned.

" Good heavens ! You here still ! " said Chambers.

" Oh, you need not fear anything, Captain Chambers. *We* are much better tempered now." It was a fact, for Benson's temper and character improved very much, and he proved one of the best of Bishops, as Bishop of Truro, and one of the strongest and best of Archbishops.

Dr. Benson once paid me a left-handed compliment. I was visiting Wellington as an Old Boy, and was watching the cricket and talking to Mr. Wickham, who had followed Benson as Head Master, when the Archbishop came up to us.

" You remember Holland ? "

" Oh, yes," said the Archbishop. " I have good reason to." I am afraid that he had, and many more than he dreamed of.

Hornby and I went on to Cambridge together, and so did Michell, another of my Wellington friends, who became a House Master at Rugby, and died in 1925 on his way to see Wellington play Rugby at football. But all those of my time who distinguished themselves did so in the Army. Among them was General Sir Ian Hamilton, who was known as " Hippo " Hamilton as his face was thought to be horse-like; but that was better than "a face like a wet sponge," as he described the face of a distinguished Japanese General in his book on the Russo-Japanese War.

Dr. Pollock, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, succeeded Mr. Wickham as head master and did much for the school. He had an attractive personality to those who once got through an outward shyness that seemed to frighten many people. He is among those whose friendship I have valued greatly.

Head masters of Public Schools puzzle me. In later life I have visited many Public Schools to speak to the boys about hospital work and to urge them to give up some part of their joyous lives for others, and in doing this I have met and stayed with the head masters of Eton (my old friend Edward Lyttelton), Harrow (Wood and Ford), Marlborough (Fletcher), Rugby (James), Wellington (Benson, Wickham, Pollock, and Vaughan), Cheltenham (Waterfield), Bradfield (Gray), Repton (Ford), Haileybury (Lyttelton), Shrewsbury (Alington), Bluecoat School (Upcott), Radley (Field), Malvern (James), and Winchester (Rendall).

One would have thought that for a head master of a Public School a man of a more or less agreed type would be chosen—a scholar, a man of command, of power, of forceful character, attractive, if possible, and a lover of games and all that this implies in the best sense. The men I have named were all different—yet all succeeded more or less, or seemed to succeed. This drives me to the conclusion that it cannot be such a difficult job to succeed as a head master. Dr. Arnold, as described by

Tom Hughes in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, is the ideal, though Mr. Strachey's description of him in *Eminent Victorians* does not tally with Hughes's view. Not one that I ever met came up to that ideal except Dr. Rendall, of Winchester, whom I should place, with all humility, as the best head master I have ever known. A very pleasant feature that I found in all, save Benson, was the extremely friendly relationship they had with their boys.

"Bed books" are always a speculative lot, but I remember once when I was staying the night with Lionel Ford, the late head master of Harrow, I found on the shelf by my bedside a book on "Applied Mathematics." I opened it without hope, but written on the inside of the cover in manuscript were these lines—the only smile, I imagine, in the whole book.

If A be good-looking and 20,
  If B be divine and 18,
If C be—well—50, with plenty
  Of brains preternaturally keen,
Can you show by what use of Quadratics
  The squaring of C can be done?
And when by Applied Mathematics,
  Will 18 and 20 be 1?

Bad to beat, I think! I know I dropped off to sleep feeling much happier about mathematicians.

I cannot leave Wellington without recording the wonderful affection and friendship shown to me by one of the masters, Osmund Airy, son of Sir G. Airy, the Astronomer Royal. I went to him in fear and trembling—he was a sort of "extra luxury" for which my father had paid, but from the first moment of meeting, Airy made a friend of me, and our relationship all through my stay at Wellington was that of elder and younger brother. Every Sunday morning, for three years, Osmund Airy took me out walking, and it was he who taught me to give a thought to those less fortunately placed in the world.

One day he took me over to hear Charles Kingsley preach at Eversley. I shall always remember that sermon. It was on the last verse of the Te Deum.

O, Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.

He spoke of the help it had always been to him, when puzzled as to what to do or when face to face with any difficulty, just to go to his room and kneel down and ask help of his Lord. And then he asked the congregation if they knew what being "confounded" meant.

"I am speaking to you who spend your days in the fields and, many of you, with horses. I can give you no better instance than this of what being 'confounded' means. I have seen a man lose his temper with a horse, go up to it, seize hold of the bridle, and give it a severe tug. Up goes the poor horse's head. He does not know what is wrong—he is in terror—his head moves aimlessly—he is 'confounded.'"

Of course, I do not pretend to give his actual words, but I never see a man jerking at a horse's head without thinking of Kingsley's fifty-year-old sermon. The simile was so apt and so fitted to his agricultural congregation. As is well known, Kingsley stammered in conversation but never in the pulpit.

I wasted my time at Wellington, but the teaching was very bad, and Mr. Eve was the only master who ever attempted to make the lessons interesting. Several of the masters were unprepossessing, and few of them would have succeeded in any walk in life. My tutor—not Airy—actually refused to allow me to be confirmed because I could not say my "Duty towards my Neighbour." Fancy making so little of the opportunity that confirmation offers to an impressionable boy as to teach him that the order of words was the most important doctrine!

Forty years later I was telling Mrs. Benson (the widow of the Archbishop) this story as an illustration of lost opportunity and of the lack of sympathy between masters and boys at Wellington, and she said to me :

" Ah, but my husband saw you all separately and alone." I had to tell her that he had never done anything of the sort. Benson gave very impressive addresses in Chapel but he was utterly out of sympathy with boys, as were most of the masters, and there was nothing at the school then to raise a boy's ideal of honour and truth. What the boys had they brought from their homes. It would have been a grave drawback to me if I had not been fortunate in making many very dear friends at Cambridge who taught me all that is best in life.

Considering that, years afterwards, I had a share in fighting the Dock Strike in 1888, the " record " strike of those days, it is curious to find that one of the few speeches I made at the Wellington Debating Society as a boy was in favour of Unions and Strikes, as being the only weapons possible for employees to use against employers. I need hardly say that I was out-voted and squashed.

My summer holidays were always spent with my grandmother, Mrs. Hibbert, at Munden near Watford, as my parents used to go to Switzerland or some other place abroad. We had no country home so Munden was the greatest blessing to me, and it was there that I learned to shoot.

Many well-known people were visitors at Munden: Tom Baring, the head of Baring's Bank ; Tierney, the son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer ; Judge Willes, Judge Brett, and Van de Weyer, the Dutch Minister, among them, but I was too young to appreciate any of them except Judge Willes, who was specially kind to me as the son of my father who, when a Junior, had done a lot of work for him, notably in the drafting of the Common Law Procedure Act. Judge Willes was a constant visitor, and it was a very great shock to us when he committed suicide at Otterspool, a place near Munden. Report said that, in a fit of temporary madness, he had tried to drown his wife during the night and then, realizing what he had done, shot himself. He was the Judge in the celebrated Constance Kent murder trial, and I remember him telling me about it. Constance Kent was accused of murdering her little brother by cutting his throat in an out-house and of disposing of the body by chopping it up into small pieces. Counsel for her defence tried to put the blame on others and the case was dismissed. Many years later she made confession to a priest who urged her to expiate her sin by further confession. This she did and was sent to penal servitude. A long time afterwards I found the name of the same priest linked with the very curious circumstances that led up to one of the biggest bequests ever made to the London Hospital. But that is another story—to be told later.

It was at Munden that Tierney's father in 1789 wrote the historic challenge to Pitt which resulted in the duel on Putney Heath that ended without bloodshed and "with perfect honour to both parties." Two shots were fired by each duellist, and at the last exchange Pitt fired his pistol in the air. The draft of Tierney's letter and Pitt's note of acceptance are both preserved at Munden. Tierney's draft, evidently dashed off in hot blood, as the many corrections and additions show, contrasts very strongly with the cold precision, both in style and handwriting, of Pitt's letter.

Woolwich unfortunately proved beyond my powers. I had always felt that I was not clever enough to go for Woolwich and except through it my father would not consent to the Army. So I took to the Bar because I saw no other way of pleasing my father.

In 1873 I went up to Trinity Hall and life opened to me. On my very first day, Charlie Cropper, who was related to my step-mother and who afterwards married my sister Edith, called, asked me to breakfast, and introduced me to all his friends—Harry, Stafford and Mowbray Howard; George Longman, Captain of the XI; George Macan, and many others, and they, in turn, introduced me to their circles so that, very soon, I had a great number of really good friends to whom I owe more than I can say.

I kept up my swimming and by good luck I won every race open to the 'Varsity. It was a rule of the Cambridge Swimming Club that no man might win a race two years running and, being better at long distances, I only entered for the half-mile in my first term. Pemberton of Christ's, a far better swimmer, won all the other races and so was debarred in the following year from everything except the half-mile, which I may mention he won in two minutes less time than I had taken to swim it. With Pemberton "out of the swimming" I won most of the other races. My best performance was when I won the 100 yards, 200 yards, quarter-mile, and half-mile, but that was in the Long Vacation when competition was not so severe. I held the 'Varsity medals for the half-mile (twice), for the 200 yards, and the 100 yards in clothes. Till Pemberton beat it, my time for the half-mile was a record at Cambridge. Nowadays, people swim a mile in the same time as we took for the half-mile, but the overhand-stroke and the crawl had not been invented then, and we all used either the breast-stroke or the side-stroke.

Rowing, however, was my chief interest at Cambridge and may have been an hereditary tendency, for my father had been coxswain of the University boat in his time. In those days there was no eight-oared race, but Cambridge met Oxford in 1846 in a four-oared race at Henley, and I have the silver rudder which my father won as cox.

I rowed hard and badly, but I ended by being Captain of my College and rowed for two years in the first boat. My year of captaincy taught me a great deal about men. It is not an easy position for a young and inexperienced man to find himself in command of a College Boat Club at twenty-one; he has no real authority, and to induce some thirty or forty unwilling men to row, afternoon after afternoon, takes some doing. I commend to every Captain of every Boat Club the excellent saying of my great grandfather, Sydney Smith :

"Treat everyone as if they could turn again."

I was very lucky in having a charming set of loyal men to work with, and they overlooked my many mistakes and made things easy for me.

It was a busy time. I had to arrange every day for twenty-four men to be "tubbed" before their respective boats went out and to arrange who was to "tub" them, and to fit this in with the coaching of the first boats of other colleges which I was called on to do on most afternoons, as I was one of the six men on whom any college might call for such coaching. These cares, however, sat as lightly on me as did my entire neglect of my legal studies. I have always been wholehearted about the job to hand, and my job then was rowing and getting men to row, and I was desperately keen on it. Only lately little Guthrie—now the famous author "F. Anstey"—reminded me how I used to bully him! Guthrie coxed several boats and always well. I do not fancy that I was ever extra cruel to him, but every cox is a right subject for abuse.

The important thing in coaching is to tell a man how to remedy a fault. It is not helpful to shout, "Four, you're swinging out of the boat!" unless you can tell him that he is doing this because he is feathering under water. Remedy this and he will swing straight.

I had been at Cambridge a year when my grandmother, Mrs. Hibbert, died. She left the Munden estate to Arthur who was then a Sub-Lieutenant in the Navy. This was no disappointment to me as I had always known that he was to have it. As a matter of fact, my grandmother left the property to Arthur because she did not approve of my father marrying again and she had always wanted Munden to go to a Hibbert. As old Sir Henry Holland had died in 1875 my father had inherited the baronetcy so I could not change my name. Arthur, however, could, and became Holland-Hibbert for the future, to the accompaniment of a good deal of merry chaff about Jacob supplanting Esau.

As a result of this, Arthur left the Navy and joined me at Cambridge. This added to the pleasures and woes of life, for we were still as like two peas as respectable twins ought to be. Among the pleasures was a very nice plot we arranged against a Proctor, which came off better than such plots usually do, and which my dear friend Edward Lyttelton has told in his *Memories and Hopes*. However, as some undiscriminating people may read this book instead of that, I am re-telling it here.

One Saturday night Arthur came out from the Caledonian dinner, and as it was raining, he turned up his gown round his neck, keeping his arms through the sleeves. The Proctor, a well-known Don named Humphrey, who knew me very well, saw Arthur and called out :

" Mr Holland." Arthur took no notice—his name was Hibbert—and walked on. The Proctor sent a bull-dog to bring him back and began again :

" Mr. Holland—— "

" My name is not Holland," replied Arthur. Humphrey looked very surprised and asked what his name was. Arthur told him. Humphrey then ordered him to put his gown on.

" It is on," said Arthur, and walked off grinning. Arthur told me this story, so the next evening I put on my gown as he had done and manœuvred myself into Humphrey's vision as he turned out of Trinity Street into Rose Crescent.

"Mr. Hibbert," he called. I took no notice and walked on, and history repeated itself exactly. Then Humphrey said :

" You told me an untruth last night when you said your name was Hibbert ! " I protested with the utmost indignation, with the result that I was reported to my tutor, Ben Latham, who sent for us both, scolded us with a merry twinkle in his eye, and ended by saying (he never could pronounce his r's):

"Now, boys, tell me the whole storwey again. You are vewy wicked boys."

Dear old Ben was the friend of every undergraduate. He knew the advantage to a college of having men keen on rowing and he would strain many points to get a good oar as an undergraduate. Arthur, having been in the Navy, knew no Greek or Latin and very little else and, when it was settled that he should come to Cambridge, I consulted Ben Latham about the choice of a College, explaining that Arthur had no chance of passing any matriculation.

"But will he wow?" said Latham, and when I assured him of this he said:

"Vewy well. I think he can pass the Twinity Hall matwiculation."

Arthur did pass and very high up, but he was a bad oar because he never could learn to get out of the navy style, which involves giving a "hoick" at the end of the stroke instead of getting on at the beginning; but he brought all the good fellowship of the Navy into the boats he rowed in.

Old Latham had a great influence for good with all of us because of his sympathy and sense of humour. He never made too much of a breach of rules that was the outcome of youthful exuberance. On one occasion a German band persisted in playing outside Arthur's rooms, so he and his friends collected a number of jugs of water and poured a Niagara into the trumpets. Unfortunately a passing Don shared the waterfall and lodged a complaint with Latham, who was most sympathetic and asked what sort of noise the "twumpets" made when the water went down.

Roller-skating was very popular at Cambridge in 1876, and it was while Arthur and I were skating together that he received a telegram from Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods:

"Will you sell your two Rembrandts for £8,000?"

It seemed quite a satisfactory sum to two undergraduates, to whom as many shillings would have been a godsend, but we conferred together and telegraphed back bravely:

"Will take £10,000."

And Arthur got it. The buyer was Prince Demidoff, and the pictures went to Russia.

The pedigree of these pictures—one of a girl, sometimes called "The Child of the State," and the other, a portrait of Rembrandt himself, in armour—may be of interest.

The picture of the girl was bought by George Hibbert at Monsieur Robit's sale in 1801 for £100. When George Hibbert died, his son Nathaniel bought it for £430. It was inherited by Arthur, who sold it in 1876, as related, to Prince Demidoff for £5,000, and in 1891 it was sold by Princess Demidoff to the Chicago Art Institute for £6,000 or thereabouts.

The Rembrandt portrait had a similar history until it came into Prince Demidoff's possession, fetching £108 at the Robit sale and £420 at the Hibbert sale, and £5,000 when Arthur sold it. The Prince, however, passed it over, in 1882, for £4,000 to Monsieur Secretan, who sold it, two years later, to Messrs. Sedelmeyer for £980, and they parted with it to the American Art Association, which in turn, in 1892, sold it to Richard Mortimer of New York.

The fall in value may be owing to the fact that at some time or other the picture had been relined, but long before Arthur possessed it.

It was through the kindness of Charlie Cropper and his many friends that I got into the Pitt Club in my first term. I could not afford the A.D.C. and other clubs, as I had only £250 a year. Later on, I became a member of the Committee of the Pitt, and ended as Honorary Secretary, a post my father had held thirty years before.

I think it must be a record, or almost a record, for three generations of a family to have been Secretaries of the Pitt—my father in 1845, myself in 1876, and Arthur's son, Thurston Holland-Hibbert, in 1910.

I spent my first long vacation in Norway with Herbert Mortlock, who died some years ago. It was a venturesome proceeding to go and camp out on snow mountains, as neither of us had been abroad before and we knew nothing about deer-stalking and still less about camping out. However, we managed to get hold of a very good hunter, and enjoyed ourselves enormously. On one occasion Mortlock did a thing that I have never forgotten. We had tossed up for first shot if ever we came to deer, and I had won the toss. One day we found ourselves in the middle of a vast expanse of snow and saw, in the far distance, some little black specks which the hunter said were deer. We managed to get up to them and I killed one, Mortlock missing his shot as they ran away. The next time the first shot was his, but, as we lay, he aiming at one and I at another, I pulled my trigger, by a horrible mischance, before he fired, and the deer galloped off. Mortlock was splendid about it—he had every reason to feel annoyed but he accepted my explanation and apology without a murmur. It was very rough on him that he missed all his shots, while I was lucky enough to kill four deer, especially as that shot that I had spoiled was the easiest one of our trip. I only wish I could feel that I could have been as generous as he was.

I tried to learn some Norwegian before I started, and one valuable hint I picked out of Murray's Guide was that you must never call a Norwegian a "Torsk," which, being interpreted, means a codfish. Off-hand, it would never occur to me to call a man a codfish and still less to hunt out the word for the purpose of using it as a term of abuse. However, having acquired the word and the information, I felt fully armed and ready to meet any emergency. I had my chance. We had hardly landed when a porter grabbed my luggage and rushed away with it, leaving one piece behind him. I shouted and he took no notice. I shouted again and louder, but still at his back. Then I remembered.

"Torsk," I yelled. Round he spun, off came his coat, he made odd noises and evidently wanted to fight me. Only coins in his pocket satisfied him that he was not a codfish.

At Cambridge I made a friendship, which has lasted all my life and will last through what remains of it, with James Lowther, now Viscount Ullswater, who was for so many years Speaker of the House of Commons. Arthur and I spent several Christmases at Ampthill, where his parents lived, and I remember his mother as an extremely clever, entertaining, and very remarkable woman who knew every one in the world worth knowing and many who were not.

In our last year Arthur and I went to America with my father's brother, Canon Frank Holland, who was a delightful travelling companion, full of fun and younger than any of us. We went on the *China*, an old Cunard liner which took twelve days to make the crossing. During the trip we got our uncle into a delightful scrape. There was a terrible old bore on board who was eternally telling a tale of how a whale once attacked a ship he was on. Every one of the *China's* two hundred passengers had this tale told them over and over again. One evening we had a "penny-reading," and someone wrote some comic verses about the old bore and his whale. Our uncle was in the chair. After the song the old man got up and left the room and sent him a note saying that he wished to see him after breakfast next morning. We prophesied a duel, and when morning came we were all on deck to watch the interview. My uncle's horror may be imagined, as he walked up and down with the protesting old bore, to see chalked on the deck a huge picture of the whale attacking the ship! Oddly, and luckily, the old fellow never saw the picture, and my uncle's diplomacy averted the duel.

My last year at Cambridge was spent in trying to master enough law and history to get me through my Tripos and I managed to achieve a low Third Class which at any rate enables *Who's Who* to record, with perfect truth, "Laws Honours at Cambridge, LL.B," after my name.

The men were very nice to me when I resigned my captaincy of the Boat Club, and I left Cambridge with real regret, for it had given me my happiest year. I remember specially the wonderfully influence for good which Edward and Alfred Lyttelton had among the undergraduates. Edward was the more severe, but both, in everything they said and did, kept up a very high idea of what an English gentleman should be. Both, fortunately for me, were great friends of mine, and Edward and I used to walk up and down Nevile's Court, where there is a wonderful echo, whistling duets. I used to sing in the 'Varsity "Musical" with them and, though I could not sing at all well, I had then a note or two deeper than most men had, and I recall how, during the practices of Brahms' "Requiem," Edward, who had a beautiful voice, used to turn to me and say:

"Now, Sydney, get ready for your one note"

The conductor in those days was Sir Charles Stanford. Singing with these good singers was a great delight. Of course, in choral singing you do not know how little you are contributing yourself and you can attribute the much better work of others to yourself.

I took my degree on July 27, 1877, and during that year I went up to Cambridge constantly to coach the Hall boats for the Lent and May races. As a past Captain I had a ticket for the umpire's launch for the 'Varsity Boat Race, and was present on the only occasion when the two crews were ever photographed together. It was the strangest coincidence that the race in that year ended, for the first and only time, in a dead heat. I saw the race, and every one on the launch thought that Oxford had won, but in those days there was no accurate winning-post fixed and old Fairie, who was umpire, probably took a mark on the other side of the river not quite at right angles with his position. However, when two crews, after a twenty-two minutes ding-dong race over four and a quarter miles are so close at the finish that only a few feet separate them, no one is deeply wronged by a " dead-heat " decision.

In the following year I went to Rome with Arthur Tilley, who became later a Fellow and Tutor at King's. Tilley was a capital travelling companion but utterly incapable of keeping accounts or fighting with porters or brow-beating exorbitant hotel-keepers, so I was useful to him. He, however, was invaluable to me, for his knowledge of history and antiquities was very great, and he never spared time or trouble to teach and explain.

While we were in Rome both King Emanuel I and Pius IX, the Pope, died. We stood in the crowd to see the royal funeral, and I remember the great excitement that this double event caused.

Rome provided me with an amusing experience. Tilley's uncle, a brother of Anthony Trollope, lived there, and he got us an invitation to a dance given by Mrs. Macbean, a rich American. Of course we knew no one and were standing watching the dancers when we saw the most beautiful girl either of us had ever seen in our lives. We asked who she was and were told that she was the Princess Ruspoli. All at once she left her partner, came across the room to me, and said :

" What is the price of a Bath bun ? "

I was flabbergasted. " Twopence—but why ? "

" Oh," she said, " you forget me ? But I met you years ago when I was a girl at school at Bath, and when you heard that, you asked me, ' What is the price of a Bath bun ? ' "

Then I saw daylight—my twin and I had changed places once more! Princess Ruspoli had been a Miss Broadwood and, though I did not know it then, was some sort of connection of ours. I promptly asked her to dance and left poor Tilley propped against the wall in amazement. When he demanded explanations later I refused to give him the right one. I felt, however, really grateful to my twin.

The incident was a pleasant set-off to another memory of our mixed identities, for, on that occasion, walking down Piccadilly I received a kick from behind, and on turning round saw a complete stranger—a big, navy boy. I demanded explanations, but all I got was the answer:

"Oh, you're your brother, are you?" I denied the possibility.

"Well, tell your brother I kicked you for him, will you?" the ruffian retorted, and made off.

With the exception of my twin, I wonder if anyone has ever been mistaken for me. I hope so, for it is humbling experience and one that I seem to have had unfairly often.

For Arthur I have been mistaken times without number, and Lord Rosebery is another whose reputation may have suffered through no fault of mine.

On one occasion I was at a State Ball and the late Jesse Collings came up to me and said:

"I have been reading your speeches, and I think they are simply excellent."

I was decidedly mystified by this praise, but managed to reply modestly that I gave a lot of trouble to their preparation. He then went on to ask if I was going to publish them, and when I said that I had not thought of doing so, he remarked that he thought Vernon Harcourt had behaved very badly to me. For a moment I was utterly mystified. Then I saw light—he was mistaking me for Lord Rosebery, as someone else had done once when I was travelling in a tube train with Charlie Cotes. I escaped as quickly as I could.

I told the story in confidence to several Members of Parliament, but Lobby confidences seem public property and the story got out and Mr. Collings was much chaffed about his supper with Lord Rosebery.

"Yes, yes, I remember," he replied. "Lord Rosebery was perfectly charming. In fact, I had no idea he could be quite so delightful."

Some time after this Lord Rosebery came down to the London Hospital to distribute the prizes and to give the annual address at the yearly prize-giving of the Medical College. I had to introduce him, and in doing so I retold the story of how Jesse Collings had confused us, and how charming he had found Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery took the story in good part.

"Mr. Sydney Holland prepared me for a great surprise in referring to that convivial occasion on which he crushed cups with Mr. Jesse Collings owing to a mutual misapprehension. I must say no anecdote has given me so much pleasure."

I also seem to have "doubled" Arthur Roberts, the famous music-hall singer. I was once having a row with a 'bus conductor who had, I thought, overcharged me, and he retorted with:

"None of your jokes here, Arthur; I know you—you want some gas for your music-hall songs."

And on another occasion when I was buying some music in a shop in Oxford Street, the man said:

"There is a special discount for *you*, Mr. Roberts."

CHAPTER IV

LAW

MY next step in life was to study for the Bar and I began this with our family solicitors, Messrs. Cunliffe and Davenport, where I worked as a clerk. I had an interesting time while with the firm, especially in connection with a big appeal before the Privy Council. I worked hard on it and got to know the points at issue well. Our leader was Mr. Benjamin, the most famous Counsel of the day, who had been sentenced to death by the Northern States of America (he had been, I think, Attorney-General for the Southern States). The firm allowed me to attend all the consultations, and it was an education to see how quickly Benjamin seized on any point he thought good and discarded bad ones. Our opponents made a very good fight and on the last day of the trial, as their leading Counsel was ending his speech, I was hurried off to ask Benjamin to come in and reply. I found him in another Court and at first his clerk refused to allow me to speak to him. Then he said that he would expect an extra fee of £200 if he made another speech, which made me very angry, and I told him I should repeat what he had said to Mr. Benjamin, as I was sure that he would not countenance such a demand. I pushed my way past the clerk to Benjamin, who said to me :

"What have the other side said ?"

I gave a rapid résumé.

"Then I shall not go back. There is no answer to that !"

He was as angry with his clerk as any successful barrister dare be when I told him of the demand for a further fee.

For the first six years of my London life I lived at 22, Half Moon Street with George Macan, one of my greatest Cambridge friends, and after being called at the Inner Temple in 1879 I read for a time with George Baugh Allen, a special pleader. It was rather a pathetic business, as the work of the special pleaders was dwindling rapidly. Previous to the Judicature Act, there was a set of men who made a speciality of drawing pleadings and who were very skilful at it, being up to every trick of the trade and often winning cases by their ability in drawing up these preliminary documents. The Act, however, by simplifying all pleadings, removed the demand for special pleaders and Allen was almost the only survivor, though he always had a number of pupils because of his great knowledge of law and cases.

I am afraid we got more fun than law in Allen's chambers as my fellow-pupils were my dear friends, James Lowther and Freddie Bentinck. Those two led me an intolerable dance, though they wasted a lot of time and energy in combining together against me, because either could have scored off me off his own bat. Phillimore—now Lord Phillimore—had chambers immediately below ours. He was a hard-working barrister, with an almost uncanny knowledge of law and a professional manner that would have done credit to a college don. He sent up one day, when Lowther and Bentinck had been practising step-dancing, to ask that there might be less noise. The practising stopped but, when later I came in, James asked me innocently whether I would mind showing him how I danced my famous double-shuffle which he never had been able to master. I, of course, was very ready to show my skill and, after a little, they walked out and left me dancing. Very soon Phillimore arrived, dancing too, in a great rage about the disregard of his request. And there were no witnesses for the defence!

I began to take a keen interest in conjuring about this time and had many lessons from a little fellow who used to perform in the streets and from various "Professors."

I used to buy most of my paraphernalia from a little conjuring shop in Oxford kept by a Pole. He did not know who I was and one day, when I was buying something, he confided to me that he was in great trouble. He had booked an excellent engagement for the next day, but had just received a letter from Lord Rothschild asking him to go down to Tring and give a conjuring entertainment for which a fee of £17 would be paid. He offered me a "tenner" to go in his place. I have often wished I had accepted, but I was afraid of meeting someone I knew.

Once during my practice at the Bar I saved a man's life by my knowledge of conjuring—at least I say so and like to think so. The evidence against the prisoner was that he and the murdered man went together into a cellar one night, and in the morning the body was discovered and by its side two dice, which were known to have belonged to the murdered man. My friend George Denman was defending and, taking the defence that the two men had quarrelled, was trying to reduce the murder to manslaughter by suggesting that the two men had been gambling, had fallen out between themselves, and that during the quarrel the prisoner had accidentally used more violence than he intended and had killed his man. I was sitting by Denman, and in the course of the trial I took up the dice and began practising a conjuring trick with them. The trick would not come off, so I looked at the dice more closely and then found that they were loaded. I pointed this out to Denman and it enabled him to strengthen his defence considerably by showing that the prisoner had not only been enraged by the loss of his money, but by the fact that loaded dice had been used against him. The man was found not guilty of murder and was convicted only of manslaughter.

I used conjuring on another occasion in the Courts, when I was defending a man for passing false coins, before Judge Watkin Williams. The false coins had been found on the prisoner and, as usual, an expert from the Mint was called to say that they were false. In cross-examining the man I asked him to hand me the coin, a two-shilling piece, and I changed it by what is known as the " French drop " to a real one, which I handed back to him and asked him to examine it again and say if he was sure that it was false. He glanced at it casually and swore that my real one was a sham. Of course I had to own up, and the Judge was kind enough to say that I ought to have been in the dock instead of the prisoner, who was promptly convicted.

I balanced this irreverence, however, in later life by making use of my conjuring powers to help towards consolidating the Empire! In 1889 some Matabele Chiefs were on a visit to England and my father, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies at the time, invited them to his house. A professional conjurer had been engaged to amuse them, but they were very much alarmed at his tricks which they thought were due to some evil magic. The interpreter explained this to my father and I asked if it would make them easier if I did the same tricks. The Chiefs replied that if the " Master's " son could do them they would know that there could be no evil spirit concerned, so I did the tricks and they were very interested and spent the rest of the time trying to do them themselves. I remember that my father was warned very strongly against giving them champagne. They were, however, quite content with soda water and were much amused by the prickly sensation in drinking it.

My experience of conjuring is that people like to be deceived and that nobody will accept an explanation of how a trick is done because they do not like to admit that they have been deceived.

I have learned that it is useless to show sleight-of-hand tricks to children—they are not amused at all—and also that you cannot deceive a dog by such tricks. If you pretend to pass a thing from one hand to the other, palming it and not passing it, grown-up people will follow the conjurer's eye but a dog will not.

In 1879 Mr. Justice Manisty took me as Marshal on the N.E. Circuit. He was a dear, kind old man, nearly at the end of his judicial career. I was thus present at Newcastle when he tried two men for burglary at Edlingham Vicarage where, curiously enough, he had been born, his father having been Vicar of the parish.

I am sure that no one present suspected that the trial would come to rank with the historic ones of the century. The evidence of the guilt of the men in the dock, charged with burglary and attempted murder, seemed so complete that only one verdict appeared possible. Manisty's summing up was dead against the prisoners, and when he came to pass sentence he remarked that he could find no extenuating circumstances. Yet the trial of Michael Brannagan and Peter Murphy was destined to agitate the whole country, to pave the way for two further trials and two Home Office Enquiries, to inspire more than one debate in the House of Commons and, finally, to end with the payment of £800 to each of the men as compensation for alleged false imprisonment. The trial has been described and discussed so often and so fully that I am not going to waste anyone's time in giving my own recollections and views of it, but I have in my possession a letter in which Manisty states that he remained convinced of the justice of the first decision.

After reading with Allen for a year I went as a pupil to A. L. Smith, who was then the Attorney-General's "Devil." He became afterwards Lord Justice Smith and was one of the three Judges in the Parnell trial. His practice was enormous, and we had to work really hard to master the details of all the cases which came in during the day while he was in Court.

The mistake of reading in a big man's chambers is that to get through his work he is bound to have under him one or more really good lawyers and has very little time to give to his pupils. " A.L. " had Hannen, son of the Judge, and Danckwerts, perhaps one of the best lawyers of the day, but he was very kind to us all and very grateful, or pretended to be, for any help we were able to give him. He gave me two big cases to get up for him—the Lefroy and Lamson murder cases.

Lefroy, it will be remembered, murdered a Mr. Gold between London and Brighton. The case was simple enough, but the interesting thing about it was the carelessness of the police in allowing Lefroy to escape. He murdered Gold in Merstham Tunnel, and threw the body out of the carriage window in Balcombe Tunnel. When he arrived at Brighton Station he had blood on him, which he accounted for to the ticket-collector by saying that he had been attacked in the train. While doing this a policeman came up to him and said: " Hullo, what's this ? " and pulled out of Lefroy's shoe a gold watch and chain. Lefroy said he knew nothing about it, and was actually allowed to return to London. While he was on the way back, news reached Brighton that a body had been found in the Balcombe Tunnel, but a message to stop Lefroy arrived too late. Thereupon the Government offered a reward of £100 for information leading to apprehension, and on this an interesting point arose. Lefroy had gone to a boarding-house near the London Hospital and the pretence of a sprained ankle excused his attendance at meals with the other boarders. Every one, of course, was talking about the murder, and one of the boarders said to another:

" I wonder if the man upstairs is Lefroy ? "

The girl who was waiting at table had a lover, a policeman who happened "by chance" to be just outside the house, and between the courses she slipped out and said to him:

"I believe Lefroy is upstairs."

The policeman went up, and Lefroy at once admitted who he was. The question then arose, who was entitled to the reward—the girl who had started the idea or the girl who informed the police? The matter was referred to "A.L.," and we all discussed it at length, coming to the conclusion that the first girl had not given the information but that the second girl had, and this proved to be the Government view. I was present at the trial and remember Lefroy as a wretched-looking, half-witted man who, throughout the trial, appeared as if he was under the influence of some drug. He was defended very ably by Montagu Williams, the most eloquent defender of prisoners I ever heard and the most terrible of cross-examiners. A man came forward, called by us, to speak to Lefroy's condition when he got out of the train at Brighton. He had volunteered his evidence which was that he went up to Lefroy and touched him on the forehead and asked:

"What is this scratch?"

He evidently thought himself a very important fellow, and Montagu Williams grasped the fact, and the result of the examination was that it appeared extremely doubtful whether the man had done anything of the sort or had even been there at all. Certainly Williams left the jury with the impression that he had come forward simply to advertise himself as the owner of a large shop in the town. Lefroy was convicted, but I did not stay to hear sentence of death passed. I have always avoided doing that.

The Lamson case was a much more complicated one. In 1881 Dr. George Lamson was tried, convicted, and hanged for murdering his wife's brother, Percy John, boy of eighteen—a cripple. Mrs. Lamson had a share the money left by their parents to her, Percy, and Herb

By the settlement it was provided that as each died, his, or her, share went to the survivors. Herbert had died—one rather wonders now of what complaint—and Dr. Lamson, as husband of Mrs. Lamson, became possessed of Herbert's share. Only Percy's share remained—£1,500.

The facts proved were that Lamson visited Percy at his school, and saw him in the presence of his school-master. He gave him some capsules for taking medicine in, and produced a " Dundee " cake bought at Buszards'—a cake with large raisins in it and wrapped up in silver paper. Dr. Lamson, Percy's school-master, and Percy each ate a slice of the cake after unwrapping it. That night Percy died of aconite poisoning.

Our difficulty in bringing home the murder was that we could not discover how Dr. Lamson gave the aconite to the poor boy. We proved that Dr. Lamson was very hard up, and had been trying to pass cheques on a bank where he had no money. We proved that he bought aconite, and Dr. Stevenson said that from experiments he had made, he was sure that the boy had died of aconite poisoning. In Lamson's pocket-book, too, were written notes about the symptoms and effects of aconite poisoning and that there was no test for discovery. The capsules were proved to be harmless, the cake was above suspicion, and Dr. Lamson had never been left alone with the boy at that fateful interview.

There had never before been a case of anyone having been poisoned by aconite, and we were disturbed at seeing so eminent a Professor of Chemistry as Dr. Tidy sitting under Montagu Williams, who was defending Lamson. We feared that he was going to be called to refute Dr.
venson, and to say that the boy did not die of aconite
ning.

ase went on for six days. Dr. Tidy was not called.

etired at six o'clock, and in half an hour
he verdict of " Guilty."

Sixteen years afterwards, when I was Chairman of "The London," I asked Dr. Tidy why he had not been called. He told me that he had been retained by the defence to criticize Dr. Stevenson's evidence, and thinking that he might gain some knowledge by seeing Lamson, visited him in his cell, when the following conversation took place, as told to me by Dr. Tidy:

"Lamson said to me, I suppose thinking it best to tell me the truth, and hoping that I should frame my evidence accordingly" (he little knew Dr. Tidy).

"'You don't suppose, Dr. Tidy, that the prosecution would be so silly as to say that I put aconite into one of the raisins in the cake, do you?'

"'Oh, that's how you did it?' said I. That is why I did not go into the box."

Lamson had cut three slices off the cake, one of which the school-master ate, the next one he ate, and he so managed that the slice Percy ate was one containing the raisin filled with aconite. The sweetness of the cake disguised the bitterness of the poison. It was never made known how Lamson managed to give the poison; and it is not generally known now.

Judge Hawkins tried Lamson. He had a reputation for being a "hanging" Judge, but this was most unfair. He was certainly a kind man to prisoners, though far from being so to members of the Bar, for he insisted on shut windows, however hot the day, and he seemed to enjoy the discomfort of those practising before him. Once I heard him make a joke at the expense of a prisoner, which, though funny to hear, was very undignified. A man had been convicted of an attempt to murder a warder, and Hawkins, in his most solemn way, began his speech to the prisoner—a speech, by the way, that he always made too long.

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty of this very serious crime of trying to murder this poor man——"

"Yes," interrupted the prisoner, "and I'd do the same to you, if I got the chance."

"Oh, you would, would you? Then you will go to penal servitude for the rest of your life."

I learned something from Hawkins which has stuck by me. We were travelling back together in a train after he had just sentenced a man to death, and I was discussing with him what possible motive the man could have had. He then told me never to worry about other people's motives but only to judge them by their actions.

"The moment you begin to judge people by their motives you can only attribute to them motives which would have actuated you, and that might lead you utterly wrong. Every one's motives depend entirely on his own individual character."

It was a very sound piece of advice.

I remember an amusing incident that happened while I was working in A. L. Smith's chambers. One of the pupils got his first brief but, though we tried our hardest to get him to tell us what the defence was going to be, nothing would induce him to do this. All he would say was that it was a perfectly good defence, as we would hear later, and that he was quite satisfied. The trial came on, and the Plaintiff's Counsel put his case so strongly that the Judge turned to our fellow-pupil and said:

"What have you got to say?"

"My lord," he replied, "my defence rests on the case of Akers and Donaldson" (or whatever it was).

The Judge looked at him and said:

But that has been overruled."

"Good God!" said our friend, and sat down.

Perhaps I ought not to have been amused for my own first brief was a catastrophe. I had been with Messrs. Cunliffe and Davenport for about a year, learning the solicitor's side of actions, when one of the clerks who had qualified very kindly gave me my first civil brief. It was concerned with a swindling silver mine and I appeared for the swindler. It was frightfully complicated, and though I took no end of trouble to master the facts I am far from sure that I ever did. The case was third on the list on a memorable Monday, the Court sitting at ten o'clock. Seeing that there were two cases before mine I thought it would be quite safe to get to Euston at 10.15 and on to Westminster Hall (the Courts stood then where Cromwell's statue is now) before there was any chance of my case being reached. I reached Westminster Hall at 10.30, robed, and went into Court. To my horror I found that nobody had appeared in the first two cases and that judgment had been given against my swindler by default. The solicitor came up to me, furious:

"Why were you not here, sir?"

"Were you?" I hazarded desperately, and he was obliged to confess that he had not been there either. Then he urged me to ask the Judge to put the case back in the list, but I told him that the Judge would be sure to ask me whether I had a good defence and that I was not going to say that I had. However, he persisted, and, just as I had prophesied, Baron Pollock asked about my defence, saying that if I had a good one he would put the case back. Much to the solicitor's disgust I said I had not a very good defence, whereupon the Judge said with a sweet smile:

"Then I think justice has been done, Mr. Holland." I went back to A. L. Smith's chambers with my tail between my legs and very unhappy. But I was even more miserable next day when proceedings were brought against me for negligence. "A.L." was kindness itself and helped me to draw a defence, assuring me that no action would lie, but that even so it would be awkward for me as the action would be sure to proceed and would do me a considerable amount of harm. The proceedings did go on, but so much interest was taken in them by my fellow-pupils that at last I smelt a rat and discovered that the whole thing had been faked by James Lowther. It was a long time before I heard the last of it—indeed, it does not seem to have ended yet, for I see that James; as Lord Ullswater, mentions it in his *Speaker's Commentaries*, but without a word of regret for the misery he caused me.

The solicitor was kinder and gave me another brief, though for an equally bad case, but I was in bed with quinsy when it came on and I could not appear. I got no more briefs from that quarter, good or bad, and I do not blame the solicitor for his distrust of me.

Turning over the paper one day in the summer of 1881 I read that some burglars were to be tried at the Old Bailey, and as I was still briefless and time was heavy on my hands, I thought it would be interesting to hear the trial. I put my wig and gown into their blue bag, told another man's clerk to attend to any "business," and to say, if any client called (I can see that clerk's smile still), that I was at a case at the Old Bailey, and left chambers. In Court I saw that the Judge was Judge Grove whom I had met at dinner the night before, and who had been specially kind to me as he was an old friend of my father. The prisoners pleaded, some "Guilty" and some "Not Guilty," and, when they had been told to stand down, the Judge said:

"I will take James Hughes's 'plea,'" and an old man of seventy-three, almost stone deaf, and blind in one eye, was hoicked up into the dock, accused of murdering his equally old wife in the workhouse. The Clerk of Arraigns read out the indictment, but the old fellow would make no sign. The warder tried to explain things to him, but all he got for his pains was the statement that:

"It was not as wet as it looked, and he was a liar if he said it was." Then to my dismay and confusion, the Judge said:

"Mr Holland, will you explain to the old man what he is charged with? I understand he is not defended and I will ask you to defend him."

I was taken aback, but I obeyed automatically and went up to the dock and said:

"Look here, you are charged with murdering your wife."

He caught me up at once:

"Do you mean my old woman?"

"Yes, that will do," I said.

"Ah—but it won't do, and that's what I told her when she carried on with the porter."

"Never mind that now, did you——?"

"Ah, but I do mind. How'd you like it if your wife carried on with a porter?" Of course, everyone laughed, and I felt a hopeless ass and saw my grounds of defence slipping away as the revengeful old villain glared at me and asked his exasperating questions.

"Do you plead guilty to killing her?" I demanded.

"Did she say so?"

"No—I'm asking you if you say so."

"What's it got to do with you? You didn't know her, did you? I believe you're as bad as the porter."

Here, to my infinite relief, the Judge intervened.

"Mr. Holland, we will take it that he pleads 'Not Guilty,' and I will take the case first to-morrow morning."

I was thankful for the respite and miserable at the prospect. My "one chance"—the alleged gift of Heaven to every barrister—had come to me at last but, deep down, I felt sadly dubious about its quality. I spent the rest of the day and most of the night, working up murder and reading the speeches of the greatest orators, Pitt, Erskine, Burke, Addison, and the rest, but their oratory seemed a little difficult to adapt to my old man. The evidence against my client was overwhelming He had seen his old wife go into a lavatory, had followed her, and was observed by a workhouse porter to cut her throat deliberately before anyone could get near enough to stop him. He had been no fool at the job either, for he had not cut her throat in front as most men do who are not experts or students of anatomy.

Next morning, in the cells, my "chance" absolutely refused to speak to me and showed his unreasonable dislike to me by spitting and cursing until I began to feel it was very noble of me to defend him.

The Judge smiled at me as he took his seat but, though I was almost overcome by the condescension, I felt a little doubtful of the twist at the corner of his mouth. "You're in for a nice job," it hinted. I was. The moment the old man arrived on the scene he started cursing me and giving himself away by saying:

"Ah, didn't she wriggle!" and so on—a perfectly hopeless client. Away went my splendid peroration about the hardship of a prisoner being compelled by law (as he was then) to be silent at the moment of his supreme peril, while freedom of speech—here Pitt, Burke, and the other orators were to have come in—was allowed to every one else. The old fool was doing all the talking, in spite of the law!

The horrible moment of my speech arrived. I think my utter confusion escaped general notice because the old idiot in the dock kept up a running fire of comments on my personal appearance which kept the Court, as the papers say, "convulsed." I remember pulling myself together and saying something about senile madness and mercy for an old man, and sitting down hastily in an unmoved Court. The old man, of course, was acquitted on grounds of insanity and was sent to an asylum.

Only two people said anything kind to me—one was the dear old Judge, who went out of his way to say encouraging things; and the other a grey-headed, care-worn old fellow who met me as I came out of the Court and told me with tears in his eyes and a sob in his voice how deeply he had felt my words about youth's passionate love being changed by old age and a distorted kink into an equally strong passion of hate. He had recently lost his own dear wife who had been everything to him and my speech had brought his loss back to him. I felt that, after all, I had succeeded, and was so flattered and grateful that half a crown changed pockets. A robing-room attendant approached and my old friend moved off.

" What's old Bilker been saying to you ? " enquired the attendant. " He always tries to get something out of a first speaker."

I replied, with what dignity I had left and minus my half-crown, that I certainly did not intend to give a man like that anything. I never opened my mouth at the Old Bailey again.

CHAPTER V

LIFE-SAVING AND COFFEE TAVERNS

SHORTLY after I left Cambridge in 1877 I saw an advertisement of a "Lords and Commons Long Distance Championship of England" swimming race. It was got up by Sir John Astley—"The Mate"—for amateurs only—the course being from Putney Bridge to Westminster—a five-and-a-half-mile swim. I decided to go in for it, as I was curious to find out how I ranked among amateurs as a swimmer. I trained by swimming two hours every day in the swimming baths at Charing Cross, a floating structure in the Thames.

There I found Captain Webb, the Channel swimmer, also training for some long swim, and every day we took our two hours practice together. Webb was not a fast swimmer, but he had extraordinary powers of endurance. He was short and thick set, very sturdily built, a very modest man, and a pleasant companion. It was a thousand pities that he should have had to sacrifice his life, trying to swim the Niagara Rapids, simply because he was hard up.

I employed a professional swimmer, Pamplin, and an old boatman named Driver to take me over the course, and I swam over it twice before the race in order to learn the currents and steering. For several days too, before eight o'clock, I swam the length of the Serpentine and back until this was stopped by the police.

The day of the race was miserably wet, the rain coming down in torrents, and there was a bad wind as a further handicap. Because it was known that I had won a number of races at Cambridge I started favourite among the thirty-two competitors, of whom not more than half a dozen were, I believe, *bona fide* amateurs, and of whom I only knew one, the late Horace Davenport, the best amateur swimmer of the day.

The steamer from which we were to take the header at starting was moored at Putney Bridge, and I got a very bad impression of my fellow-competitors on the way up to the start. It was a disgusting sight to see them all smearing themselves in the cabin with black porpoise oil—a ridiculous thing to do for a swim of just over an hour. I made a bad start, and only succeeded in coming in fifth after a desperate race over the final half-mile with a man who beat me by one second and who, I learned afterwards, was a teacher of swimming.

My time was one hour fifteen minutes twenty seconds, and I was rather disappointed at not getting into the first four. Horace Davenport won easily. He was the only man who used the overarm-stroke which has since become the only stroke used in racing. I saw a good deal of him afterwards; he was a fine sportsman and did much to encourage swimming.

Soon after this I became President of the Life-Saving Society founded by W. Henry, whose work ought to have received better recognition. The object of the Society was not only to teach swimming but also how to approach and rescue drowning and injured people under all conditions. Henry worked out a plan for doing this with safety.

One year when I was President we arranged an International Swimming Exhibition, and almost every country sent representatives, Sweden, I remember in particular, sending some magnificent high divers. H.M. King George, then Duke of York, came to the Exhibition, and was much pleased. A dinner was held in the evening at the Holborn Restaurant. I was in the chair and had to propose the health of the various foreign representatives. I took a lot of trouble over the preparation of my speech in which I addressed each of the different nations in their own language. This was considered a great feat, and I was acclaimed as a marvellous linguist because I had spoken in German, Italian, Swedish, and French. For five minutes I assured each nation that they were the finest set of swimmers in the world, trusting that each nation knew no other language but its own. The Swedes evidently did not, for they got so excited that they stood on the table and shouted "Hoch!" Unluckily the moment dinner was over the members of the different nations persisted in coming to speak to me in their own tongues, not a word of which I could understand as I had learned my speech parrot fashion.

In those days the Society taught restoration of the apparently drowned by the Silvester method which requires a lot of attention to learn and four men at work simultaneously to carry out efficiently. Years later —in 1906—I was present with my daughters at the May Races at Cambridge and there was a ghastly accident. A punt, crossing the river, was upset and a number of people were thrown into the water. There were plenty of rescuers, however, and we thought that all had been saved until, five minutes later, a poor girl floated to the top. She was brought on shore at once, and with the help of others, whom I had to teach as we worked, I proceeded to try to restore her by the Silvester method. It was an awful time, especially as the girl's fiancé was standing by us and kept crying out, poor fellow: "Oh, is she alive? Is she alive?" I have not forgotten the joy of hearing the first gurgle of breath. She came to in about half an hour, and I had her taken to a house nearby, but she died that night from a fractured liver—one of the dangers of the Silvester method.

My nephew, Dr. Walter Fletcher (now Sir Walter Fletcher, F.R.S.), was Senior Tutor at Trinity at that time and he drew my attention to the Schäfer method of restoration, pointing out that it was more certain and easier to carry out—being a one- and not a four-man task—and that the danger of fracturing the liver was much less. I asked him whether he would give a lecture on the Schäfer method. He agreed, and Mr. Henry took up the matter most energetically and collected representatives of all the leading swimming clubs in England in the operating theatre of the London Hospital.

I doubt if any lecture ever had such a rapid or widespread result. Walter Fletcher showed that, by the Schäfer method, he could actually make a man inhale and exhale nearly twice as much air as he could when breathing normally. To demonstrate this, Mr. Arthur Elliott, now the Secretary of "The London," was put on an operating table and by an elaborate arrangement of rubber tubing and dials the amount of air inhaled and exhaled was registered. The demonstration was convincing and decisive, though Elliott had a bad time for a moment as there was a kink in one of the tubes and he was nearly suffocated before it was discovered.

The effect on the swimming world was immediate: the Life-Saving Society destroyed all its drill books and organized a new drill teaching the Schäfer method, which is the one used to-day in England and the Colonies.

To talk of my swimming methods is to date myself hopelessly. I always swam the breast-stroke, with my head turned slightly to one side, and I got my pace by making a very long sweep with my arms and swimming very high in the water. Most breast-stroke swimmers bend the arms too soon and so lose leverage and all motion after the legs have finished their stroke. Even to-day, however, the breast-stroke should be taught for it is the only way that will enable you to save a drowning man or to save yourself when in rough water, if upset at any distance from the shore, or if you have to swim in clothes.

I undertook a silly swim once which nearly cost me my life. Ned and Frank Howson and I were travelling round the Italian Lakes in 1877 and were staying at the Villa d'Este at Como—an hotel built entirely of marble on the shore of the lake. The lake, if I remember rightly, is about a mile across, and one night, at *table d'hôte*, we heard every one talking of a wonderful swim that an Italian had done "right across the lake." I thought I would go one better and said that next day I would swim across and back. Like an ass—a very young ass—I took no boat, having every confidence that I could swim the distance. It was a lovely day in a hot September and the water was deliciously warm except now and again when I came into an ice-cold spring or current. I got across easily and started the return journey, but when half-way back I became very faint—I suppose I had forgotten to wet my head and the sun had struck me—and for a moment or two I did not know where I was or what I was doing. I managed to turn on my back and float, but thought that all was up with me, and it would have been if I had not pulled myself together somehow and conquered my fear. I wetted my head and swam home very slowly and got in without another attack. It was a nasty experience and a drastic lesson against bravado.

I must record, though, that it was not drastic enough, and that I asked for and got another lesson a little later. I was on a cricket tour in 1881, nominally as a change bowler, though I was never wanted, as Phil Morton, another good friend of so many of us, who has died lately, the fast bowler for Cambridge and for the Gentlemen, was too good for any XI we met. We were staying at Middleton Towers, an old moated house at King's Lynn that belonged to Sir Lewis Jarvis. I suppose I had been bragging about my swimming, but, at any rate, Phil Morton, in a speech at luncheon, challenged me to swim round the moat, and said that he would back himself at ten to one to beat me if I would give him a start of one side. Like a fool, I never saw the trap, and the rest of the party, who were "in the swim," were delighted when I accepted. Early next morning—before any of the ladies would be up, as we imagined—the contest came off. The moat was a square one, and Phil stood ready at one corner, taking his start of one side, and I at another. The flag dropped and we plunged in, but to my disgust, as I turned the last corner for the last lap, I saw Phil just finishing. I had to accept my defeat. It was only later in the day that I learned from one of the lady spectators—the ladies had got up—that Phil had got out of the water, once I was safely in and he was out of sight, and had then run round three sides of the moat and plunged in again half-way down the last lap.

It was years before I had a chance of trying to get my own back on him, and even then I do not think I did. Phil Morton had an excellent preparatory school at Wixenford, and gave my name, as an old friend, as a reference to Lord Headfort, who was looking about for a school for his son. Headfort wrote to me, and I wrote back, strongly advising him to send his boy to Wixenford, but enclosing another letter, which I asked him to send on to Morton, warning him against a man who had been proved guilty of unscrupulous conduct. Headfort played up and sent the letter, but I am afraid Phil saw through the trick. I had hoped to make him angry, but I do not believe anyone ever saw him so.

For four years after leaving Cambridge I used to spend nearly every evening of my life visiting the coffee taverns in London. These taverns had been started previously in the North of England with the idea of setting up a counter-attraction to public-houses, but it was Henry Pope, a well-known Chancery barrister and his brother-in-law, John Barnard, a solicitor, both now dead, who started the first Coffee Tavern Company in London. About £30,000 was subscribed to the Company, and most of the money came from people who were willing to risk it, partly on philanthropic grounds and partly in the hope of a financial success.

I became one of the first Directors, and we worked very hard indeed to achieve success, but we failed, chiefly because we were totally inexperienced in the management of such a business. Looking through our list of Directors, I see that we comprised five barristers, one solicitor, an architect, a school-master, a captain, a railway director, a doctor who edited a medical paper, a linoleum maker, and a lady rent-collector. Not one of them had the smallest experience of catering!

I may be wrong, but I do not know that any Coffee Tavern Company has succeeded south of Crewe.

The fact is that a coffee tavern cannot ever take the place of a public-house. The glare of the latter can be imitated but not the excitement and good spirits and friendliness. You cannot feel very joyful sitting at a marble-topped table with a large cup of coffee cooling rapidly in front of you. You may feel a better man but hardly a more cheerful one.

At several of our taverns I started "sing-songs." Singing apparently is not "music" according to the law, and so does not need a licence which is difficult and expensive to get.

My "rounds" kept me out till midnight and later, and showed me queer sides and views of life. I remember going down Drury Lane one night and running into a fierce set-to between a girl of twelve and a boy of fourteen. The boy struck her a violent blow in the face, which was more than I could stand, so I separated them. I remonstrated with a great hulking onlooker for allowing a boy to hit a girl, and he grinned as he answered:

"You don't know 'em as I do. Why she'd lick 'im in a twinkle, but she only come out of 'orspital yesterday."

Another time I pulled up a coster for thrashing his donkey.

"All right, guv'nor. Beat the cart and a bloody lot of good that'll do," was the answer I got.

Listening to cases one day in one of the police courts I heard a coster sentenced to pay a sovereign or undergo a month's imprisonment. I thought the sentence a severe one, as he had only been obstructing the highway, so I went up and offered to pay the fine if he would promise to repay me. He was very voluble in his thanks and promises, and we arranged to meet on the following Tuesday for me to receive the first instalment of five shillings. He did not turn up. Then followed an extraordinary number of chance meetings. A few days later I saw him in Covent Garden selling lobsters which were past further exposure in a fishmonger's shop. I asked why he had not kept his promise, and he said: "Oh, never mind, take one of these!" I took one but it smelt so vilely that I promptly pitched it down someone's area. Again I met the knave—in Berwick Street, Soho. He was selling soles, and had a lot of loose cash on his barrow, so I helped myself to five shillings and left him swearing. We met again—he was running horses up and down at Aldridge's Horse Mart, and he made the apposite remark: "I guess yer think that 'ere money is a dead 'oss, but it ain't!"

A little later I was bumped into violently at the corner of Arlington Street, and it was my friend—running away from an irate wife. We met again on a penny steamer going from the Temple to London Bridge, and I spent the time telling him what I thought of him; and again n Leicester Square, when he was selling rotten pears at three a penny. The last meeting was in Seven Dials, and I made the most of it, for I started a speech which drew the costers from all round and made him look heartily ashamed of himself.

Seven Dials in those days was a real rookery, the lowest haunt in London, and for that very reason we started a coffee tavern there. The house still stands, painted red as we painted it, and it was a wonderful place for collecting false coin. We thought it would be a good advertisement for the Company to hold the annual shareholders meeting there, and on one occasion, to our surprise and dismay, when we Directors filed into the room with the correct nonchalant and pompous air of directors, whom should we see seated in the front row but Mr. W. E. Gladstone, who was a shareholder! He made an eloquent speech in favour of the Company, and was good enough to say that the movement stood "square to all the winds of heaven." Our Chairman accepted this view very gratefully, but had to go on to say that the Company was in such low water that it would be necessary very shortly to make a call upon the shareholders. It was decidedly amusing, soon after the meeting, to receive a letter from Mr. Gladstone saying that he wished to make a present of his shares to the Company! We accepted them with proper gratitude, as we did not like to bother a good man and an ex-Chancellor by pointing out that the gift of shares with an immediate liability on them was not a very valuable one to us.

One great pleasure in belonging to the Company was that among the Directors was Tom Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*. Hughes was a noble character, with the finest sense of honesty and upright dealing, but he was the worst man of business I ever met in my life. He was a difficult colleague, too, for his sympathy with all employees was so keen that it was impossible to enforce any discipline among them. A man had only to complain of his treatment for Hughes to take up his case against the Directors at once. Still, meeting him was a very valuable education. I remember his telling me that he wrote the *School Days* out of love for Rugby and the sequel, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, only because his publisher impressed upon him the pecuniary importance of doing so. He said to me that the first had succeeded because it had been written for ove and the other had failed because written for oney.

We used to have debates as well as “ sing-songs ” at ome of our taverns, and I remember one on “ Socialism ” t which I asked a Socialist :

“ Supposing we were to divide up and then I went off nd spent my portion on drink and riotous living, I should vant to divide up again.”

“ Oh, damn. Only once ! ” replied the Socialist orator. t was at one of these debates that I heard Socialism eatly defined as “ Yearnings for other people’s earnings.”

Another debate was on the extension of the franchise —a burning question in those days—and one working nan argued that everybody ought to have a vote, whether e had any property or not, and ended his speech with ather a good example :

“ I says you’re doing wrong by not extending it. I ay it’s a man’s right, and he ought to have it. Why, here’s a man we’ve all heard on who wouldn’t have had vote because he’d no property, and what’s more, let lone not having a vote, he’d have been prosecuted, under our blooming law, as a rogue and a vagabond, and for aving no lawful place of abode. Didn’t he say, ‘ The oxes have holes, but I have nowhere to lay my head ? ’ ”

Our customers had the oddest names of their own naking for our dishes. They called a sausage a “ bag of mystery ” ; a steak pudding was a “ baby’s head,” and “ soldier’s supper ” was a herring and a pull at an empty ipe.

One of the taverns—in Clerkenwell—was frequented good deal by a set of gipsies, and I made friends among hem by learning a little of their gipsy language. I did ot get much further than the knowledge of a few phrases, ut the sound of their own tongue seemed to break the ce and to make them friendly disposed towards me. I nce told a gipsy woman that she ought to keep her hild’s head cleaner, and she replied :

"Oh, they comes out of the squirrels on to him when we're working in the woods."

My coffee tavern work not only taught me to know London as few besides cabmen did, but also something about the life of the working classes which has helped me immensely in my hospital work.

The only financial success the Company had was when it was allowed to build a large, cheap place of refreshment at "The Inventories" and "The Indian and Colonial" Exhibitions. These were held in the Horticultural Gardens, where the Imperial Institute stands now, and were the "White Cities" and "Wembleys" of that time. At the first we took £6,000, and £14,200 at the second—all in pence. On one evening alone we served 11,800 people. The breakages were expensive—one night cost us £32 worth of crockery.

We were guilty of one awful swindle there, and I never dare to think what Tom Hughes, had he been alive then and a director, would have said about it. Our tea, as there were no facilities for boiling on the ground, had to be made at our central canteen in Soho Square and taken to the Exhibition, where it was put into gas-heated urns. We sold it at a penny a cup, which meant 400 per cent. profit on the tea, but if anyone wanted "fresh tea" and was luxurious enough to demand it in a teapot, we charged a shilling! Nor would I swear we did not re-use the old tea leaves! However, we paid a dividend for the first time—an 8 per cent. dividend.

I still remember how a bishop's wife—who for every reason shall stay nameless—returned her dividend warrant with the caustic comment that she did not wish for any more of our "Circulars" nor to hear anything more of our Company. We stuck to that dividend and never sent her another. Oh, Tom Hughes! Tom Hughes!

In the end the Company failed, and I do not think that Messrs. Lyons have learned much from us. We bought our goods too dear, we sold them, save as confessed, too cheap, and we were generally stupid and unbusinesslike. Still, in our credit column there does stand one item—that we took no directors' fees. The shareholders did not grumble much, and I came away with the lesson that philanthropy and business are a bad combination.

It was, however, a step in the right direction. That our effort was appreciated is shown by the fact that our twenty-three taverns were used every week of the year by over 60,000 people, and anyone making a tour of inspection round them would soon have convinced himself of the boon that the movement was to the poor of all grades. Down in Seven Dials he would have seen, at certain hours, the most abject "miserable objects" that any civilized town could show; at the "Cock" in Drury Lane, the oddest mixture of all sorts, at every hour of the day—a special feature there being a "high tea" for ballet dancers, to which he would not have been admitted; at the "Market Tavern" in Lower Thames Street he would have rubbed shoulders with the "Billingsgate Beauties," and with the officials of the Customs House; at "Dane's Inn" in vanished Holywell Street he would have met the artisans and masons engaged on the building of the new Law Courts, and in another room briefless barristers and solicitors' clerks.

CHAPTER VI

MAINLY PERSONAL

IN August 1880 I went abroad with Arthur Tilley, with whom I had travelled before, and Evelyn Fanshawe. We went first to Antwerp, and thence to Brussels, where, of course, we devoted a day to Waterloo and behaved, I hope, as discreet heirs of the victory. Then we went on by way of Nuremberg to Munich, and so to Ober-Ammergau to see the Passion Play. The most wonderful and touching moment in the play to me was the first appearance of Christ, and it has stayed so. The whole stage is occupied by a crowd, talking excitedly, and swaying and hustling as crowds do when excited, and suddenly the shouting of another crowd is heard and all turn to see what it is about. Then, through an archway at the back, walks Christ. It is the Christ whose face one knows so well, and it is hard not to believe Him there in reality. The acting was beyond praise—it was natural, without a wrong note from beginning to end. The play was a sight I shall never forget. It may be getting spoiled now, but forty-five years ago, despite the thousands of visitors that thronged to the humble little village, it had lost none of its simplicity. It could not have been more simple.

From Ober-Ammergau we went to Vienna and on by train to Budapest, and then down the Danube by steamer to Odessa, and so to Constantinople. Tilley, after seeing the chief sights with us, went on to Athens, while Fanshawe and I started off to the Crimea, which, to me, was the most interesting place we visited. I had read Kinglake's *History of the Crimea*, and that book had made me most anxious to see the battlefields and the scenes of Florence Nightingale's work.

Evelyn Fanshawe was a very dear friend and a delightful travelling companion, and I can only recall one sin that he ever committed. I am merely telling it now as a lesson to all fellow-travellers to hold religiously to any plan made. We were visiting, for the second time, the battlefield of Inkerman, which is intersected by a road in a valley. Fanshawe wanted to see a part of the battlefield which I had no wish to, so he said: "You stop here and I will go and have a look at it and come back." It was not a very safe place for travellers, as the Tartars about were not well disposed. I waited and waited—half an hour—an hour—an hour and a half—until I really did not know what to do. At last I followed the track he had taken but without finding him. I waited another hour, and then drove back to Sebastopol in a fearful state of mind—to find him sitting comfortably in our hotel.

"I thought you'd guess I'd walked on," was his greeting and explanation, but I never want to experience that feeling of anxiety again.

It is always thrilling to stand in the actual place where a great deed happened. I shall never forget my thrill when we found ourselves on the site of the Balaclava Charge. Many have forgotten the story, but it is worth repeating—the mistake that led to the charge was really a very simple one.

Imagine a broad, grass valley, I suppose about two miles long, light soil and short grass, rather like the "pretty" of a golf course, and so splendid going. Imagine the Light Brigade drawn up at one end and the Russian guns at the other. The emplacements of these guns were still there for us to see. On a low hill on the right-hand side of the valley and of our Light Brigade were the six Turkish redoubts (also still in place) which our Allies, the Turks, had occupied with their guns, and out of which, immediately before the Light Brigade charge on October 25, 1854, they had been driven by the Russian Heavy Cavalry.

The Russian Cavalry, after taking the redoubts, came down the other side of the hill to the Balaclava valley, and were met first by the Highlanders in line, and then routed by the charge of our Heavy Cavalry, which drove them back over the hill to that end of the Balaclava valley where the Russian guns were posted. That was the moment when the mistake was made which led to the famous charge.

Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, who was some way off on high ground in the rear of the Light Cavalry, sent Captain Nolan to tell Lord Cardigan to re-take the guns in the Turkish redoubts, which would have involved a half-right turn to the direction in which the Light Brigade were facing. We need not reopen the question as to how the order came to be carelessly given, but its effect was that Lord Cardigan understood that he had to charge the Russian guns in front of him and not those in the Turkish redoubts on the right-hand side. The bugle sounded the charge, and Captain Nolan, realizing that the order had been mistaken, rode across the Brigade to try to stop the charge. A shell blew his head off as he was doing this, and the Light Brigade dashed up the valley, captured the guns, and added yet one more page to the record of brave deeds.

Sebastopol, at first sight, was very impressive. We had expected to find a prosperous town, but the place was in ruins—just as the English had left it. Tobacco pipes and other relics were still lying about in the trenches, and the rocks still showed pathetic names scratched on them. The shore of the harbour, too, was strewn with bits of wreckage of the "comforts" ship that was wrecked there.

After a week at Sebastopol, we hired one of the local springless carts and drove to Yalta, where we had letters of introduction to Prince Woronzoff. It is a very striking drive all the way up the long hill until the famous Beida Gate is reached, and on passing this, sheer below, is a lovely valley running down to the shore of the Black Sea. This part of the Crimea, sheltered by the heights on the north, has the climate of southern France and every sort of vegetation grows there.

As we went along we noticed that the road was very carefully guarded by soldiers, and at last our carriage was stopped by a mounted officer and turned into a side-road, where we were told we must wait until some Grand duke had gone by. When would that be? Oh! perhaps five hours. This was more than we had bargained for, as we had expected to reach Yalta in good time for dinner. We tried to kill time by strolling about and we became abominably hungry. Seeing a Tartar shepherd looking after his goats, we went up to him and tried to show him by signs that we wanted something to eat. He remained quite uninterested until, by great good luck, I thought of showing him a conjuring trick. He woke up then and signed to us to follow him to his house close by, where he made us understand that he wanted it done again. So I conjured again, and we then explained to him and his wife, by imitating the bleating of sheep and rubbing our waistcoats, that we wanted some meat. At last he got us some food, but by that time it was night and, as there was no accommodation in the village, we had to sleep on the floor of our shepherd's shanty, and precious cold it was. We could only keep warm by blessing the Grand duke! But before we were allowed to try to sleep I had to give a regular public entertainment, the fame of my "miracle working" having spread by that time through the village. I insisted on being paid for my show, not only by food but also by the curious silver ring which the Tartar wore on his third finger and which I wear now as a scarf-ring. I suppose I forfeited thereby my status as an amateur, though no one who has ever seen me perform would suspect me for one moment of being a professional.

It was a weird scene—out in the street, with the villagers clustered round a great open fire, lamps hanging on the shanty walls and I conjuring my hardest—to earn a meal and a bit of silver.

The next morning we went on, and by midday reached Prince Woronzoff's palace. We sent in our introductions. Fanshawe's father, Admiral Fanshawe, had met Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador in London, and when told of our proposed visit to the Crimea, Ignatieff had offered him introductions for us to Prince Woronzoff. It was this introduction which, having rung a portentous bell, we handed in. A soldier in full equipment ushered us into a large room and we began to feel very uncomfortable, as we were in rough country clothes and only desired permission to visit the gardens. At last Prince Woronzoff, in full military uniform, with a sword clanking on the ground, came in.

"Good God!" he burst out, "who are you? My letter tells me that Admiral Fanshawe and Sir Henry Holland were doing me the honour of calling upon me! Which is the admiral?" We were embarrassed and tried to explain that Ignatieff could not have understood that it was the sons of the eminent persons, and not themselves, who were visiting the Crimea. The Prince was immensely amused at the mistake, and insisted on calling Fanshawe "Admiral" and me "Sir Henry." Then he told us to visit the grounds and to come in to luncheon at half-past one. At luncheon, to our further dismay, we found a very smart party assembled, but it proved to be a very merry meal after all. Every one was exceedingly kind and full of chaff about our mistaken identity. One subject of conversation impressed me very much—Alfred Lyttelton's skill in wicket-keeping. Great wicket-keeper as he was, I had not imagined I should find him famous in the Crimea.

After visiting other places in the Crimea, we went down to Constantinople, or rather Therapia, where we stayed with Lord and Lady Goschen, he being then our Ambassador. They were very kind indeed to us.

From Therapia we went to Athens, the most interesting capital in the world because the ruins are so beautiful. Marathon, of course, we visited, and I recall buying some honey there, with the memory that the bees of Hymettus were famous. I found it horrible, and on my return I sent it to the Assistant Masters at Wellington, hoping that their classical leanings would compel them to eat it, and that if they went on eating it the boys would get off some school. Tilley rejoined us at Athens, and we made a trip to Delphi, where we found some troops stationed to keep away the brigands. One of them saw a wild goat high up on the rocks, and he brought me his rifle, thinking that an Englishman must be a better shot than he was. I failed myself and my country badly, for the bullet struck below the goat and I have never regretted a missed shot more than that one.

The journey was interesting but was spoiled by bugs, for the inns crawled with them. Tilley's classical affections gave him backbone to endure, but Fanshawe and I struck and returned to Athens, and so back to London.

It was shortly after my return that I spent a few most interesting and enjoyable days with Lord Wolseley at "The Grange," Bookham. He was, I think, the most humble really great man I have ever met. Even to me he took endless trouble to explain his army organization, and I remember him telling me of that wild joy in fighting which he described later in his memoirs. One evening I recall specially vividly, and how he said to me: "You will always hear me accused of favouritism, and it will be true. I am obliged to have 'favourites,' if the critics like to call by that name the men I know I can depend on, and so the men I like to have round me. If the country calls on me to carry out some important military operation, I must have those who, I know, will carry out what I want." Then he named some of them: Beresford, for dash; Buller, for dogged courage; Evelyn Wood, for—I forget what, and so on through a lot of names. I always thought it was wonderfully kind of him to talk to me so intimately. He was in the zenith of his fame then, and seemed very young and exceptionally happy.

My great-uncle, George Hibbert, lived at 21, Queen Street, Mayfair, quite close to my lodgings at 22, Half Moon Street. He was an extraordinarily well-read man, and a great collector of china and furniture. He sold a large part of his collection for £9,000, and what remained of it he left to me with his house and all its contents in 1882, when he died.

In 1883, a year after his death, I married Lady Mary Ashburnham, the youngest daughter of the fourth Earl of Ashburnham.

Our first house, 21, Queen Street, was a very pretty one, and had once belonged to the Emperor Napoleon III. I added to the house a good deal, but the drawing-room, decorated in white and gold, we kept in the same style as he had left it when he gave the house to a Mrs. Howard, who had advanced him £10,000 when he was over in England before going to France as President of the Republic. My uncle had bought it from her and left me the 999 years' lease.

We went abroad in the year following to Norway to stalk reindeer on the Dovrefjeld. Neither my wife nor I had had any experience of camping out or of stalking, except that I had once before been with my friend, Herbert Mortlock, on this same ground for a very brief period. We secured a very good stalker, Matthias Hofnung, and three gillies, Johannes, Tore, and Ole, with surnames I never learned.

We drove from Lillehammer to Dombaas, the starting place for the mountains, where we found our four ponies waiting for us with the gillies and rode up to Matthias' "Saeter," where we annexed "Bismark," the reindeer-tracking dog. Five hours brought us to Sneehættan, one of the highest mountains in Norway. "Bismark" was alleged by Matthias to be so keen about deer that he would never eat anything until a deer was killed. I am not prepared to swear to this, for "Bismark," till we killed a deer, kept on trying to bite both of us. We spent August 18th stalking without seeing a deer, but next day "Bismark," who was led on a string, became suddenly very excited, and tugged Matthias away at a great pace, and, at an incredible distance off, we saw a good stag just disappearing from sight. The dog had, however, scented him.

August 20th was an eventful and miserable day, and what happened spoiled our whole holiday. My wife met me as I came back from a long and unsuccessful stalk at seven, and told me that, so far as she could make out from Tore, our fisherman, there had been a bad accident upon Sneehættan, that one of a party had broken his leg and was still on the mountain somewhere, and that the other, a boy, had got down to the valley and was being helped to our tent by a cowherd. We sent off our men at once to help, and in a short time they returned with the boy, Hjalmar Nystrom. He was badly cut about and in great pain, and seemed to have lost the use of one leg. We did what we could for him, dressed his wounds, gave him brandy and some food, but not much as he had been wandering about for many hours and was nearly "out." He could only talk Swedish, and it was with difficulty that we could make out his story which was that he and his uncle, Captain Hedlund, who was an official of the Swedish Court, had been left by their guide on the top of Sneehættan, with only vague directions about the descent to Dombaas. They had got on to a steep slope, all loose stones, which had given way and taken them along in the fall. Captain Hedlund had sustained a compound fracture of the leg and, when he recovered from concussion, had told Hjalmar to go for help as he himself was unable to move. The boy, despite his own injuries, had started off downhill and, after seventeen hours, by good fortune had come across some cattle and in time had found the cowherd, who happened to know that we were camping in the neighbourhood. We despatched our men at once to try and find Captain Hedlund, but it was an impossible task in the darkness, and they were out all night without success. They returned in the early morning, only to start again very shortly, and this time they brought back Captain Hedlund's body. He had evidently been caught in another stone slide, and was very badly smashed. We sent ponies to fetch up a doctor from Dombaas, and arranged to have the body taken there and telegrams sent to his and to young Nystrom's relatives. When the doctor arrived he decided that the boy ought to go to Dombaas, so we packed up and all went together, travelling very slowly, and stopping at Matthias' " Saeter " on the way down.

We arrived to find waiting for us a very kind telegram from the Queen of Sweden :

" The Queen of Sweden and Norway sends you and Lady Mary Holland her grateful thanks for the kindness shown to her countrymen when in distress. Nystrom's parents started yesterday."

We had only done just what anyone would and must have done under similar circumstances, but we were overwhelmed with expressions of gratitude from the Norwegian people and from Swedes who had known Captain Hedlund and Hjalmar Nystrom. I remember one woman coming up to Mary and saying :

" Are you Lady Mary Holland ? Yes ? Then I kiss you in the name of all mothers."

Hjalmar's parents and Captain Hedlund's brother arrived soon after us, and after a week the boy was able to be taken home, and we returned to the hills feeling very unlike stalking again. We camped far away from the old site, but even so the horror of it was with us both, and whenever I was late in getting back Mary got alarmed and the realization of this spoiled my enjoyment in stalking.

I only got two deer before September 9th, but on that day I had an unusual experience. I had crept up behind two large stones to a herd of deer and killed the best stag with my first barrel. The rest of the herd, not knowing where the shot had come from, turned and charged right at me hiding behind the stones. At the stones they split into two parties, but came so close as to be almost within touching distance. I shot another, but if I had reloaded after the first shot I ought to have got two more easily.

In after years we saw much of Hjalmar Nystrom, who has stayed with us in England, and is still a dear friend of ours.

The death of my grandfather, Sir Henry Holland, in 1873 had made life easier and less anxious for my father, and left him well enough off to retire from the Assistant Under-Secretaryship of State for the Colonies which he had held for four years. It had been hard work and every evening left him with a weary look, but he was happy, and had the confidence and love of every one in the office, and he could not have done without the £1,500 to £2,000 a year which it brought him. His inheritance enabled him to stand for Parliament, and in 1880 he stood for Midhurst, which was almost a pocket borough of Lord Egmont of Cowdray. I do not think the electors numbered a thousand. A Mr. Wallace was his opponent, but the real force of the opposition came from Miss Cobden, a sister of Free Trade Cobden, who was unnecessarily bitter against my father simply because he was a Conservative. My father hated making speeches, but they were very good—quite simple, without any trace of midnight-oil eloquence about them, and one felt one was listening to an honest, straightforward Englishman who "knew," and what he said was very convincing in consequence.

The Redistribution Bill having made an end of Midhurst as a Parliamentary seat, my father was invited to stand for Hampstead, and he succeeded in becoming the first member for the borough in 1885 by a majority of 875. He stood as a Conservative, and the contest was a three-cornered one, his opponents being the Marquis of Lorne (who married the Princess Louise and became afterwards Duke of Argyll), who stood as Radical, and Mr. J. Williams, a Socialist. Lord Lorne, I remember, became more and more advanced in his views as questions whether he would vote for this or that "reform" grew more numerous and insistent. This came at last to be quite a joke, and he was invited, in chaff, to vote for every sort of wild-cat scheme. His amiability in this way was very happily referred to at a dinner given to my father after the election. The speaker who was to have seconded a resolution of congratulation to my father was suddenly absent, and a Mr. Evans, a prominent local man, and a wholesale draper by profession, was asked to fill the gap.

"I am no speaker," he said, "but I know my own business, and in that business I sell two materials, lawn and brown holland. Now, gentlemen, if I hold lawn up to the light I can see right through it, but if I hold up holland I cannot, and so for good wear, for lasting well and for usefulness, I prefer Holland to Lorne." Then he sat down, having made almost as good a speech of its kind as I ever heard. I dare say he had made the play on the words before, but until he came into the room he certainly did not know that he had to speak.

When a little later my father became Financial Secretary to the Treasury in 1885, I acted for a short time as his secretary, but he and I agreed that I was useless. The permanent officials did all the work, and there was "Nothing left for you to do," as my father in his kindness phrased my inability to deal with figures if any had been left for me to do.

A year later he gave me an object lesson in friendship and fine feeling that I have never forgotten. He was then Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, and knowing that Lord Salisbury was in some difficulty about finding a place for someone, he wrote and offered to resign so as to free a place to dispose of. He received the following charming reply :

HATFIELD HOUSE,
December 29, 1886.

MY DEAR HOLLAND,

Your letter is dictated by the great kindness you have always shewn me. But I have observed that, in Ministerial cases, the people who are most ready to give up their places are always the people whom no Minister would part with willingly. I do not get similar offers from the other sort of people.

Ever yours very truly,
SALISBURY.

CHAPTER VII

AT THE BAR

I HAD chosen the South-Eastern Circuit and Essex and Herts Quarter Sessions as the field for my forensic abilities, and somehow or other, and chiefly through the support of a solicitor, the late Mr. Moreton Turner, of Watford, I drifted into a little practice. I remember the first brief he gave me. James Lowther and I were tenants of a room in Charlie Hall's chambers at 3, Temple Gardens, and his clerk acted for us. To my great embarrassment one day the clerk told me that a Mr. Turner had fixed an appointment to deliver a brief at 3.30, and added:

"Shall I brief your chambers, sir?" I stared blankly at him and asked what he meant.

"Well, sir, it would look rather bad when Mr. Turner calls if there are no papers on your table." When Mr. Turner did arrive, he found piles of briefs, Charlie Hall's—and he went away, I hoped, though with some doubt, duly impressed. I was not—my little brief, marked £1 3s. 6d., cut a poor figure beside Charlie Hall's borrowed ones.

Mr. Turner, however, was extremely kind to me, and during the next ten years gave me a number of cases, chiefly on matters for which, thank goodness, very little law and only a certain amount of cheek and assurance were required. I won quite a number of cases for him—indeed, I do not think we ever failed, or at any rate we used to say we never did.

He gave me, subsequently, a very sad case to defend.

poor, evidently half-witted boy had been chaffed by his sister about his big nose (I sympathized with him over that), whereupon he had seized a hammer and killed her, and not only killed her but went on destroying her poor body. My instructions were that the boy had always been very odd, that he used to get up in the middle of the night and read Roman history which he could not possibly have understood, that he was always walking about reciting poetry, and had showed eccentricities in many ways. Convinced of his insanity, I was very anxious to get the boy off, so I asked the late Sir George Savage whether he would examine the boy and give evidence for him. I paid his fee myself—he most generously made it very moderate one—but it was a really kind act of his to come down to Hertford for the trial. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who was the Judge, asked me to dine with him on the night before the trial, and after dinner inquired what defence I intended to raise. I told him that of insanity. To my surprise Coleridge said: “I cannot allow that defence to be raised.” I replied that he did not know what evidence I had, and went on to tell him what that evidence was, but he kept saying: I cannot allow it. You must raise a defence of manslaughter.”

“But, my lord,” I said, “how can it be manslaughter for a boy to kill his sister because he is chaffed about the size of his nose? It is either murder or the act of an insane boy.”

“All I can say, Mr. Holland, is that I recommend you to take my advice.”

This put me in a real hole. I was convinced that I was right, but it was impossible to go entirely against the advice of the Judge. The trial came on the next day. Sir George Savage gave evidence, as he always did, extremely well, and Coleridge employed all his great talent to ridicule Savage's evidence. I took the defence first that the boy was insane, and then asked the jury if they did not think him insane, to reduce the crime to manslaughter. I was skating on very thin ice, as there could be no possible grounds for suggesting that such a crime could be reduced to manslaughter, especially when the boy's treatment of the body was remembered. Coleridge closed his eyes during this part of the defence, and appeared to be asleep while I was talking nonsense, but he summed up urging the jury not to send the boy to a lunatic asylum for the rest of his life. The jury found the boy guilty of manslaughter, and he was sent to penal servitude for ten years—a gross injustice. The poor parents were very grateful to me, and I heard afterwards that the boy developed every sign of insanity in gaol.

My second murder trial was an interesting one to me, as by a curious coincidence I played a part in its preliminary stages.

One lovely June day, in the 'eighties, I was fishing my twin brother's river, the Colne, near Watford. Mayfly were just out, and I had already got some good trout, with every prospect of getting a good basket before evening. About midday, the sun being too bright to fish, I was resting when the keeper's boy came running across the park and told me that there were three men ferreting in a wood close by, about half a mile from where I was fishing, and the same distance from the house. I told the boy to go to the house for help, and said that I would go and watch the men.

Off he started and I made for the wood. When I reached it I could not find or hear the men, and began to think the alarm a false one until I turned the corner of a path and, quite contrary to what I intended, came right on to them. In reply to my question, put quite politely, as to what they were doing, they told me that they would "Bloody soon show me!" There was no need for any showing, for I saw enough for myself—one of them had three dead rabbits, there were nets over every hole, and a ferret at the end of a long cord down one of

em. They all got up, and the biggest, a great hulking
ffian with arms as long as an old-fashioned flail, legs
long as a stork's, loose, narrow shoulders and the
oken nose which tells of a not wholly peaceful life, came
to me and said :

“ Now we'll see what you're made of, Mr. Hibbert.
e hear you're a fighting man, and you've got to fight
ow.”

My twin's fatal beauty again ! Fortified by a training in
e Navy, Arthur was more warlike than I, and only a
ort while before had fought and beaten three poachers
another part of his property, chiefly by lowering his
ead and butting their leader in the stomach. His victory
ad led to their capture, and the ill-fame of the deed had
read abroad. Hence my ruffian's challenge to me to
ow qualities to which I made no pretence.

I was in for it evidently. I could not bolt. I wished
could, with growing desire each time I looked at my
tagonist. Still I was a moderately good boxer, and I
ought it possible, if the other two would play fair, that
might manage to avoid much harm till I got a chance of
itting him, and at any rate to keep him employed and
yself out of harm's way until help, which could not be
ng delayed, came from the house. I allowed half an
our for this, and twenty minutes had gone. I parleyed.
said that I would gladly fight all three in turn (may I
e forgiven) if they would toss up as to who should take
e on first and if they would all swear that they would
ee fair play and not interfere. They would not agree to
oss up—the loose-jointed ruffian was to be the Goliath—
ut they did agree that the non-fighters should not inter-
ere. Then we had to find a level place—time was slipping
way splendidly—and when we found one I would not
ght unless the ring was marked out so that the other
wo might keep well away from us. Five minutes to mark
ut that ring ! What a time the rescue party took,
hough ! Then we stripped.

If only this was a novel! Then I could have beaten all three in turn! But it is *In Black and White*, which compels me to record that just as "time" was called, a dogcart raced up with two men in it, and another was visible running across the park. Before I could realize my luck, the three poachers had bolted, leaving rabbits, ferret, nets and even my coat and waistcoat—which I thought good of them. I breathed freely once more—I had escaped being murdered.

The real murder? That comes now. Six weeks later Mr. Turner, the solicitor, sent word to my clerk that he wished to have a consultation with me. In due course my chambers were once more properly "briefed," and Mr. Turner arrived. After a few minutes—(the artistic or legal touch)—he was shown in and asked me if I could attend the Assizes at Hertford and defend one Jesse Fortescue for murder. I looked at my diary of engagements (another artistic touch), hesitated with discretion, and said that I could. Mr. Turner then gave me details—a story of a drunken row at a public-house, in which Jesse had certainly been more offended than offending, and in which a third party had interfered and had been hit none too gently over the head by Jesse, but being in a drunken condition had fallen down and died of a fractured base. A surgeon had been called in and had administered a strong sleeping draught, and this, it was suggested, had as much to do with the death as Jesse's blow on the skull.

I was less ambitious than I had been at my first murder trial at the Old Bailey. I knew by now that Pitt, Erskine & Co. were useless as guides to success in Criminal Courts, and I trusted to the turn of events and a small smattering of law to assist the erring Jesse. With any luck, the case could be reduced to manslaughter.

On the day of the trial I went to see Jesse, and was taken down into the miserable sheep pen, only worse, where untried prisoners were then confined, and what was my astonishment, and his, to meet face to face my own hulking, loose-jointed ruffian! It was the best situation I have ever been in in my life. I laughed and then he laughed, and we shook hands as if we had been old friends. Then, with the cunning of his class, he pulled himself together: "You're thinking I'm someone else." I suggested that perhaps he had a twin brother, which seemed to amuse him for a moment, and then he began to whine and say that he'd "Never have hurt a gentleman like me." I told him that I was quite aware of that, and that if we had not been interfered with I should have killed him and his two friends. I felt much braver in the court-house than I had out in that wood. After a good deal of difficulty I convinced him that I bore no malice, and would do my best to save him from the gallows. I did, and in the end Jesse was convicted of manslaughter and had to go to prison for six months.

Once I had to plead before my own brother. It was when Arthur was High Sheriff of Hertfordshire, and was sitting on the bench by the side of the Judge. I was defending a man for chicken stealing, and had no defence at all, so, for fun, I asked the witnesses if they knew the prisoner's twin brother or had ever seen him. Naturally they said "No," as such a person did not exist. Then I raised the defence that the prisoner might have been mistaken for his twin brother, and looking at the High Sheriff I told the jury that I had often suffered in that way myself.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Holland," said the Judge. "Do I understand you to say that your brother has suffered for your sins?"

"No, my lord. I have suffered for his. That is the point of my defence." The prisoner, however, could not produce his twin brother in court as I could, and got three months.

A firm of solicitors who were very kind to me were Birchams, of Parliament Street. They had given my father his first brief, and were good enough to give me many briefs at the Parliamentary Bar.

Sam Bircham was then head of the firm and, as members of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, we used often to meet. Our friendship once brought me to the verge of serious trouble. At one of the Australian cricket matches at Lord's there was a tremendous crush at the refreshment bar at lunch time. I saw Sam reach across various shoulders and buy a couple of buns which he put into the capacious pocket of his coat. I could not get near the bar and they were the last buns so I promptly picked his pocket and started to eat my spoil. To my horror my victim turned round and he was not Sam Bircham, nor anyone I knew. I tried my hardest to explain, but Sam's double had a sense of humour and refused to accept my apologies and threatened to give me into custody.

How my father enjoyed the story when I rejoined him in Block D and told him. It was a curious thing that just as I ended my story a lady in the next seat turned to him and said: "It is quite true, because I saw the incident myself." Strange that out of the many thousands present the one person who had seen me as a pickpocket should have been sitting next us and overheard my confession.

There were some very good fellows attached to the Herts and Essex Sessions: Forrest Fulton, afterwards Recorder of London, was leader at the time; the best lawyer was Muir, who afterwards, as Sir Richard Muir, became Public Prosecutor; and a barrister named Woollett, a curious old remnant of bygone days, was the best defender of prisoners. It was Woollett who appeared one day at Sessions carrying a brace of pheasants, and replied to our keen curiosity as to how he got them: "Oh, I was given them by a grateful client whom I got off a charge of poaching last sessions."

I played Woollett a wicked trick. Mr. Robert Pryor was Chairman of Quarter Sessions. He was a very well-known county magnate, a great friend of my family, well-read in all law, and an excellent chairman. He had just recovered from an operation—for piles—and we all agreed that Woollett, on behalf of the Bar, ought to congratulate him on his recovery. Poor old Woollett most unwisely consulted me as to what he should say, and I told him that he need only congratulate Mr. Pryor on having come through an illness *inter Christianos non nominandum*, which is the old Latin veil for a most horrible crime. This Woollett actually did, and Mr. Pryor, who of course knew the definition, did not know how to take it until he saw the smiles on the faces of the barristers present and realized that Woollett did not appreciate the enormity of his congratulations. Then he smiled with the rest of us. When I confessed my share in the crime to him later he was very much amused. We at Quarter Sessions and every one in the county missed him very much when he died.

I used to get a good deal of fun at Quarter Sessions after I had acquired the power of ventriloquism. Before the Court sat, we barristers used to assemble in the robing room, waiting anxiously for our names to be called out by some solicitor aspiring for our services.

" Is Mr. Grubbe there ? " I used to ventriloquize, and out poor Grubbe would rush—to find no one wanting him. Grubbe, who was a most patient and painstaking barrister, became a police magistrate, and died, I regret to see, in 1926.

Circuit was a more serious matter than Sessions. The Hertfordshire Assizes of the Circuit were held at Hertford, and Day, Q.C. (afterwards Judge Day), another of the three Judges in the Parnell case, Willis, who became a County Court Judge, and last, but far from least, my dear friend, Lord Finlay, subsequently Lord Chancellor, were the leaders.

It is almost incredible now to relate what used to happen after dinner at the Dimsdale Arms, where the mess was held. A good deal of wine was drunk but nobody took too much, and every night after dinner Day used to get up and say, "Now, boys, we must run off this dinner." Then out of the hotel he would run, followed by all of us, and go straight away across country. A rule of the run was that nothing was to stop us—a wall had to be negotiated; a hedge had to be got through; water had to be got over—far from easy on a dark night! The run used to last for about an hour, and every one had to go. Once we all found ourselves in a chicken yard, and there was a fearful row. All the cocks and hens started making the worst noises that cocks and hens ever made, and the farmer came down with a huge stick and——! Nobody but Day could have appeased him. Finlay was always "one of the boys," hence his complexion and perennial youth.

It was a contrast, some years later, to have a brief before Day, whose face was always as solemn as the proverbial judge. Day gave more severe sentences than any judge in my time, but he was such a kind-hearted man that I often wonder whether he did not do this to deter other offenders and whether he did not write afterwards to the Home Secretary to get the sentences mitigated.

Luckily I had very few Common Law cases, for my knowledge of law and my power of appreciating the difference between the decisions of cases were very limited, and I drifted gradually to the Parliamentary Bar, where I made, for many years, between £400 and £1,000 a year.

All the time I was at the Common Law Bar I had chambers at 3, Temple Gardens, which I shared with James Lowther, and a delightful companionship it was, though James was too often away on Circuit to please me. We were tenants of Charlie Hall, who afterwards became Recorder of London, and he used to give very extravagant dinners in his own chambers to which he often very kindly invited me, and at which I had the pleasure of meeting many of the leading men at the Bar.

James Lowther soon got into Parliament. I have never known a man whose ambition has been so satisfied as his. As far back as I can remember him his ambition was to be Speaker of the House of Commons. Directly he got into Parliament he became, of course, extremely popular, as he has been everywhere in life, and sometime afterwards he was elected Chairman of Committees. He told me then that he was afraid his chance of becoming Speaker had gone, because no man who had been Chairman of Committees had ever been elected as Speaker, since it was almost impossible to hold that position and not make a considerable number of enemies. However, as is well known, his conduct in the chair only increased his popularity and showed his sterling worth, and in due course he did become Speaker.

It was a narrow shave, though, because it is an invariable practice that the party in power always elects a Speaker from its own ranks. It was evident that the Conservative party had outlived their span, and it was only a question of days how long they could remain in power. Gully was Speaker, elected by the Liberals, who had had every election of Speakers for the previous seventy years. Gully, however, resigned a very few months before the Conservatives went out of power, and this gave them the appointment of a Speaker, and James was elected. How he filled the post needs no praise from me. All through his life—and one saw it in all the legal cases he had to give an opinion on—he has shown a marvellous faculty of arriving quickly at the common-sense solution of any question. It is almost an instinct with him. He and Alfred Lyttelton and other merry souls used to come and shoot with Arthur at Munden, and those bachelor parties were the jolliest of gatherings. I wonder if we realized then how happy we all were.

On one occasion I appeared for the authorities of the South Kensington Museum to oppose an electric railway being put down Exhibition Road. I wonder what my views would be to-day, when I am a director of the electric railways? The late King Edward's brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, was one of the witnesses, but it fell to my leader, Mr. Moulton (the late Lord Justice Moulton) to cross-examine him and not to me. Our case was that an electric railway coming down the middle of the road would interfere with the astronomical instruments, which were under the control of Professor Norman Lockyer, and were placed on the top of the building.

I paid very little attention to the highly technical evidence given by the promoters' engineer, which I was quite unable to understand, but this did not matter as it was Moulton's job to cross-examine him, and Moulton had been Senior Wrangler and knew everything about electricity that was to be known. Imagine my horror, then, when just as the engineer had finished his evidence, a Parliamentary Agent came into the room and told Moulton that he must come away at once to make a speech in the adjoining room. Moulton turned to me:

"You must cross-examine this man, Holland."

"I simply can't," I replied. "I don't understand his evidence at all."

"Oh, never mind, do your best," and off he went.

I have been in many holes in my life, but that, then, seemed quite the worst. I turned helplessly to Mr. Vernon Boys, the celebrated engineer, and said:

"For goodness' sake, tell me something to ask this man."

"Ask him the permeability of cast iron," he whispered.

So I said in my most confident voice: "Now, sir, tell me, please, what is the permeability of cast iron."

The brute answered: "One-fifteenth," and to this day I do not know what he meant or what I meant. Nor did my next question help me.

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Why, any fool knows it," he answered. "It's in every text-book."

I said, "Thank you," and sat down, not feeling very grateful. But I saved my bacon with the next witness, who declared that the fact of the railway going down the road could not seriously affect any of the delicate instruments because they must have been deflected already by similar undertakings in London, and added: "Why, my instruments, fifty miles away, will tell me when trains are running through the Monument Station on the City and South London Line."

"What an infernal lie," muttered Boys. "If his instruments can feel that, they must be connected with the Monument Station."

When I came to cross-examine this man I began by making him repeat his statement, and then asked him whether his instruments were not connected with the Monument Station. He said "Yes," and I then asked him whether in that case they would not have felt it if they had been at Timbuctoo, and then pressed him as to whether, when he gave his first answer, he had not meant to hide from the Committee that his instruments were connected with the railway station. We won our case because Moulton got back in time to cross-examine the other witnesses and make an excellent speech.

Cross-examination is always a dangerous temptation and, like most people, I have heard many men who thought themselves very smart make serious mistakes. To extract the truth from a reluctant witness or from a dishonest one, to turn to advantage an apparently innocuous admission, to weaken evidence against one's client by a series of penetrating questions—all these things mean much to a barrister, and if he can do it now and again in cases which attract public attention he is lucky.

But it does not always follow that a cross-examination which wins the applause of the public is necessarily something wonderful. It is the easiest thing in the world to get the better of a witness with a past so lurid as to render it impossible for any one of his answers to be believed. Such a witness is completely at the mercy of the most inefficient of cross-examiners. An historic instance of successful cross-examination is the often quoted encounter between Richard Pigott and the then Sir Charles Russell at the Parnell Commission. Yet there was not a second-rate practising barrister who could not have demolished the celebrated forger with the aid of his history supplied to Russell, although he might not have achieved it so artistically as Russell did. The result must have been the same, however, for the whole of Pigott's quasi-criminal past was known to the defenders of Mr. Parnell, and when Sir Charles Russell rose to cross-examine he was reinforced with the information that guaranteed him an easy victory.

Personally when cross-examining I always tried to appear to be only desirous of getting more information out of the witness, as by doing this he is less inclined to take up a hostile attitude. If he is speaking the truth, no harm is done, as he will be merely repeating what he has said already, and there is always a chance he may give you a loop-hole by exaggeration. If he is lying, he is pretty sure to overstate his case considerably, or to distort what he has seen or heard, and so give you an opportunity of proving his inaccuracy.

I remember a policeman giving evidence in a sheep-stealing case and saying that he knew from the impression of the man's feet in the soft ground that he was carrying something heavy on his back! In cross-examination I complimented him very much on his powers of observation, and gradually led him on to boast of these powers and was able to laugh his evidence out of court by cross-examining him as to the exact weight which could be carried on a man's back before the impression showed in his footprints. I am not mentioning this as a monument to my skill, but only to show the sort of line which I think is often successful and moreover perfectly fair, which all cross-examination is not.

A very common mistake in cross-examination is to ask a witness *how* he knows a thing—my own mistake in the case of the engineer and the permeability of cast iron. I ought to have left his answer alone and trusted to contradicting it by evidence or by throwing doubt upon it in my speech. Suppose a witness says that he came out of a public-house at two o'clock. If your case is that the time was three o'clock and not two o'clock, the way to cross-examine him is to test his accuracy as to the time at which he did other things, and if he does not know, to comment to the jury upon the strangeness of his precise knowledge of the time he came out of the public-house. If you are weak enough to ask him how he knew it was two o'clock, he is very likely to answer, truly or falsely, "Because I looked at a clock."

I once got a laugh in cross-examining a witness who was more addicted to beer than truth. It was in a case before a Local Government Board Inspector at Watford. I was appearing for the Local Board of Watford, which was anxious to put the overflow from sewage tanks into a certain field. The opposition tried to show that the diminutive stream which flowed down the middle of the field was a good deal bigger than in fact it was, and that it was often a very important waterway, and when in flood would carry the sewage all over the country. They called a man who looked like a discharged keeper, and he had just completed his evidence as to the size of the stream when we adjourned for luncheon. After the lunch interval I adopted my usual line and invited him to give us some more information about the size of the stream. It got bigger and bigger as I encouraged him, and finally, evidently under the influence of some luncheon beverage stronger than water, he broke out, "Why it comes down like a roaring lion."

"Are you not confusing it with the Red Lion?" I asked sympathetically. He crumpled up—he had spent his interval at the public-house of that name.

Story breeds story, and I recall another amusing experience. I was appearing in favour of an electric railway being made under Bow Road, and the Bow Council's engineer was called to give the stupid evidence that any interruption of traffic while the railway was being made would be a very serious matter, as the traffic under Bow Bridge was so very great. I got my man talking about this traffic and to exaggerate the dreadful disaster which would happen if the traffic was held up for a month or so. Then I asked him :

" How many vehicles go down the Bow Road in an hour ? Sixty ? " purposely putting the number low.

" Sixty ! " he snorted. " Six hundred ! "

" Six hundred in an hour ! " I repeated. " Well, you ought to know, but let us see what that means. Six hundred an hour means ten a minute, doesn't it ? " He agreed. " Well, we may take it as five vehicles a minute each way. That is one every twelve seconds, isn't it ? " He agreed again. Then I took out my watch and said : " Let us see what this means. One vehicle passes." I waited twelve seconds. " Another vehicle passes." I waited another twelve seconds—it seemed quite a long time, and he began to see the drift of my question.

" Sometimes they're all going one way," he volunteered.

" Then there can be no crowd for any vehicle that wants to go fast as there is nothing on the other side."

" Our's is slow traffic," he protested. " None of your fast West End hansom cabs."

" Then," I said, " there can be no inconvenience to those who want to go fast because there are none."

He left the box rather disconcerted. Some years later I was going down to the London Hospital, and as I got on to a bus a man nodded to me. I nodded back and said, " I'm afraid I don't remember you."

" Oh, don't you ! I'm six hundred an hour ! You did me. I ought to have said six thousand." We had a good laugh over our battle.

CHAPTER VIII

FAMILY AND PERSONAL

AT the Parliamentary Bar, for some reason unknown to myself and certainly undeserved, I got briefs from several of the Electric Light Companies: Messrs. Fladgate and Mr. Sydney Morse being especially kind to me. My last case of the kind was an extremely complicated one—an attempt to upset a scheme got up by several well-known men to start a centre station for the whole of London. My leader was a well-known K.C., and I really think he understood the figures as little as I did. He got more and more nervous as the time came for his speech for our clients, and at last his nerves gave way altogether and he retired from the case, leaving me to make the speech and to finish the cross-examination of the witnesses. There were so many opponents to the scheme that it became impossible for any of us Juniors to find anything new to ask them, yet our clients kept clamouring that we should ask something. When I got up to cross-examine a witness I was interrupted impatiently by one of the Committee, the late Lord Sanderson, who said:

"We have heard all that before. What is the good of asking it again?" I replied that I had to justify my existence, which made them laugh and I was allowed to go on. The Parliamentary Agent who had given me the brief took me to task for making a joke of a serious case, but he did not appreciate the fact that if you can get a laugh you can get a hearing, whereas a dull bore, though his matter may be twice as good as yours, will not be listened to. My fees in this case were £854 and, almost with tears, on the last day I took off my wig and gown in Westminster Hall, never to put them on again.

Increasing deafness was my reason—it was too big a handicap. Indeed no one, except those who have gone deaf, can guess how big a handicap it is. I tried my hardest to overcome the misery of deafness by lip reading. I attended classes and had private tuition. But I found it too difficult. I wonder whether anyone has learned to lip read who is not completely deaf. It is easy enough to recognize routine sentences which are practised, but the trouble comes when the teacher says something you do not expect. One lady who came to teach me moved her lips and then asked me what she had said. I replied, as I had read it: "I love you." She repudiated the "insinuation" most high-mindedly and never came again.

While I was at the Parliamentary Bar I shared chambers in Parliament Street with Lord Robert Cecil ("Bob"), now Lord Cecil of Chelwood, a charming friend and a really clever man. In a moment he could grasp all the important bearings of a case. He was a born lawyer and would have made a most excellent judge if that had been his ambition. His mind then travelled too fast for his tongue, which made him a difficult speaker for a Parliamentary Committee to follow. He could not believe that every one did not grasp a point as quickly as he himself saw it. He gave up a very large practice to go into Parliament. Now in the House of Lords his speeches are good; he never wastes a word. He is always in earnest, and if he lives he will be Prime Minister.

Cecil once asked me to go down to Hatfield to shoot. The invitation was to arrive at Hatfield by nine, have breakfast there and shoot afterwards. It was in 1900, just at the time when everything looked black during the Boer War. Lord Edward Cecil was in Mafeking, and I had been prompted that nothing had been heard of him and that the family were, naturally, very anxious. So was every one in England. I was therefore specially interested to know how Lord Salisbury regarded the future and much hoped I should see him and that he would talk about the war. I arrived at Hatfield and was shown into the dining-room where the family were at breakfast. Lady Edward was there. A very delightful warm welcome was given to me—all the family were present except Lord Salisbury, whose empty chair was at the head of the table. Presently the two folding-doors were thrown open and the next moment in he walked. Every one greeted him in an affectionate manner.

Before he had settled down to his breakfast the whole family with one accord attacked him.

"Any news?"

"No," he said.

Then someone said:

"I wish we could hear from Edward."

"I had a letter yesterday," said his lordship, and then, plunging into the depth of his very loose trouser pocket, he produced a letter from his son! No action I have ever seen inspired me with more confidence. Here was a really great man, to whom details were as nothing—"All will come right" was his attitude—and he seemed quite unable to appreciate any feeling of anxiety or worry about the ultimate result. Of course this is a trivial incident, but it showed me the greatness of his mind and outlook.

Years afterwards I was sitting in a first-class carriage at King's Cross, the door opened and Lord Salisbury got in. He knew me quite well by sight, and out of the corner of his eye he saw who was in the carriage. He sat down opposite to me and at once closed his eyes and slept till Hatfield, then he got up, smiled at me, and said:

"I hope you are well and doing well at the London Hospital." This was said with almost affectionate kindness. Why do I tell it? Why do I remember it? Because no one but a great gentleman could have behaved like this. He wanted rest, he wanted to avoid conversation. Heaven knows, but he did not, that I would not have talked, but this was just his way, done with grace and kindliness, to avoid conversation and yet to leave behind a feeling of friendliness to an insignificant and very, very much younger man. I have described it badly, but it was perfectly done, and it has stayed in my memory all these years.

In January 1887 my father was offered the post of Secretary of State for the Colonies by Lord Salisbury. He accepted it, though, I know, with his habitual diffidence. It was a very important moment at which to take up this post, for it was the year of the first Colonial Conference, when for the first time in the history of the Empire the leading Ministers of all the Colonies came to England to consult with the Imperial Government.

My father was just perfect as President of this Conference. His courtesy, his patience and, I must add, his appearance, all stood him in good stead, and he had a greater knowledge of the Colonies than probably any living man, having served seven years, first as Legal Adviser and then as Assistant Under-Secretary, in the Colonial Office.

I was present on the opening day when Lord Salisbury and my father made speeches welcoming the visitors, many of whom also spoke. I remember one of them, I think it was Mr. Deakin from Australia, stating that, though this was more or less a formal meeting, he wished nevertheless to make it quite clear that he and the other Australian Ministers had come over to impress the Imperial Government with the importance of getting some islands from the French, and ended with a suggestion of a threat that they did not mean to go back leaving the question unsettled. When the Conference was over I asked Mr. Deakin if he had got his way over this.

"No," he said, "I have not got what I wanted, but I would rather take 'No' from your father than 'Yes' from most men." This exactly expressed the sort of feeling that my father succeeded in creating, without trying to do so, or even knowing that he was doing so. He was just natural and the sweetness of his nature enabled him to direct all the strong men present, better perhaps than a man of aggressive personality could have done.

A disagreeable contretemps took place at a luncheon which my father gave to some of the most distinguished members of the Conference. They had expressed a wish to see John Bright, who had by then ceased to take an active part in politics, and my father accordingly invited him to meet them. He came in after luncheon and planted himself with his back to the fire—a striking figure, conveying the idea of great and suppressed strength. I watched him as he stood there and was specially struck by his firm, sad-looking mouth—the lips were thin and the corners of the mouth drawn down which gave him an expression that was puzzling to analyse. Such a mouth with most men suggests bad temper, but John Bright's eyes were too kind and his face too open to allow one to think him bad-tempered. All the same, it was not an attractive expression. He looked to me rather like a head master about to address his boys on some grave matter. However, he chatted amiably enough, first with one and then with another of the Ministers, but after a little they became more and more silent as they all wanted to hear him. Suddenly he broke out with the following disloyal sentiment:

"I cannot think why you Colonies have anything to do with this country. You have everything to gain by separating, everything to lose by remaining part of a country which may at any time be embroiled in quarrels with other nations." Whatever his sentiments were, it was a gross breach of good feeling and manners to speak so at such a time and in such a place, and he put my father in a very awkward predicament.

There was a moment of dead silence—every one was quite astounded—and then up jumped Mr. Upington of

South Africa, who in no measured terms expressed his surprise and indignation. Mr. Hofmeyer followed in the same strain, and Mr. Bright was soon made to realize that he had struck a completely wrong note. He smoothed matters down somewhat by saying that what he had said was only his own feeling, and that the country generally shared the feelings which those present had been good enough to express, and so on. Then he left, and my father was able to say with truth that there were not a dozen people in England who shared Mr. Bright's views, and certainly none of the politicians of the day.

It was while he was Secretary of State for the Colonies that my father had a very anxious and most miserable experience. Mercifully, and as he deserved, it ended happily. Queen Victoria trusted him implicitly and showed him many signs of this. On one occasion she wrote to him saying that she felt she did not wish to write to Lord Salisbury direct, but that she wished my father to do so, intimating to him that he knew how pained she was by the speeches about England which the Kaiser was making, and suggesting that he should tell the Kaiser that she hoped he would modify this language which she thought indiscreet and likely to cause ill-feeling between the two nations. I suppose a more private letter was never written. My father had great difficulty in drafting the letter to Lord Salisbury. He wrote a pencil draft of it at home and put it with the Queen's letter into his inside coat pocket just before getting into the carriage to drive to the Colonial Office, where he intended to write the fair copy. He arrived at the Office to find that the letters were not in his pocket. He hurried home at once, but they could not be found anywhere. He passed a wretched day until, during the afternoon, my mother wired to him that a man had called who said that he had picked up some papers that evidently belonged to my father and which were of such importance that he did not like to risk sending them by post. He gave his name and address—I forget them now—and said that he would be in at four o'clock. My father took a cab which he dismissed short of the shop—the man was a hairdresser—and arrived in good time. He walked in but the fellow was out and my father waited an hour before he arrived. My father said :

"You have some papers of mine. They are of no great importance but they are valuable to me."

"Oh, no," said the hairdresser. "Evidently they are of no importance and that is why a Cabinet Minister comes here in a cab, which he dismisses short of my shop, and why he waits an hour for the chance of getting them. But they are of great value to me and I can sell them for a lot of money." After a good deal of parleying my father got them back for £10, which seemed very cheap indeed under the circumstances, and the man assured him that he had not taken copies nor communicated the contents to anyone.

That did not end the matter. Next day my father got a letter from the hairdresser saying that he had thought things over and felt that he had sold back the letters too cheaply, that a newspaper would give him a good deal more for them, and that he proposed to send copies to the Press unless my father paid him a further £10. My father was very indignant, as the fellow had sworn that he had no copies, but in the end he paid the second £10 and got the copies.

That ended what might almost have led to European trouble. My father wrote to Lord Salisbury telling him all that had happened and offering to resign his post. This Lord Salisbury would not hear of, as the loss of the papers, he said, was not due to any want of care or indiscretion on my father's part, but simply because they had slipped down between his inner and outer coats.

I think my father got off very cheaply. So did the blackmailer in escaping imprisonment.

My father sent for me one day early in February in 1888 and told me that Lord Salisbury had offered him a peerage but that he wished to know my views before accepting it. It was just like him to consider me. Of course I agreed—the whole thing was so personal to him and so remote from me, so emphatically his own and not mine. But, if given my choice, under any other circumstances, whether I would inherit a peerage or not, I should most certainly say not, unless with the peerage went a large estate. A landless peer, with "The Limes" or some suburban villa as his "place," and passing his life as a director of public companies is a miserable relic, yet that is what peers who inherit titles won by political service and whose families are not rich must drift towards. I hope we may live to see life peerages. Still, I was delighted for my father's sake that his work should be recognized.

The letter from Queen Victoria conferring the peerage came in a few days, and, if only for its charming wording, its reproduction here would be justified.

"*February* 19, 1888.

"The Queen has had much pleasure in conferring a Peerage on Sir Henry Holland, for which he is so fit, and which, she is glad to think, will enable him to continue to serve her and the Country which he does so ably.

"The Queen cannot but think of the pleasure this would have given to his honoured father."

Then came another important question—should I accept the Hampstead seat if it should be offered to me? My father thought it certainly would be, for I was known there, as I had helped him at his election and had made many speeches there. He was very keen that I should accept.

There is no need to give all the reasons which decided me not to stand, but a very prominent one was the expense, and when the deputation from Hampstead came to my house in Queen Street, to invite me to stand, I said that I could not afford to do so. My father was present at the interview and said to the Chairman of the deputation:

" It has cost me £600 a year and you have never heard it said, have you, Mr. Preston, that I did not spend enough ? "

Much to my father's dismay he replied:

" Well, I cannot say that, Sir Henry."

To this day I cannot be sure whether I am glad or sorry. I was ambitious then but my deafness, which has increased as I have grown older, and been run over by motor-cars, would have excluded me from taking part in debates, and would have made me despair even more than it does now. I have had a very happy life and I should never have been able to do my hospital work if I had been in politics. I think I can truly say that I have only occasionally regretted my decision.

Here, perhaps, I may say that one of the few rules I have always followed in life has been never to make myself miserable, as so many people do, by regretting a decision. One can only decide as one thinks best at the moment. It is even betting that one is right if one follows one's own instinct, and once a decision is made and acted on I try to cling to the idea that I was right. This frame of mind saves a lot of worry and useless regrets. My view is:

" Yes, it may show as a mistake now, as things have turned out, but it was a right decision then."

It was not very long after this decision, and quite unconnected with it (whatever link the ingenious may try to forge between my crushed ambitions and poisons), that I happened to attend a lecture on " Poisons and Poisoning" at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. The lecturer was Dr. Tidy, whom I have mentioned already as concerned with the Lamson poisoning case, and who had succeeded Dr. Letheby as Professor of Chemistry at the London Hospital. To-day, however, the lecture requires a short prologue—the story of a celebrated murder case that had thrilled the world eighteen years previously. Here it is.

On Saturday night, July 9, 1864, a train left Bow Station at ten o'clock, arriving at Hackney at 10.11. Two passengers who joined the train there found the seats soaked, apparently, with blood. A hat, bag, and stick were found in the carriage, which the guard took possession of. At 10.30 the same evening on the permanent way between Hackney and Bow was found the body of Mr. Thomas Briggs, chief clerk of Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock & Co.'s bank. The bag and stick were identified as the property of Mr. Briggs. The hat was not his. Mr. Briggs always wore a "topper"; the hat found was a "billycock."

Great public excitement was caused by this, for it was the first railway murder. I was only nine years old, but I remember the excitement well, and how it was suggested that Mr. Briggs must have been killed by some large ape which had escaped from the Zoo. Why any idiot suggested this I do not know, unless he, or she, had spent the previous night reading *The Murder in the Rue Morgue.*

The hat hanged the murderer. A witness came forward who had bought the hat from the maker, whose name was inside it, for a man named Franz Muller, whose photograph he provided. This set the police on the track of Muller, and they discovered that Muller had been living at 16, Park Terrace, Bow, and was proved to have left for America in a sailing-vessel, the *Victoria*, on July 16th. The detectives left London on a steamer on July 20th, and arrived at New York many days before Muller. He was arrested, and in his possession were found Mr. Briggs' watch and a "topper" which had been cut down in an amateurish way, and altered in shape to having a lower crown. For many years afterwards a top hat with a low crown was known as a "Muller" hat. Muller was convicted and hanged on November 14, 1864. At the trial Dr. Letheby gave evidence that the stains in the carriage were blood. In cross-examination he said that he used both the microscope and chemical tests to determine the character of the stains.

I cannot remember now how Dr. Tidy brought it in, for it did not seem to have much connection with the subject of his lecture, " Poisons and Poisoning," but he told his audience something about hæmoglobin, and said that the spectroscope would show whether hæmoglobin was present in any liquid by a black band appearing in a certain position of the spectrum. Then in his own inimitable way he said that he intended to try an experiment which he did not think would succeed.

" I have here some of the nap of the hat belonging to Mr. Briggs, who twenty-four years ago was murdered by Franz Muller on the North London Railway. At that time the spectroscope showed that the stains on the hat were blood—will it do so to-day ? Let us see. If it does, you will see the black line across the spectrum."

Breathless silence, while he soaked the bit of the hat in water before us all. Then the spectroscope was turned on the liquid, and, behold, the black line appeared and Dr. Tidy, in great excitement, jumped about shouting :

" Briggs' blood ! Briggs' blood ! "

A lecture at the Royal Institution seldom witnesses such a blood-curdling incident.

Dr. Tidy's lectures at " The London " were very largely attended. He had no idea of keeping discipline and the students ragged him a good deal, and bothered him with endless questions. He rather enjoyed being ragged, but he " turned " on one memorable occasion. It has been told very often, but, as it happened at a time when some of our present students were enjoying cradle amenities, it may be helpful to them.

The final lecture in one term was on " Observation," and Dr. Tidy impressed on the students how necessary it was to watch the action of any patient who was consulting them, every nervous movement of the fingers or feet, and so on. Then he spoke of the different ways of testing clinical material submitted for examination, and said, holding up a phial:

"Here is a sample of—such and such an illness."

Dipping his finger into the phial, and putting his finger to his lips, he added:

"You will find it slightly brackish."

He then handed the phial round and the students copied him; many were nearly sick, and the rest "heaved" or spat. When the phial had gone round to all of them, and they had had the opportunity of proving the truth of what he had said, he closed the lecture by saying:

"Gentlemen, you will appreciate the need of close observation when I tell you that if you had observed more carefully, you would have seen that the finger I put in the phial was NOT the one I put in my mouth. Good morning, gentlemen."

Then he bolted, and locked the door from the outside, or the hounds would have had his blood.

I was a Guardian of St. Marylebone parish for some years, and I remember, in 1891, one of the most amazing coincidences that I have ever come across.

A poor girl was brought into Marylebone Workhouse who could not understand anything that was said to her and whom no one could understand when she spoke. I was supposed, for some reason quite unknown to myself, to be a linguist, or my fellow-colleagues shirked the bother, and so was asked by the Master of the Workhouse if I would see the girl and try to find out to what country she belonged. At first she would not speak so I sent out for some sweets, and after about an hour I found out the sounds by which she expressed certain things, and I wrote to *The Times* and asked if anyone could recognize her language. I spelt the terms she used in my letter phonetically—a hand was *rauke*; eyes, *arkese*; teeth, *dantice*, and so on. I begged for help, as the poor girl, if nothing could be found out about her, would have had to stay in the workhouse for the rest of her life, and I added at the end of my letter that she seemed happy and "could consume with ease the rations of any two paupers." This letter caught the eye of Queen Victoria, who, through her Secretary, wrote to ask what success I had, and "was glad to hear the woman had so good an appetite."

The letter also attracted the notice of a Lithuanian, who at once recognized the language as his own. He came to see the girl, and she turned out to be his sister! She had come over to join him and lost her passport and his address. This letter caused a good deal of sensation at the time, as the papers took the matter up and drew attention, as I had also, to the folly of allowing these aliens to come to England.

This reunion was certainly as remarkable as any coincidence I have come across, but coincidences always seem to me to form an appreciable part of every one's life. They are just things we, with our limited imaginations, do not expect, and they jerk us out of our grooves, and we go about telling people what wonderful things have happened to us.

I remember one—against which anyone would have laid the longest odds ever betted. An old friend of mine, J. A. Campbell, had gone to Ceylon to grow coffee. On his return to England he telegraphed to me—I was in the country—asking where we could meet. When I came up to London next day I went into the post office by Burlington House and was writing out a telegram telling him where to meet me, when I happened to look up and found him at the next desk writing another message to me.

During a debate in the House of Lords on the Dogs Protection Bill, introduced twice by Lord Banbury and twice thrown out, on one occasion without a division, I, in a speech opposing the Bill, referred to the fact that men are as ready to experiment on themselves as on animals, and instanced the case of a young doctor, Barcroft by name, who had gone into a chamber full of prussic acid vapour to test whether it would kill a man or not. Some months later, on a railway journey, I got into a discussion with a fellow-traveller. The discussion was on vivisection and I referred to this experiment which Dr. Barcroft had made on himself.

"Oh," said my fellow-talker, "I read your speech and I thought you made too much of that. After all, he was only an insignificant man and the experiment was much more valuable than his life."

I looked at him in surprise and somehow guessed the truth.

"You are not Dr. Barcroft, by any chance, are you?" I asked.

"Yes, I am," he answered, and told me the story of what had really taken place—that during the War many experiments on poison gases were made and it was discovered that a gas made from cyanide of potassium was very poisonous to animals. In consequence, the Government proposed to establish a vast plant for its manufacture. Barcroft thought that, before this was done, the gas ought to be tested on man, so he submitted himself to the test and by surviving it saved the country a large and useless expenditure. A very brave thing—quite beyond praise from me.

If anyone wants to be praised, here is a very simple and pleasant recipe.

I do not know anything I have done which has earned me more genuine thanks than giving people a lift in my dogcart or car. It is such an easy way of winning a blessing and, quite apart from the thanks, is worth doing for the interest one gets from one's "pick-ups." It amazes me to see farmers and others pass by men and women on the road between my home and Royston and never offer a lift. You can do all sorts of things in your village and spend hundreds of pounds and no one will say or feel more than—"Oh, he can afford it." But show people the small courtesy, and thought, of a lift and you will find friends. I know a man—no, he was not I—who, when he had nothing to do, used to take out his car just for the pleasure of giving lifts! As the old song says:

A gen'rous heart like sunshine brings good cheer in its ray,
An' a friendly word can sometimes gi' a lift on the way,
A lift on the way,
To ha'ply gi' some poor owd soul a lift on the way.

A friendly car can do the same.

CHAPTER IX

THE DOCKS AND THE GREAT DOCK STRIKE

ONE day, in 1888, I was sitting in my chambers at 3, Temple Gardens, busy over my daily job—waiting for briefs. As solicitors did not seem to be queueing up, I picked up the report of the East and West India Dock Company, in which I was a shareholder, and which seemed to me to be getting into a deplorable position, and found that the annual meeting was going to be held that day.

The solicitors seemed still to be marking time so, just for the lark of the thing, I thought I would attend the meeting and see if there was any chance of expressing my indignation. When I arrived at the Company's offices in Billiter Street I found a huge room full of indignant shareholders and about thirty Directors sitting on the other side of a long table. Mr. Dobree, the Chairman, made a lengthy speech in which he said that the parlous condition of the Company was due to the fact that the London and St. Katherine's Dock Company, their rivals, had carried on a severe competition and had been successful in persuading ship-owners not to send their ships to Tilbury, upon which our Company had spent three millions of money. After several shareholders had spoken, I got up and let off steam, and urged upon the Directors that they ought to be able to amalgamate with the other Company instead of embarking upon a disastrous competition with them, and I pointed to the host of Directors in front of us:

"If you fail to do this, it must mean that either you do not attend to the business, or that 'too many cooks spoil the broth.'"

Mr. Dobree naturally was very indignant and tried to snub me by saying that "if the speaker were a little older and more experienced he would know that such an amalgamation was very difficult, if not impossible, to carry out." This led me to retort that if he and his co-Directors could not carry it out, we had better at once elect a committee of the shareholders and let them try, and ended by proposing that such a committee should be appointed.

To my surprise the meeting accepted the idea with acclamation, and before I knew where I was, it was suggested that I should be Chairman of the Committee. That did not suit me at all. I knew nothing about companies and nothing about business, so I assured the meeting that my practice at the Bar (may I be forgiven) would not allow me to undertake so great a responsibility, but that, if they liked, I was willing to serve on the Committee.

The Committee, an influential one, was soon appointed, with the late John Coles, the well-known stockbroker, as its Chairman, and in a very few months amalgamation on an entirely new basis was carried out. The plan adopted has been constantly copied since but it was quite new then, and was evolved by the very good men we had on that Committee—I did no more than start the ball rolling.

The scheme was that the two Companies should pool all their receipts, and that the receipts having been pooled, each Company at the end of the year should take out of the pool an agreed proportion of the receipts. Naturally there was a very bitter discussion as to what proportion each Company should take. This was finally referred to arbitrators—Findlay, Manager of the London and North Western Company, appearing for us, the East and West India Dock Company, and Grierson, Manager of the Great Northern Company, appearing for the London and St. Katherine's Dock Company. Findlay was undoubtedly the cleverer of the two, and when their decision came out the London and St. Katherine Company refused to accept it.

Eventually a compromise was come to and it was decided that our Company was to have 41 per cent. of the receipts and the London and St. Katherine Company 59 per cent., but that if the receipts (and this was the clause that saved our Company) ever reached £475,000, the division then was to be half and half. As it turned out it was not many years before the receipts did amount to £475,000, and our Company's income after that was bigger than it had ever been before. Much of the success of these negotiations and the successful carrying out of the scheme was due to Mr. J. G. Broodbank, Secretary of the East and West India Dock Company (now Sir Joseph Broodbank), one of the cleverest, straightest, and best men of business I ever met in my life, and whose friendship from then, up to the present day, I have valued very much.

The affairs of the two Companies were managed by a "Joint Committee," on which the London and St. Katherine Company had a majority, and though I had said in my original speech that "it would be a perfect scandal if men with as little experience as myself were put on this Committee," I was forced to go on it by the insistence of the late Dr. Freshfield, the well-known lawyer, who was solicitor to our Company. That first year on the Board of the Company was a very strenuous one. Receivers and managers, under the Order of the Court, were in possession of the East and West India Dock Company, the liabilities for interest every year amounted to £165,000 and our income was nil. However, as I have pointed out, in time the Company came round, and we at last paid off our creditors and actually gave the Ordinary Shareholders a dividend.

That chance speech of mine was the turning moment of my life. It led me to being a Director of Companies, and through that to hospital work. It was my " barrister's one chance " that I thought I had missed.

The result of getting on the Board of the East and West India Dock Company was that I was invited to join the Boards of other companies—the English, Scottish and Australian Bank, which my old friend Charlie Hegan asked me to join just after the disastrous year in Australia in 1893. The late Sir Vesey Holt also offered me a directorship of the London and Scottish Life Insurance Company, and Sir Edgar Speyer asked me to join the Board of the Underground Electric Railways, an undertaking of great interest to me.

As a Director of this last I am the happy possessor of a free pass for my bus journeys. It is in the form of a silver badge and, when shown to the conductors, is taken as proof of identity and of privilege. It failed me once. On the top of a bus, when my fare was requested, I pulled out my badge and showed it and said " Knutsford." The conductor, a recent acquisition, looked at me witheringly: " Yes, regular nut, aren't you? I'll have the fare now, please."

Then I was elected on to the Board of the Grand Junction Water Company, which took water from the Thames into its filters at Hampton Court and pumped it into high reservoirs whence a great part of the West End of London was supplied by gravitation.

At a meeting of this Board I heard a quiet, clever man solve in one sentence the whole difficulty of the London water supply. The Thames had never been so low, the Lea was reduced to a mere trickle, and even the famous spring at Hertford which supplied the New River Company was failing. The question arose how to meet the shortage which was likely to occur again. Two schemes were proposed, one to get water from Wales, involving huge cost and much opposition, the other to put a dam across the Thames Valley and to supply London from a high-level reservoir, as had been done for several provincial towns. The engineers, however, reported that this was impracticable as the Thames Valley was too wide, the hills on each side not high enough, and to construct a high-level reservoir anywhere in the valley would destroy a vast area of valuable and inhabited country. This was the dilemma we Directors of the London Water Company found ourselves in.

It was the late Mr. Walter Hunter, an engineer himself, who showed us the way out.

"If we cannot dam back the Thames and so make a high-level reservoir, why do we not dig a deep reservoir, let the water into it when the Thames is in flood, and pump water from it to our present high-level reservoirs?"

This solved the whole question. The work was carried out and the Staines Reservoirs are the result of that thought of Mr. Hunter's. He got no recognition or credit for the idea, but London probably owes more to him to-day than to any man who has ever lived.

In my first year at the Docks we were faced with the biggest strike on record—to get the dockers a "tanner an hour." Dock labour was necessarily an inconstant quantity: one day, for instance, we had no ships in the Docks and did not want many labourers; the next day, perhaps owing to a fair wind, the Docks would be full and we had employment for as many men as we could get. Our policy, and, as it turned out, a mistaken one, was to spread the work over as many men as possible. If we had a sovereign's worth of work to give away we thought that it was greater kindness to give 5s. each to four men rather than £1 to one. The result was that we made four men discontented instead of one man satisfied.

Further, although we were paying the "tanner an hour" to most of our employees, the work of unloading ships was often let out to contractors who paid less than that. It was hateful to see the huge crowd of men collected at the Dock gates from all parts of London and the foremen engaging the men needed for the day—often by favour it was said. Naturally enough those who were disappointed were made angry.

The strike began in July over some quite trifling matter, but it soon assumed very large dimensions, and the men were very well led by two extremely able men—John Burns (later the Rt. Hon.) and Tom Mann, with Ben Tillett as a faithful lieutenant. Tillett was a real hater of employers—a short, spare man, full of electric energy, intensely earnest, and a very good speaker. He had the power of instilling into his audience his own hate for those in authority, and he was quite reckless in what he said.

Burns was a man equally in earnest, equally eloquent, but he had more of the statesman in him, and was not unreasonable to deal with. Tom Mann struck me as then the greatest force of the three—a confirmed Socialist with original ideas of his own as to the future organization of society. These three combined gave the men very powerful leadership. They soon got an influence over all the riverside labour, and by the end of July the strike had spread and there were 100,000 men out on strike. All the business of the docks and wharves, and all the coal trade was at a standstill, and carriers of goods on land and water were out on strike.

The Chairman of the Joint Committee, the late Mr. Norwood, in some ways a strong man, was incapable of facing a situation like this. He was a man of strong personal dislikes, with narrow views of labour questions. It was a relief to all of us when, later on, he retired and the late Mr. W. E. Hubbard, one of the kindest and best of men, was elected Chairman.

The Dock Strike went on and the whole of the business of London was paralysed. I remember at a Board meeting in the middle of the strike, a note was brought in from Cardinal Manning saying that he was downstairs and would be grateful if the Dock Directors would see him. It was a striking moment when the door was opened and the Cardinal came in—a small, ascetic-looking man with his red cardinal's cap on his head. He made a very eloquent speech, but struck a completely wrong note. He knew nothing about the rights or wrongs of the dispute. He treated us Dock Directors as if we were a merciless money-grubbing set of men, only caring for the profits of the Company and not caring how much we ground down the men, and, in spite of his eloquence, he failed to make any impression. It would have been better if he had never interfered.

Burns, Mann, and Ben Tillett also asked for an interview with us. I remember well that I was the only Director who thought that it would be a good thing to see them. My co-Directors thought it was very weak of me. As I was speaking in favour of granting them the interview, the sun came out and, coming through the windows of the room, lit up the face of the picture of my great-grandfather, George Hibbert, which hung at one end of the room (he having been the first Chairman of the Company), and I ended my speech by asking the Directors to turn to the face of my great-grandfather and note that Heaven itself was shining on him and I hoped on his great-grandson. However, neither my dramatic touch nor my arguments had any effect, and the Directors refused to see the men's representatives.

Before the end of the strike they had to do so. The representatives arrived at luncheon time, and Tillett, in a subsequent speech to the dock labourers on Tower Hill, said that, while he was waiting for the interview, he could hear the corks of the champagne bottles popping at the Directors' luncheon. He obviously had not studied the acoustics of cork-popping. If he heard any corks popping at all, which I rather doubt, they could only have been Schweppes! But that was the Tillett touch all over.

The strike caused intense misery and very large subscriptions were got up in England and the Colonies for the families of the dock labourers. It was a great misery to me, going back to my comfortable home and good meals, to feel that our only weapon against the men was the hunger and misery the strike was causing to their wives and children, and in a thoughtless moment I sent a cheque for £10 to the "Wives' and Children's Fund." I posted it in the pillar-box near my house in Bryanston Square and the moment I had done so realized what a blunder I had made in sending the money by cheque. I felt certain that the next day there would appear in the papers "A Dock Director knows the Directors are Wrong." "Dock Director Helps the Dockers." And I realized, especially as the debate as to whether we should see the men's representatives or not still rankled, that I should be looked upon by my co-Directors as a traitor. I wrote to the post office to try and get the letter back, but it was impossible. I heard afterwards that, when the cheque arrived, the dockers' leaders actually contemplated what I had feared, but to their credit be it said they recognized the spirit in which I had sent the cheque, and refused to take advantage of my act.

Then I had a very bad accident and had to drop out of the fight for a long time.

My parents had taken Wherstead, a place near Ipswich, for the summer of 1888, and we spent some time with them. We had a good many guests, one of whom, I remember, was Colonel Kitchener (the late Earl Kitchener of Khartoum, with every letter of the alphabet after his name). I remember how anxious he was then to be allowed to go out and clear Africa of the Masai Tribe, who were a very warlike and troublesome people. He said a certain way to do it, and to have won the Zulu War more easily, would have been to have used cavalry much more extensively.

I remember, too, his telling us about the will power of the natives in India, and how a man came to ask a favour of him which he refused; the man replied: "If the Sahib will not grant me this I will die at his door-step."

And this, Kitchener said, the man actually did—he went out and died.

I never met Kitchener again until he was Secretary of State for War, when I had an interview with him to see if it could not be arranged between the Germans and ourselves to make an exchange of medical men who had been taken prisoners. He was very curt and said "No," and gave no reason.

Now to my accident. At the end of November I was driving with my wife into Ipswich when the pony, a dun-coloured beast with a black mark all down its back, probably a Norwegian, bolted and came down, hurling us both out. I am writing this from what I have been told since, as I have not only no recollection of the accident, but cannot even remember starting for the drive. I was picked up unconscious, and was carried into the waiting-room—my wife, herself suffering from concussion, being, of course, a witness of it all. I was put on the table in the waiting-room and a doctor was sent for. The doctor was a Mr. Hetherington, and never was greater kindness shown to anyone than he showed to us. He ordered an omnibus, into which I was put, and had us taken to his house. He telegraphed to the London Hospital for a nurse (I had no connection with it then) and also for my twin brother Arthur, and for my wife's sister, Lady Margaret Bickersteth. I was unconscious for three days, and this kind man kept us all in his house for a fortnight, and would not take a penny for the expense he had been put to, only charging me some very reasonable fee for his medical attendance. His wife also was kindness itself and became a great friend of ours.

I remember the first time that I realized that the accident had deprived me of all power of taste and smell. I inked my finger in the first letter I wrote, and putting it into my mouth to lick it clean I realized suddenly that I could not taste the ink. I told Dr. Hetherington this, and he said he was afraid that I should find that I had lost smell and taste, but that they would probably come back in time. They did come back partially after about ten years, but I lost them again by a worse accident in 1916.

A curious thing in losing one's power of smell is that you do not always lose all smells. I remember receiving a little scented sachet, an advertisement, and found this was the strongest smell I had had since my accident. It was the scent of musk. At the time I was consulting Dr. Gowers, the famous nerve doctor, and I took this little sachet to him and told him it was the strongest thing I had smelt since my accident. He showed that he did not believe me and said that it had hardly any scent at all in it. "Try this," he said, and took from the cupboard a little bottle and held it to my nose. I told him that I could not smell it at all, and could only smell his fingers which had touched the sachet. "Nonsense," he said, "this is oil of peppermint."

As Dr. Henry Head, F.R.S., told me later, my protective primeval senses were distorted. To this day I cannot smell an escape of gas, or when anything is burning. It is only by internal revolt that I can tell a good egg from a bad one, and I cannot tell whether meat, or fish, or any food has been overkept. If there is ever a bad egg at home my family always hand it to me: "Here, father, here's your breakfast."

Before I left Dr. Hetherington's house he tested my hearing and told me I should be more or less deaf for life. It was only slight then, but has gradually got worse, and to-day—1926—it is gradually cutting me off from what I enjoy most, the society of my fellows. I hate deaf people; I know what a nuisance they are, and I know what a bore it is when deaf people say: "What are you talking about? What are you saying?" But very few people, save those who are deaf, know how keen one is, when one sees everybody laughing all round, to join in the laugh. However, it is no good whining.

Dr. Hetherington had a sad end. He went mad, and had to be taken to a private asylum. There his noble little wife followed him. She was warned of the danger, but felt sure he would never offer her any violence, and she always retained a wonderful influence over him. I went to see her and him at Chiswick and realized a part of her martyrdom. She was sitting in a small room with him in this private asylum, he at the piano, where hour after hour he just played two notes over and over again. He did not recognize me.

As the result of my accident I suffered intensely from headaches which were almost unbearable and which the daily meetings and heated discussions about the Dock Strike made a good deal worse. One day in the middle of a very strenuous discussion I broke down altogether, and was ordered away. Just at that time dear old Lady Ossington, who had, two or three years before, asked me to be a trustee of a Colony which she had started in South Africa, wrote to me and said that she had left me £1,000 in her Will for acting as trustee, but that on second thoughts she preferred to give it to me in her life-time, and so enclosed the cheque for £1,000. I told her that I did not want any money payment for what I had done, but that as she was kind enough to send it I would spend the whole of it in getting back my health. I went a real "mucker." I hired the Duke of St. Alban's 300-ton yacht, the *Ceres*, and went a trip round the west coast of Scotland with my wife and daughter Lucy. I was unhappy at leaving my colleagues in the middle of the big fight, but was really quite incapable of attending to business, and I believe that this voyage saved my life.

The *Ceres* was a very luxurious yacht. We had a crew of no less than eighteen, and the Duke left everything on board that could help to our comfort in any way. We joined the yacht at Plymouth and went up the west coast of England to Scotland. We called at Inveraray and had a most wonderful day's fishing on a bank of which the then Duke of Argyll had told us. To find this bank you must anchor your boat off Pabay by the middle of Longay Island, and mark in front of you the highest peak of Raasay, and behind, the Straits of the Kyle of Loch Alsh. In four hours we got 353 gurnard, 10 cod (4 of which weighed 20 lbs., 18 lbs., and 2 of 17 lbs.), 30 haddock, and various other fish. My daughter Lucy, who was then about three years old, enjoyed this fishing enormously, the cod being a great deal bigger than herself.

We went across to Lough Larne in Ireland, where we went to luncheon with Lord de Ros. At luncheon there was a parson who had only one eye, Lady de Ros had only one eye, and Lady Bangor, who was staying there, had only one eye. A record I should think—three eyes among three people.

The Dock Strike went on and on and was not settled till about October 1889. Neither side really won, but as far as the outside public were concerned, the belief was general that the dockers had won. At all events, under Hubbard's able and sympathetic guidance, the whole dock labour was reorganized.

When the strike was over and I got to know John Burns as a friend we were discussing one day the rights and wrongs of the quarrel, and he said to me: "The strike was not to get a tanner more or less—it was revolt against the whole conditions of the life these men had to live." True, I expect, of many strikes.

I have always been scrupulously careful never to divulge any arrangements made with me in connection with Royalty, but I once nearly got into a horrible mess. The present King wished to go and see the Docks of London, and he wished his visit kept entirely informal and secret. After leaving Buckingham Palace, and having made the arrangements with the King as to time, etc., I came out and met the head detective, as I thought, standing outside. I told him what had been settled and said that he would no doubt take every precaution that he thought advisable. I was more than dismayed when he said to me:

"I think you are making a mistake. I am not a detective as you think; I am the representative of the Press Association." The one man in all London I ought not to have told.

I said: "I hope you are a gentleman enough not to take advantage of my mistake and not to mention it to anyone."

The man was a "brick," and it never got out.

It was during my chairmanship of the London and India Dock Company I received an intimation that King Oscar of Sweden wished to see the Docks of London, but that the visit was to be without any ceremony and was not to be made known. So I hired a nice little steamer and we had a very pleasant trip down the river, with an excellent lunch on board for the King and his suite. The King was a magnificent man, very tall, with a fine face and grey hair. Every one concerned had been vowed to secrecy but somehow or other word of the trip had leaked out, and as we neared the dock I saw to my disgust that a number of ships were flying their flags. I said to the King that I was afraid our attempt to keep the visit incognito had failed as the ships were flying their flags to welcome him, and to my great surprise he became exceedingly angry, turned on his heel and went below. The Swedish Minister who was with us looked at me queerly, and said: "You have made a bad *faux pas*. Those ships are flying the Norwegian flag. Do you not know that Norway has just separated herself from Sweden against the known wishes of King Oscar. Those flags are being flown to insult him." I felt everything of the worst, and hurried below at once and told the King how distressed I was at my mistake, and that of course I knew nothing of what the Minister had just told me, and humbly offered my apology. The King was more than kind. He said how sorry he was that he had let his feelings get the better of him, and went on to tell me how miserable the separation had made him—that it was the greatest grief he had ever known in his long life, and how harmful he feared it would be to both countries. He accepted my apology in a most generous way, and for the rest of the trip went out of his way to show his enjoyment of the expedition.

Some years after his death his widow, Queen Sophie, came to England for a short visit in 1912, and sent for me to tell her about the nursing in our English hospitals, and to talk about nursing in general. She was a beautiful old lady, very dignified, and spoke perfect English, and it surprised me to learn how much she knew of nurses and nursing. She was specially anxious to improve the nursing in Sweden, and the result of our talk was that I offered to train at the London Hospital any women she would send over. She recalled the sad incident on Sneehættan when Captain Hedlund was killed. She remembered all about it, and spoke most kindly of what my wife and I had tried to do on that occasion. I told her that we had done so little and that that little had been amply repaid by the thanks she had telegraphed to us at the time. When I left she gave me her signed photograph, and I am very glad to have it, for she had, I think, one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw—so full of simple earnestness and fine character. She conveyed a wonderful atmosphere of real goodness and of its worth to its possessor.

In November 1891 I found myself caught in another Dockland fight. When the Dock Company established permanent labourers at the Docks, one of the terms of employment was that, "provided they belonged to a good friendly society which would give them half-pay in sickness, the Dock Company would give them the other half-pay, so that they would get full pay in sickness." This was much valued by the men, but we soon found ourselves faced with the difficulty of what was and what was not a *good* friendly society. Obviously a slate club—

however well run—which divided up everything at Christmas was outside the spirit of our condition and, as the men kept coming to ask us whether this society or that was considered good, we made out a list of those we thought were good ones. Our faith in our list, however, got a severe shock when we learned that one of our naming was in a very shaky state, so we decided to start our own friendly society and to oblige every man who wished to be on the permanent staff to join it, *provided he wished to have the free half-pay from the Company in sickness.* A man might join other friendly societies if he liked and draw their benefits, but if he did he got no free half-pay from us. In other words, we were prepared to give our permanent men either half-pay and our club, or our club, no half-pay and the benefits from as many other societies as they cared to join. No one saw any hardship in this "compulsion" until the other friendly societies, two years after our society had started, made the discovery that it was a successful rival and started a hue and cry against it.

A huge meeting to protest was called in the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End, and about eight thousand men assembled "to assert their right to freedom."

Sir Albert Rollit was announced to take the chair, and as I wished to state the case for the Dock Directors I went to see him a few minutes before the meeting to tell him this. He seemed astonished and put out at seeing me and told me that I was welcome to attend but that I should not be allowed to speak. I told him I could not accept that ruling.

The meeting opened and, as the *Daily Telegraph* reported: "Up rose Sir Albert Rollit to make the first speech of the evening and right well he did it. Full of fire and enthusiasm as he was, the audience was like gunpowder and quickly the whole place was ablaze with a fire that the water of all the docks in Christendom would not put out." The secretary of one of the big friendly societies spoke very strongly, and Harry Lawson (now Viscount Burnham) ended an eloquent speech by saying "that the labourers sold their labour, not their lives, and that the scheme was an unwarranted and unwarrantable interference with that social liberty which was every man's right, if he was not a pauper, a lunatic or a felon"—a sentiment which provoked great cheering.

By that time I had not much doubt as to what my reception would be, but I was determined to give the Directors' side. I got on my feet and the most awful row broke out, groaning, hissing and caterwauling. However, I managed to get a hearing in the end, chiefly, I think, because I kept my temper and could make myself heard, and partly because a number of those present felt that I was playing the game to come there to explain.

After a speech that was mainly interruptions I sat down amid great groaning, but I had succeeded in stating our case. A little later John Burns got up and made a very forcible reply to me. He said the men did not want any generosity, and the generosity of the Dock Directors was the sort of kindness that killed and the kind of commercial charity which covered a multitude of sins. He claimed freedom for the men to do as they liked with their own money, and said that all these benevolent schemes of employers were only actuarial treacle spread on the platform of labour to catch flies. In his speech he alluded to me, whereupon there was a shout—"Chuck him down here, we'll do for him."

"No, you won't," retorted Burns; "at the end of this meeting Sydney Holland and I will walk right down the middle of the hall and anyone who hits him will hit me."

We did walk down the hall together, but it was a narrow squeak as the audience was very angry.

It was a contrast to meet John Burns, first in the Dock Strike, then at this meeting, and afterwards as President of the Local Government Board. When President he sent for me about something, and on my entering the large room in which the President sits, he said :

" Well, Sydney, this is rather different to the Dock Strike "

The meeting did not stop our friendly society, which continued and prospered, but whether it goes on now that the Government have bought up the Docks I do not know.

My chairmanship of the East and West India Dock Company, to which I was elected in 1898, came to an end in 1901, when the Company was amalgamated with the London and St. Katherine's Dock Company. I then became Deputy-Chairman of the amalgamation, which was called " The London and India Docks Company."

I remember one dear old man, a Mr. Jones, who used to attend the shareholders' meetings with unfailing regularity. He also attended the Bank of England meetings, and he made a point of letting off a great speech at each. He had a striking voice, very high pitched, and a great command of language and power of ridicule, and every one looked forward to his speeches.

" Look at them! look at them!" he screamed on one occasion, pointing at us Directors with arms extended. " Do they look like business men ? Did you ever see such a set of men ? Do they not look guilty ? " And in a deeper tone and hushed voice, " And do they not feel guilty ? "

No one could be offended, and we all laughed.

CHAPTER X

THE DOCKS AND A DANISH ORDER

IN 1900 the London and India Docks Companies brought forward a Bill in Parliament to be allowed to put dues on goods. London was the only port where there were no dues upon goods entering the docks, and this originated from the way in which the docks were originally built. In the times of Protection there were no docks, and ships were unloaded in the Pool just below London Bridge. The result was that a great many goods got away without any dues being paid on them. My great-grandfather, George Hibbert, went to the Government, William Pitt being Chancellor of the Exchequer, and asked whether, if he built docks, the Government would compel all ships to unload in the docks. To this Pitt and his Government gladly agreed, but it caused great dismay amongst the wharfingers and owners of barges, who asked the Government, since they had had free access to ships in the Pool, to ensure to them the same free access to ships in the docks to take goods from them to the different wharves. This seemed fair and the Dock Company agreed. But in the next hundred years the ships grew enormously in size and could never have gone on unloading in the Pool. Docks were then a necessity and not a favour. The barges too grew in size, and a barge would take away from a ship almost as much as a long goods train. The result of this was that 75 per cent. of the goods which came into the docks were taken away without paying the Dock Company anything. This our Bill tried to remedy by asking authority for the Dock Company to put a small duty on goods. Our case was strong, but the Government said they would not give these great powers to a private company, and they appointed a Commission to decide what ought to be done. The Chairman of the Joint Committee of the Docks was my dear friend—an extremely able man—Charles Cater Scott, and he gave very able evidence before the Commission.

The Commission reported in favour of imposing the dues, and also for the creation of a Port of London Authority. Scott got very ill and was away for nine months, leaving me as Deputy-Chairman of the Joint Dock Committee to carry on the negotiations, as to the price at which we would sell the docks to the new Authority, with Mr. Lloyd George, who was then President of the Board of Trade. He had already written a silly letter to the papers saying that he wished to treat the Dock Companies quite fairly, but that if he could not get the docks at a fair price, the Port of London Authority would easily build others. This, of course, was absurd, because there is no site on the Thames where docks could be built. Mr. Lloyd George sent for me to discuss the matter, and I never shall forget my first interview with him.

He received me with smiles and a welcome as if the one person in the world he wished to meet was myself. (Always a clever way to begin an interview.) I said to him :

“ If you want, as you say, to treat the Dock Companies fairly, why don’t you submit the price we are to receive for our undertaking to arbitration ? ”

“ Why, Mr. Holland, I will tell you. I am a lawyer and you are a lawyer, and you know that I know, and I know that you know, that if we went to arbitration you would get a good deal more for your undertaking than it is worth.” This was true, as I knew, and I thought it extremely adept of him thus to put his cards on the table, and to tell me without any equivocation what were his real reasons. A less adroit man would have given some rotten reason for not going to arbitration, which I should have been easily able to answer. We had many very friendly interviews about the matter, and I came to the conclusion that he really was quite anxious to be fair. At last came the final interview. Everything was settled except the price to be given to the Ordinary Shareholders of the Docks. The Debenture-holders and the Preference Shareholders were to be given par, or its equivalent in the new Port of London Stock, but Scott (who by this time had got back to work) and I were very uneasy as to what the Ordinary Shareholders were to get. I have learned since that the actuary, whom Mr. Lloyd George had consulted, had advised him to give £75 for each £100 of stock, but that he had considered that this was too much and had settled only to give £70. Scott and I went into the meeting, trembling, as it was a very important matter to a large number of people. After beating about the bush and settling smaller matters, Mr. Lloyd George said :

" Now, gentlemen, the one question remains : what the Ordinary Shareholders are to have."

Scott broke in at once : " We need not discuss that, Mr. Lloyd George, the Dock Directors have carefully considered it and we cannot negotiate the matter. £75 is our price."

" And mine," said Mr. Lloyd George with a sweet smile. And with these few words we sold the Docks to the new Authority for twenty-one millions of money. The price was a fair one to both sides, because, though the shareholders got rather more than their shares were worth at that time, they gave up, on the other hand, a very large value in property and other assets, which in years to come would certainly have become very valuable, and many are already so to the Port of London Authority.

The old mace of the Company—a long staff topped by a silver globe surmounted by a model of a three-masted ship—had been presented to the Company in 1803 by

George Hibbert, and it was, throughout the Company's existence, placed immediately behind the Chairman whenever the Court of Directors was in session. The mace passed into my hands when the Port of London took the place of the Company, but a year or two ago I handed it over to our successors, and Lord Ritchie, the Chairman, assured me that it should be put to exactly the same use by the Port of Authority as by their predecessors.

I was sorry to end my connection with the Docks when the Port of London took them over. It is to me an interesting coincidence that my great-grandfather, George Hibbert, should have been the first Chairman of the East and West India Dock Company, and that his great-grandson, exactly one hundred years later, should have been the last.

I really felt the break. I had put in twenty years or so of pretty hard work. I had risen from being an ordinary Director of the East and West India Dock Company to be first its Chairman, and then, when that was merged in the amalgamation, to be Deputy-Chairman of the joint concern, and the following year I should have succeeded Scott as Chairman. This would have meant an increase of income from £800 a year to £1,600. Scott behaved very generously to me, as he always would to anyone. In arranging the compensation, a certain amount was paid to the Directors, and he divided, equally between himself and myself, the compensation to be paid to the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman.

I would not go on the new Port of London Authority because they are not paid, and I could not afford to do more work for nothing.

When the Liberal Government brought in the Bill for the purchase of the Docks by the Port of London Authority, the question arose whether the Conservatives should oppose it. Lord Lansdowne, who was the leader of that party, wrote a note to Cater Scott as Chairman, asking him if he would give him and two other members of the party an interview on the matter, and proposed Lansdowne House for the place of meeting as he wished it to be private. Scott being ill, it fell to me to do this, and a very, very interesting talk it was. The others present were Lord Cawdor (Chairman of the Great Western Railway and late First Lord of the Admiralty) and the present Lord Salisbury. I was very much struck with the great facility with which Lord Lansdowne grasped the points and with his great desire to be fair to all sides, and the same I can truthfully say of Lord Salisbury. The business was of course entirely new to all three of them. Lord Cawdor, whose early death was a great blow to his party and to the country, being a business man, one expected him to see at once and appreciate the difficulties which the Company had of carrying on the business without any dues on goods, but to Lord Lansdowne and Lord Salisbury everything was quite strange. The interview lasted nearly two hours. I took Mr. Broodbank with me, and we succeeded in showing them that, on the whole, the Bill was a good one, and that it would be useful to the Port of London. They went very fully into the price to be paid. What a pleasure it is to meet such men. They never go off the line, they never make false points, they grasp the principle of the matter under discussion so quickly and stick to it till it is settled. Another point is then discussed, and the former one not harked back to. It was rather a serious responsibility for me in Scott's absence, but my colleagues were good to me about it all and would have been so even if I had failed.

I did fail them badly once. We were very anxious to get the Danish bacon business—a large trade which came from a port named Esbjerg in Denmark. The Great Eastern Railway had it all. We looked into the matter and found that, if the Danish merchants would send the bacon direct to the Docks, we could deliver it in the market sixteen hours earlier and with one less handling—two important advantages. I persuaded the Directors to build a shed for it, which cost £15,000, and to allow me and Mr. Broodbank to go to Copenhagen and interview the exporters and the Danish line which carried the bacon. We had a very interesting experience. Queen Alexandra heard I was going and wrote to her brother the King of Denmark to be nice to me. The Great Eastern Railway heard of this and accused me of using her influence to try and get the business. This annoyed me intensely. I had done nothing of the sort—Queen Alexandra knew nothing of why I was going to Copenhagen except in general and very vague letters, and I hated to be suspected of such a gross breach of fair conduct, to say nothing of bad faith in using Queen Alexandra's kindness towards myself for my own ends. When we got to Copenhagen I went at once to see the Chairman and Manager of the shipping line. He received me with brutal rudeness. He sat down himself, never asked me to be seated, treated me as if I was a clerk—I am not sure he did not think I was one—and refused to even discuss the matter. I left him with rather cross words. We interviewed many of the exporters of bacon and they were much impressed with our offer, and all seemed going well. On Saturday I received a telegram:

> "His Majesty the King has asked me to invite you to dinner to-morrow at the Castle of Charlottenlund at 7 hours p.m.—COMMANDER GOTTSCHALK."

Charlottenlund is a country-house just outside Copenhagen. I hired a two-horse landau and drove out. The first man I saw when I entered the Palace, very much to his surprise, which he could not disguise, was the Chairman of the shipping line. He had not expected to see me there, and it was amusing to see his astonishment and his attempt to say "Good evening" civilly. We all stood in a semi-circle in the reception-room. The door opened and in walked the King and Queen and several of his Family. The King looked round and came up at once to me and said that his sister had asked him to receive me and asked what I had come over about. This was difficult to explain as every one was listening, but I managed to answer in very general terms. Then at dinner he put me in the place of honour next to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. I enjoyed the dinner, as every one was most friendly. Then we all retired into the reception-room, the King, Queen and Family retiring to their own room. Presently a footman came in and said :

" The King wishes to see Mr. Holland."

So off I went to the private room. The King came up and made a short speech to me, saying how glad he was to see me, and how small his country must look after England, but emphasizing that his people were happy, and then said that he wished to give me the Order of the Dannebrog ! I bowed and felt an ass, as I was taken so by surprise, and then came a rare bit of fun. The King insisted on putting on the collar (the Order hangs from a ribbon collar) himself. I bent down—he could not understand the cut of an English collar and shirt, so the Queen had a try and got on no better ; and then amidst great laughter a Princess had a try and failed, and at last Prince Waldemar's son managed to fix it round my neck properly, and I was duly " Dannebroged." They said good-night, and I returned to the general assembly with the rope—no, I mean the Order—round my neck. Every one rushed up to congratulate me, and my " friend " had to do so. He had the cheek to ask me to call again to discuss the matter. But in the intervening days I had learned that this would be useless, so I replied :

" Oh, thank you, sir, but I understood that it was quite settled."

I did not wish for a further interview, as he might have found out that we were making, or trying to make, arrangements with another line.

I reported to the Directors on my return that things looked promising and that I had invited the largest bacon exporters to England to see our new shed, and to satisfy themselves about our arrangements. Seventeen of them came. Before we settled to business I thought it would be a good plan to give them a trip up the river to Windsor, so I hired a steamer and arranged a splendid trip for them, getting special leave for them to see the rooms at Windsor Castle. I found them all in a long saloon at Paddington and introduced myself. I had an interpreter. I asked each one his name, and then as they sat in the saloon in the half-hour train journey to Windsor, I set to work and by *memoria technica* got the name of each one into my mind. Henrik Junker, for instance, I remembered because Junker sounds like Hunter and he looked a sportsman. M. Blem was a bit bald and so had a "blem-ish." C. Skov had a dour look as if he were a "scof-fer," and so on. By the time we got to Windsor, I made fun by saying that each one was to ask me his name and I would tell him. They were delighted and my knowing their names pleased them. The trip was a great success, and when we got to Henley and found the Leander flag flying they were convinced it was in my honour as I belonged to the Club! The next days we gave to the Docks and ended by a big dinner. I had learned a short speech in Danish which was, of course, for that reason enthusiastically received. They presented me with a splendid book got up regardless of cost, in which they thanked me "For the never-to-be-forgotten days we were your guests in London—the grandiose panorama you conjured forth for us" (no reference to the conjuring entertainment I gave on board), and assured me that they—

"Would never forget the courtesy, amiability, and cordiality which stamped the whole of the hospitality you offered us."

But, confound them, they never sent their bacon to the Docks! The Great Eastern Railway were too strong for us.

When it was decided that the bacon was not to come to us, I expressed my regret to my colleagues, and they were, as I have said, very nice to me—one of them, my friend Marlborough Pryor, saying with a merry twinkle but in his peculiarly deep and serious voice:

"What is the outcome of this — we have spent £15,000, Mr. Holland has had a pleasant trip at our expense to Copenhagen and a day on the Thames, and has been given the Dannebrog. I cannot help feeling that the money has been" — a pause—"admirably spent." (Cheers.)

All the same, the shed has been full ever since.

Accepting this Order from the King of Denmark put me in rather a hole. King Edward some time before had sent me, through Sir Dighton Probyn, the following letter:

"MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
PALL MALL, S.W.
Sunday night, 10.3.01.

"DEAR HOLLAND,

"The King has commanded me to let you know that he wishes to confer on you the 3rd Class or 'Companionship' of the Victorian Order (the C.V.O.). Will you please be at St. James's Palace at 12.30 p.m. on Tuesday next, the 12th inst., in Levee dress, to receive this Order.

"Yours truly,
"D. M. PROBYN.

"Kindly let me have a line in reply to know that you have got this letter."

I refused as gratefully as I could, but said that if it appeared ungrateful or rude, or if Sir Dighton Probyn thought the King would be annoyed, I would of course accept it, but I was only known for hospital work which I thought was best left undecorated; and to this letter I got the following nice reply:

"Marlborough House,
Pall Mall, S.W.
Monday night, 11.3.01.

"Dear Holland,

"It is all right. Do *not* come to-morrow. I explained all to the King. He fully understood your feeling and admired you all the more for it. It is *quite* right.

"In haste,

"Yours truly,
"D. M. Probyn."

So now I did not quite know what to do. I had accepted a foreign decoration and had refused one from my own King! I wrote to Sir Dighton Probyn, pointing out that I had refused an Order from the King himself as I did not want any reward for hospital work, and here I found myself suddenly decorated by the King of Denmark without any opportunity of refusing—and the Dannebrog was Queen Alexandra's Order. I got the following reply, which much relieved me:

"Balmoral Castle,
8*th October*, 1906.

"My dear Holland,

"I have shown your letter to the King. He desires me to say he quite understands your dilemma, but he thinks the difficulty will be met by his giving you private permission to wear your Danish Order. This means that you will not be gazetted or any announcement on the subject made in the newspapers, and that you will only be entitled to wear the Order on certain occasions. Less than this he feels sure the Queen would not understand.

"I will send you the usual formal paper which will tell you when you ought to wear the Dannebrog.

"Yours sincerely,
"Knollys."

Of course I have been much chaffed by Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria and Miss Knollys and others, who all declared that I had at last gained the wish of my heart—a Danish decoration—and that they knew I had always felt a pang at having a clean breast when others were covered with decorations, and so on. I think Queen Alexandra felt a little triumphant that I had been compelled to accept a decoration from her country.

CHAPTER XI

POPLAR HOSPITAL

IT is sadly uninspiring, but I am afraid I must record that I drifted into hospital work. That is the absolute truth. Hospital work has been my life's work for the last thirty years, but it was by pure chance that it became so, and before I write anything more I want to clear the decks of top hamper.

I hate sailing under false colours, and when kindly people say to me—as they do far too often—"Oh, how good of you to have given all this time to hospitals," and then go on to talk of Lord Shaftesbury, General Booth, Elizabeth Fry, Carlile of the Church Army, and others, I feel, not pleased, but humiliated. The devil enters into me and I am almost tempted to shock them away from their kindly meant compliment by pretending that I positively enjoy watching suffering! Those others took up their work from the highest motives and with the highest ideals and carried it through with splendid single-mindedness, giving themselves, body, soul and pocket, to their tasks. I am not of their company—that is all.

I began my hospital work because my pride was challenged, because I saw something that I thought wanted doing and felt I could do, because I wanted something to do, and because I have always been blessed with energy and have gone, all out, for what has interested me. If hospital work had not interested me—well—a man need not incriminate himself.

Of course I am human and, like every one, I am not made of stone. I cannot bear to see suffering which can be relieved, or misery which can be lessened without being moved. As a matter of fact, I am like the old coachman in Punch who, when asked by a little girl to put a worm on a hook for her, replied :

" I'm sorry, miss, but I can't. I 'eaves at anythink."

I heave easily and that makes me want to take away the cause. But I want to take away the cause because it upsets me, every bit as much as because it upsets others.

Still, whether interest in hospitals follows conviction or accident, there is a wonderful satisfaction in it. You see results, and not only that, but you see them every day and every hour. You have not got to wait long weary months—you just walk round the wards and you see happiness coming back on every side. And the results make you vow that, so long as God grants you strength, you cannot leave the job undone or half done.

I am sure that every hospital chairman will agree with me about this—that the reward outweighs all the burden and the anxieties and responsibilities and dumps that are every chairman's lot. " Someone helped " is the best feeling in the world.

I have said that I " drifted " into hospital work, and I did so quite by accident. This is how it happened. Labour questions had always been an interest of mine, and when I became a Dock Director, the well-being of our enormous number of labourers not only interested me but concerned me. One day I heard that one of our men was severely injured and was lying in the Poplar Hospital, the Dockland hospital for accidents ; so I went off to see him. I did not know anything about hospitals, but it was very evident that something was seriously wrong at this one. I found the man lying in bed with very dirty sheets. He complained to me that he was devoured by insects, which I saw for myself ; that he did not get food that was ordered for him, and that he was bitterly cold at nights and had asked in vain for more blankets. As I was talking to him, the Matron came into the ward, carrying a beastly monkey in her arms, which bit at everybody. This did not seem to me quite business. As I went round the rest of the hospital with her, I began to doubt whether she was fit for the post. I did nothing at the time, but soon afterwards things got worse at the hospital, and I was asked to go down, as a Dock Director, and take the chair at the annual meeting in June 1891. It was reported that a large number of working-men—Governors by virtue of their subscriptions—were going to attend the meeting with a view to turning out the Committee as a protest against the treatment their fellows had received there. I took the chair and thought the working-men made out an extremely good case, and that the reply made by the Committee was most unsatisfactory.

I told the meeting what I thought, rather to the indignation of the Committee, and then the leader of the working-men, who had acted as spokesman, did a very nice thing. He said they had no wish to hurt the hospital and, if I would adjourn the meeting for a fortnight and inquire into the matter, they were perfectly content to leave it where it was. This I did, and, in the course of that fortnight, I found that things were a great deal worse than even any of them had any idea of. The hospital was in a filthy state. The bathroom, I remember, was a lying-in ward for all the cats of the neighbourhood. The drains were wrong. The ventilation was bad. The wards were dirty and neglected. The nurses were a very inferior class of women, and the Matron, who had been efficient when appointed, had become unfit to hold her position.

The Committee did not support me, and ended by saying that, if I thought I could put things right, I had better do so. Nothing else was open to me except to try, so I accepted the challenge.

By the end of that fortnight I had got rid of all the nurses and the Matron and insisted that the Resident Surgeon must either obey the rules or give up his post. He was a good fellow and fell in with the suggestion. When we held the adjourned meeting a fortnight afterwards, the working-men were contented and the hospital has prospered ever since that time.

Several representative working-men were elected on to the Committee of Management and proved helpful. One of them gave me away once. King Edward had kindly sent a present of several dozen of sherry to the hospital and to celebrate this kind gift I proposed at the next Committee meeting that we should drink a bottle of it—carried unanimously. I suppose one of these men must have mentioned to a friend that we had sampled the King's wine because at a large meeting held in a music-hall in Canning Town a man got up and in a very truculent manner asked whether it was true that we had drunk this sherry which had been sent for the patients. I replied :

" Yes, sir, it is true, and do you suppose for a moment that we would give to the patients what we would not drink ourselves." The audience laughed and cheered, and no more was said about our iniquity.

The hospital at that time had thirty-six beds and had £8,000 put away towards the rebuilding, which every one had recognized was necessary, but which looked as far off as the millennium. I worked very hard indeed, with the result that, helped by many good friends, the hospital was rebuilt at a cost of £70,000 ; that our reserve of £8,000 grew to £54,000 ; that the hospital was made one of 103 beds, with its isolation block, and that it has never been once in debt. I remained Chairman of the hospital, visiting it many times a week until 1896, when I became a member of the Committee of the London Hospital. Then, though I remained Chairman until 1920, Sir Joseph Broodbank became Acting-Chairman. To-day Lord Ritchie and he are Joint-Chairmen.

The first Matron we appointed after the one I have mentioned had left was a Miss Vacher, who had been trained at the London Hospital, and an awkward incident occurred in connection with her which had its comic side. She got very ill indeed with pneumonia one August, and on a Saturday night was "given up" by the doctors. I was going for my holiday on the following Thursday, and as the doctors told me she could not possibly live through the Saturday night, and as I believed then in the infallibility of doctors, I went off on that Saturday evening, bought a grave for her in the Brompton Cemetery, and arranged all details for her funeral on the following Wednesday, including a touching circular to the working-men, which commenced: "Our dear Miss Vacher has passed away." But she did not pass away; she rapidly recovered, and I found myself the possessor of a piece of freehold land measuring 8 feet by 3 feet, and 2,000 printed circulars announcing her death. However, that was a happy termination of her illness. She resigned the matronship when she got well, and Miss Bland, who was then Sister Gloucester of the London Hospital, was appointed Matron. I have no words to say what a pleasure it was to work with Miss Bland—a woman upon whom one could depend to have a "right judgment in all things." She managed the hospital economically and efficiently, and her nurses with success, and has only just resigned office after thirty years' splendid and devoted work. The year before she gave up she had a serious illness and had the audacity to write to me, "Hope you have not issued any circulars."

In about two years we had built our first new wing, and my father and mother came down to open it; and in 1894, when the first great alterations to the hospital were completed, the Prince and Princess of Wales (King Edward and Queen Alexandra) drove through London to open the re-made hospital. This was the first time I met the late Queen Alexandra, of whom I saw so much in later years. A rather touching incident occurred at this opening. I have related already how unpopular I was with the old committee of the hospital. An old Dr.

Brownfield was a member of this committee and one of the most vehement of my opponents. Soon after the new Matron was appointed, he was exceedingly rude to her in the operating theatre, and refused to allow her to be present at an operation. She, of course, was indignant at this and the matter came to me for decision. I told Dr. Brownfield that he must apologize to the Matron. He at first refused, but at last had to give way and make a grudging apology. The old man was very much annoyed and would hardly speak to me, but on the day of the opening by the Prince and Princess of Wales, he came up to me, put an envelope in my hand, and said :

" Here, you were quite right and I was wrong."

I opened the letter and the dear old man had given me a cheque for £100. This from a man who was not rich, and old enough to have been my father, was indeed a handsome and generous form of apology and a lesson to me. Few men will own they have been wrong or realize how readily forgiveness is granted to any who will.

I have always found it very difficult, when I have been very keen about a reform, to answer patiently the objections of old men to it, but I have honestly tried to do my best in this and I hope that people will be merciful to me now I am old. Now that I am 71 myself, I begin to see how exasperating my youthful impetuosity and cocksuredness must have been, and very likely the Committee was right in resenting my manner of pressing the reforms.

After I had been Chairman at the Poplar Hospital for some time, I asked that good fellow, the owner of the Thames Shipbuilding Company and Iron Works, the late Arnold Hills, to be President, and he kindly consented. He was what many people would call a crank—in other words, he felt very deeply on some subjects and would do anything to further his views. In short, he practised what he preached. I remember staying with him at his house near Penshurst and being amused at a difficulty he was in as to what to do with a flock of sheep he had been obliged to get to keep down the grass in his park. Being a convinced vegetarian, on religious as well as hygienic grounds, he could not bring himself to sell them to a butcher, and I was sorry that no ingenuity of mine could help him out of the dilemma. He presided at one of the annual dinners for the Poplar Hospital, and I was able in my speech to offer him the sympathies of us all, at his having been bitten by a dog. I explained that it was not the pain of the bite that he minded, but what distressed him was that the dog was not a vegetarian. He was an affectionate and generous friend and all he had he gave away—the very opposite of a Lady Cork of old days, who was so moved by a sermon that she borrowed a sovereign from my great-grandfather, Sydney Smith, who was sitting next to her, but could not bring herself to put it in the plate.

CHAPTER XII

AT "THE LONDON"

I HAD thoroughly enjoyed helping "Poplar" to stand firmly on its feet but, that accomplished, I found that I had killed my own job. There really was not enough to occupy my time, let alone my energy or restlessness. It had, however, infected me with the germ of hospital interest.

In 1895 the treasurership of one of the big hospitals was thought likely to be vacant, and someone invited me to be a candidate for the post. I had once met the late Miss Eva Luckes, the Matron of the London Hospital. I knew what a great woman she was, so I thought I could not do better than ask her kindly advice as to whether she thought the work would be worth undertaking. I asked for an interview, and at that interview she said: "If you want to do bigger hospital work than Poplar, why do you not come here where we are in need of energetic help." She sent me round the hospital with one of the Sisters, and what I saw inspired me with the ambition to try and put things right. The hospital was doing a great work but it had been allowed to drift for want of an energetic policy, and, from being one of the leading hospitals in London, was rapidly becoming anything but an example of what so large a hospital should be. So I wrote to the Chairman of the London Hospital, the late Mr. Hampton Hale, and asked him whether he would put me on to the Committee. He willingly agreed, and I joined the Committee in July 1896. After I had been on the Committee some time I drew up what was afterwards called the " bombshell " report, setting out the numerous ways in which I thought the hospital could be improved.

Shortly after this I was bicycling down the Embankment with my friend Douro Hoare, and I remember that as we passed under Waterloo Bridge, he asked me whether I was prepared to devote to the London Hospital the same time and energy which I had given to Poplar, and if so, whether I would be Chairman of the Committee. I told him I was quite willing to do so, but did not want to stand against Mr. Hale, and that I would much prefer to wait. We said no more about it then, but I suppose he moved in the matter because in December 1896 Mr. Hale resigned, and I was appointed Chairman. Very few men would have behaved to me as Mr. Hale did. The position was an awkward one, because Mr. Hale was a colleague of mine on the East and West India Dock Company, and the intimation that the Committee wished a change made in the chairmanship was not conveyed to him with quite the delicacy that such an awkward suggestion required. He might, not unreasonably, have supposed that I had schemed to turn him out, which I never would have done. He loved the work, and he visited the hospital every single day during his chairmanship. His handicap was that he had not the driving power to get things done. He was a charming man, but *suaviter in modo* and not *fortiter in re* was his way of facing life. He absented himself on the day of my election, resigning the chairmanship by letter, but never for one single second up to the day of his death did he show any resentment against me and loyally supported me in every way. It was a fine example of generosity. His son Walter is on the Committee to-day, a delightful and valued colleague.

Directly I was elected Chairman in December 1896, I set to work, and I worked for the hospital as I had never worked before in all my life.

There was plenty to do.

" The London " was then a 650-bedded hospital, but the buildings were very old and in very bad repair and badly arranged ; in fact, there seemed a blight over everything, and no one seemed to have visioned the great forward movement in hospital work that was hurrying to its birth.

There was but one operating theatre and only one operating table—a solid wooden affair, like those in butchers' shops to-day. Aseptic surgery was just coming in and the staff were very dubious whether it would be a blessing or the reverse. I recall how whenever a surgeon went round his ward, he was followed by the surgery beadle, who carried, in stately fashion, a baize-covered tray containing such instruments as the surgeon might be likely to require. These instruments were used, put back, and re-used on other patients with the happiest disregard of germ existence.

One tiny room sufficed for all the bacteriological work of the hospital. There were no pathologists, no clinical laboratories, and bio-chemistry was unthought of.

Rontgen had just discovered the existence of X-rays, but the medical world was inclined to regard the discovery as a scientific curiosity and no more. A tin shed out in the garden was all the accommodation "The London" was prepared to spare for X-ray work. The shed was managed by a clerk from the Steward's office—radiologists proper being still unborn.

The accommodation provided for the nurses was a real disgrace. Most of the nurses lived a Box and Cox life. A's bedroom by night was B's bedroom by day, and some of these rooms were in small houses scattered about in Whitechapel as there was only one Nurses' Home. Nursing was still a "vocational" life, and when a person has a vocation it seems that the more ascetic you force her or him to be, the "finer" the profession becomes ! Certainly nurses were made to be "very fine" in those early days.

On the financial side the position was as depressing as it could well be. The hospital's income was miserable—the donation and subscription lists for 1895 amounted only to £8,750—and the public seemed to have little interest and less faith.

"The London," then, had three great needs—reorganizing, rebuilding, refinancing.

All these have been done.

I am proud of my share in this. It would be false modesty, and so affectation, to pretend to having been a lay figure—but I should never have succeeded at all had I not been backed up with very loyal and splendid devotion by the House Committee and by many inside and outside the hospital. Of all these, in my early years, two stand out in notable prominence—the late Miss Eva Luckes, Matron for nearly forty years, and Ernest Morris, the House Governor. Through bad times and good, they helped me, cheered me, and steadied me. To their untiring work, their judgment, and their vision, the hospital and millions from East London and from all over the country owe an unpayable debt. Without them I should have sprawled miserably.

When I started out to reorganize the hospital Mr. G. Q. Roberts was Secretary. My idea of reorganization was to begin by decentralizing, to split up the existing management into several departments, because I thought that the hospital was too large for detailed control by one man, and I saw that if it was to meet the need of the district, and needs beyond the district, it must become larger still. This naturally involved material alterations in the work of the Secretary and made Mr. Roberts' position difficult, as no good man cares to abandon work which he has controlled. However, an important position at St. Thomas's Hospital happened to fall vacant, and Mr. Roberts applied for it and got it, and is there to-day.

This left me with the very serious question, whom could I find as the right man for "The London's" Secretary?

I had not far to look, for the right man was at my elbow.

Shortly after I came to the hospital the post of Dispenser had become vacant at the London Hospital. We advertised the post and had a great number of applications, but after very full inquiry I had determined to get Mr. E. W. Morris elected, who was then Second Dispenser at St. Thomas's Hospital. He saved one thousand pounds to the London Hospital in his first year, and reorganized the department entirely from top to bottom and started the excellent plan of making our own medicines, etc.

After he had been Dispenser some time I was showing the late Mr. B. W. Levy round the hospital, and we came across some men in one ward dressed in the red blanket which shows they are "prepared for operation." He asked me who these men were, and I told him that they were going to be operated upon that day if we had time, but that as we had only one operating theatre we often had to put off a patient's operation.

"Good heavens!" he said. "Do you mean to tell me that you put a man to all the anxiety of preparing him for an operation; that you give his relations all the anxiety of waiting, and then that you do not operate?"

"Yes, it cannot be helped; we have only one theatre."

"That cannot be allowed to go on," he said. "What would it cost to alter it?"

"Thirteen thousand pounds."

"Give me a sheet of paper," he said, "and let us stop that at any rate."

And he at once drew a cheque for £13,000 on a half-sheet of paper, and said, "I give you this on condition that the theatres are open to all men, of all creeds (he was a Jew), for all time, and that my name is never mentioned in connection with the gift while I live."

We soon had the new theatres built; but the organization of the theatre work, the allocation to the different members of the staff, the hours of operating, the hours and work of the theatre assistants, the sterilization and distribution of material to the wards and other departments—all required an immense amount of care to evolve. I had no one at hand to help me with it, so I asked Mr. Morris whether he would undertake it. He had never done anything of the sort, but spent a week seeing operations and studying the arrangements existing at the other hospitals, and a second week in a surgical instrument maker's shop. He then organized the department so admirably that it has worked without any hitch ever since.

Then came the retirement of Mr. Roberts, and the need of a new Secretary. I determined to try Mr. Morris, as he had succeeded so admirably in his other two positions. I offered him the post, and the organization of the hospital to-day stands as a monument of his success. There is no one at the hospital, from the youngest porter to the senior member of the staff, who does not know that in Mr. Morris he has a man to deal with, whom he can trust absolutely, a man who will meet him with complete sympathy and from whom he is certain to receive absolute justice. His *History of the London Hospital* is the best piece of hospital history ever written, and the first and last chapters almost poetry. So, too, are many of his short stories of hospital life.

My thirty years at "The London" have been busy years and very interesting ones. I have always felt I was lucky in my moment of starting hospital work, and even luckier in having "The London"—the largest hospital in England—as my "ward." A big thing gives a big chance. There was a spirit of change in the air. People wanted the better use of a good thing. They were beginning to see that there was a bigger future for hospitals than just the relief and cure of the sick within their walls. People were "sitting up and taking notice"—just as invalids do after the apathy of first convalescence. They were asking to be interested. That interest has meant change upon change, new thing after new thing. Many of these new things, tested tentatively, and with many qualms and at heavy outlay, have become necessities of hospital practice to-day.

I came in, as I have said somewhere, with X-rays.

Now X-rays, both for diagnosis and treatment, are part of the day's work at every hospital. Yet I remember the first days when it was an untamed thing, with unknown powers for good and for ill, when the only protection for operators was a small movable hand-screen, and our dismay when we learned that the use of the rays to cure patients meant making a disease for the operators. "The London" led the way in overcoming this peril, and its installation was the first to make treatment safe for the operators. It cost an infinity of thought and money to do this, but both were well spent. This is just the sort of pioneer work that great hospitals should undertake. If they will not or cannot from lack of backing, the world is penalized.

Another "new thing"—now an old friend—was the Finsen Light cure for lupus, which England owes to the insight and insistence—"obstinacy," as she herself called it—of the late Queen Alexandra. Finsen, a Dane and so a countryman of hers, had discovered it and, despite shrugged shoulders and muttered disbelief—I admit I was a very doubting Thomas myself—the Queen, who had heard a lot about it from Denmark, decided that it ought to be tried, and that "The London," "her" hospital, must try it. So Dr. Stephen Mackenzie (later Sir Stephen Mackenzie) and two nurses were sent by the hospital to Copenhagen to make a study of the apparatus and treatment, and on their return a special department was formed, lamps were installed, the first a gift from the Queen herself, and the work was begun. "Nothing like perseverance," smiled the Queen to me, and we put those words over the lamp she had given us. The start was appalling. From all parts of England and from every corner of the globe, miserable beings, who had hidden themselves away from the sight of their fellows to die by inches, crept out into the light again, and, crushing down their natural shrinkings, hurried to "The London" in an endless stream. They saw the "lamps of hope" and would not be denied.

It was impossible to cope with the hundreds of applications. In a very few days we had a waiting-list for two years ahead. Many of the cases were incurable—the disease had taken too strong a hold, and I learned then, for once and a day, that there is nothing more awful than being obliged to shatter a hope. For twenty-six years the lamps have treated 100 patients a day.

Now we have the Light Baths—another development of the rays. It is curious to look back and find that Dr. Henry Sutton, a very celebrated physician at "The London" fifty years ago, had an invariable formula when he realized that a patient was past his help. It ran: "I can do nothing for this man, wheel him out into the sunshine."

Radium, hot-air baths, electrical treatment, laboratory work of every kind, salvarsan, vaccines—so the catalogue of new things runs on; maternity work, child care and welfare, major and brain surgery, nervous diseases and heart trouble—there is no end to the list.

Insulin is the latest new-comer. The moment that its discovery by Dr. Banting was announced, we were flooded with pitiful petitions for insulin. But insulin in anything like sufficient quantities was quite unobtainable, so we installed our own plant at "The London" and made our own insulin for our patients, and only discontinued doing so when the large commercial firms were at last in a position to produce it at a poor man's price. But a few years ago diabetes was certain death to a young person. It is so no longer.

Another "new thing"—now perhaps showing its first grey hairs—has been the institution of surgical annexes which, I believe, were first started by "The London." One of the great difficulties at hospitals is the blocking of beds by long-time cases. This not only means the turning away of urgent cases and disability to work off the waiting-lists, but that the allied departments—radiographic, clinical, etc.—are worked at uneven pressure, being sometimes overdriven and sometimes left with little to do. The sooner, then, patients can be removed from the hospital, the more and more important work the hospital can do; while the patient gains by speedier removal to a cleaner air and cheerier surroundings. Convalescent homes rarely touch surgical cases until wounds are entirely healed, so, until these annexes were started, patients had to remain in the wards of the hospital. We have now three such annexes for continuation work: one at Reigate, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Croft, and another at Morden Hall, which Mr. Hatfield maintains at his own cost for the good of "The London's" patients; and it is interesting to note that the third, the Catherine Gladstone Home at Mitcham, preserves a long Gladstone tradition of interest in "The London." The "to-and-fro" work is carried out by a specially arranged ambulance service.

It is very ageing to recall that I remember the installation of electric light at the hospital, and the time when patients were not allowed pillows, and the knobby old flock mattresses held the floor, when nurses' salaries and hours and holidays were things to blush for, and—oh, endless ghosts! One could multiply the tale of change indefinitely and certainly *ad nauseam* for the general reader.

I wonder what the "follow-up" department of the next generation will note about our doings? Seeing the changes in my own time I feel properly humble about them.

I have often been blamed for reckless spending. Such blame makes me feel rather militant, for I can cheese-pare with anyone, but not where sick people are concerned. The best in sickness means a speedier return to health and home and work. That is why I spend freely. I dare swear that no one knows better than I do how hard it is to get money—it gets harder every day—and I certainly have never wanted to make that harassing and most unpleasant job any more difficult.

"The London" is a vast place, because it has had to keep growing to meet the increasing calls from inside and outside its district, and because of its teaching and training duties. A vast place must spend largely, and modern treatment, with all its new, helping agencies, cannot be cheap. Each new chance for life or health means a higher " cost per patient." The " cost per bed " (a stupid standard of comparison to apply to hospitals of all sizes and of all kinds) must be high where the very size compels decentralization, and so larger and more responsible and more expensive staffing, and where *every* kind of treatment has to be given. The big teaching and training hospitals *must* do the pioneer work and bear the cost of testing new inventions and new treatments so that the smaller hospitals can benefit by the knowledge and experience bought by them.

I wonder what it cost " The London " to bring X-ray work and treatment into the safety zone; what it spent on Insulin; on Radium; on Radiant Heat work, or what it is spending experimentally in Sunbath treatment and in many other fields?

The public at all events have believed in the policy of the best for sick people, certainly so far as " The London " is concerned, and in these last thirty years have backed their belief in the hospital to the extent of £5,325,050. What have they been given for their money? Well, the hospital has been rebuilt and brought up to date at a cost of £762,262, and it stands to-day with over 900 beds, 18 operating theatres, 14 special departments, a laundry that washes 3,000,000 " pieces " a year, 4 convalescent homes and surgical annexes, 4 nurses' homes, a nurses' training school, a medical college, and laboratories and equipment as complete as money and brains can provide.

What does all this mean translated into powers of helping? One figure should be answer enough:

Every week-day throughout the year sees 1,888 sick people coming to the doors of " The London " for help.

Justification by works? I hope so.

Anyhow, I like to remember that the vision of the ideal prevents the monotony of work from becoming the monotony of life.

CHAPTER XIII

PIONEERS OF NURSING

IT is quite impossible for me to say how much I owe to Miss Luckes and her ideals. She showed me a vision of nursing at its best and at its widest for, of course, nursing at a great general hospital—nursing in all its branches—is a very different thing from nursing at a small or at a special hospital. She had been elected Matron of the hospital in 1880—sixteen years before I came on the scene—and John Henry Buxton, who was on the Committee then, and I am glad to say still is, has told me that after she had left the room several members said that she was too young and too pretty for the position.

Miss Luckes was a very remarkable woman. For many years her aims were far beyond those of a rather timorous Committee, timorous because every suggestion involved the spending of money which the Committee did not see how to raise. But she was never discouraged at the thwarting of her ideas and wishes, nor with her failure to impress, at the moment, the imperative necessity of the changes she advocated. Neither bravery nor courage nor hope ever failed her. She felt that what she wanted was right, and should be done, and she felt sure that in time it would be done.

Every nurse should, I think, say a Te Deum for Miss Luckes, for her career was one long fight for the improvement of nursing conditions, and the recognition of nursing as a profession. Training, housing, feeding, recreation, holidays, pensions, were all introduced or extended by her during her life. She had a wonderful capacity for work, and her thoroughness in details and her organizing powers made it at once a pleasure and a liberal education to work with her. She was always cheerful, even to the end, outspoken but very wise, and her absolute sincerity was strikingly convincing. She lived only for the hospital, and, even on her holidays, she invariably took with her a shorthand writer and one of her assistants in order to make up arrears and keep pace with the work.

I have often laid traps for her. Someone has called to see a nurse, and I have told them of Miss Luckes' power of memory and have proposed to test it. We have gone into her office.

"This lady," I have said, "has come down to see Nurse A. Do you know her ?"

"There are two Nurse A's" was the prompt answer, "Mary A and Edith A."

And then she gave details of each, and told us where they were working ! Mind you, Nurse A was not one of a staff of thirty, but one of seven hundred and fifty !

I remember too, a newly elected member of the Committee saying at his first meeting that he had heard, in fact that he knew, from a case that had been brought to his notice, that the London Hospital nurses, when ill, had to consult their own physicians or surgeons. It was useless to assure him that he was talking nonsense, so after the meeting he and I adjourned to the Matron's office, and he stated the facts of a nurse having broken her arm and being attended by an outside surgeon at his house.

"Yes, there was such a case," said Miss Luckes at once. "Eight years ago Nurse C broke her arm and was, at her father's request, he being a surgeon living in Brook Street, allowed to go home."

Exit discomfited Committeeman.

Miss Luckes' lectures to the nurses and her talks to the Sisters were much looked forward to. I only attended a few, hidden away in the gallery out of sight, but I shall never forget one she gave on nursing children, and on how doing so should develop all that was best in a nurse's womanhood.

Miss Luckes never had a petty thought in her life. Despite all discouragements she had always kept a high ideal before her of what nursing and nurses should be, and she never admitted the compromise of accepting the second best. I had only to give her free scope to carry out her wishes, and success was certain.

She died at her work. I am sure it was the strain of the Great War that really killed her, and so she should be among those thought of during the Great Silence on Armistice Days. But she kept up her courage to the end, and her mind was as clear as ever at the last. On the last Friday I remember her amusement and joyous laughter when she told me how Lady Knutsford had said that I was sending her down some old gin, as she so disliked brandy and whisky which had been ordered for her, and how she had replied that one of her first acts when she was appointed Matron in 1880 was to stop gin being brought into the hospital.

"What will be said of me," she said, "if, when I am gone, a half-finished bottle of gin is found in my room?"

The "half-finished" was prophetic; she knew that she would never finish it.

To follow such a matron as Miss Luckes could be no easy task, but everything pointed to Miss Beatrice Monk as the only woman who could carry on her work. I offered her the post, but she at first refused it because she differed from me on several important matters and felt that it would not be right for a matron to be in opposition to the chairman. I told her that there was no disloyalty in differing, and that it was very good for a chairman to be criticized, provided it was done, as I knew she would do it, to his face.

I can never be too grateful to Miss Monk for taking the post, and, if we have ever differed, I do not remember it. She took up the matronship at a most difficult time, when changes of all sorts were in the air, and I do not tell how well she has succeeded because I do not want to be suspected of exaggeration. She combines business instincts with a deep sympathy and love for her fellow-workers, and " Long may she reign over us."

Miss Florence Nightingale was a very close friend of Miss Luckes, and consulted her, as she did Miss Nightingale, on many nursing and hospital matters, and the two were constantly meeting and writing to one another. Miss Luckes often told me that it seemed merely natural to Miss Nightingale that every one should act up to their convictions, and that no one could leave her presence after any serious talk without feeling that one must go on fighting for the highest one could see and that anything else was out of the question.

She has told me, too, that Miss Nightingale's two great characteristics had always seemed to be those which one usually thinks of as diametrically opposed—vigour and gentleness. Her work in the Crimea is proof positive of the former, and I can vouch for her gentleness, for I twice had the privilege of meeting her.

I suppose, and hope, that everybody has their hero or heroine. Mine has always been Florence Nightingale. From my Cambridge days, when I got so interested in the Crimean War that I went out and visited all the battlefields there, I had read all I could find to read about her. I visited what remained of the hospital she had worked in at Scutari, and I remember thinking how she must have suffered seeing the wounded so neglected. Then, when I came into hospital life, my heroine again stood out in front of me, and I never tired of hearing about her from Miss Luckes—and I heard a good deal as the two were such close friends.

England owes it to Florence Nightingale that she has been until lately half a century ahead of other countries in nursing. Now others have followed. Florence Nightingale was the first lady by birth who was trained as a nurse, and she showed the whole world that it was a profession, or calling, that ought not to be left to the ignorant and untrained, but was just the highest and noblest one to which woman could give herself.

As every one knows, she never recovered the bodily overstrain consequent on her work in the Crimea and, though her mind was as clear as ever and her determination to get things better done remained unquelled, she was for many years an invalid and confined to her bed in South Street, Park Lane. Imagine—no, you cannot—what I felt when I received an entirely unexpected note, through her secretary, saying that she would be glad to see me if I could make it convenient to call on such and such a day.

I was shown into a ground-floor room, and I remember the faded pictures on the walls of scenes in the Crimean War. Then I was sent for, to go upstairs. The bedroom door opened and I was in a large sunny room with a bed drawn up near a window overlooking the gardens of Dorchester House and the Park. She was sitting up in bed, a creamy white shawl over her shoulders and a small cap on her grey hair. I could have knelt down and worshipped her, but I felt that anything that might be suspected of being theatrical or not genuine would be much disliked by her, and so I merely said, " It is kind of you to let me see you." And then she took my hand in hers, and placing the other hand over it, said words I shall never forget :

" I wanted to thank you for all you are trying to do for nurses." This in a very musical, soft and earnest voice. Those words have been—what shall I say ?—my beacon in all my hospital work, the light which has gone before me to show me the way.

She talked to me about the nursing of the Indian Army, which did not satisfy her. She warned me against ever being discouraged by the snubs of Government officials :

"Keep what you know is right before you, and never cease trying to get it. Aim high and people will follow you in the end."

And then I remember her saying—I forget exactly what led up to it: "No, no, no one can be neutral in this life; you are either doing good or bad, and the very fact of not trying to do good is bad in itself."

I tried to get from her something of what she had suffered in the Crimea, but she said that she never allowed herself to dwell on troubles and misfortunes of the past—they had played their part in making the present possible—and that people who did so spoiled their lives by nursing grievances.

I had one other long interview with her before she died, in which she discussed nursing generally, and the registration of nurses, which she knew I opposed and which she also thought a mistake, but I do not remember any special remarks such as those made at the first interview. Her calm, beautiful face and voice will ever be a blessed memory to me.

When she died I became Chairman of a Committee to put up a statue to her. In connection with this I remember asking a young man to help, and his reply:

"Florence Nightingale! Oh, yes, certainly. Didn't she do something with a lifeboat?"

I said that she had saved a lot of lives, but that I did not remember the boat. He subscribed!

I had a lot of trouble on that Committee; the late Mr. Thomas Wainwright, Treasurer of St. Thomas's Hospital, which was where she was trained, and the plans of which were her's, was on the Committee, and to my dismay it was settled to put the statue at the far end of Westminster Bridge, opposite the entrance to the Treasurer's house. In vain I pointed out that such a site was very much out of the way, and not at all one for a memorial set up by public subscription, but I was cornered when asked if I could suggest a better one. I had none in view, and walked homewards discomforted. As I got opposite the Athenæum I was held up by Providence, or a bus, and there, right in front of me, was *the* site of all others—just opposite the Guards' Crimean statue.

My happy inspiration did not end there. The next day I called on my old friend, Lord Haldane, who was then Secretary of State for War, and asked him whether he would allow the beautiful statue of Sidney Herbert, which had been moved from Pall Mall, where it had stood in front of the old War Office (where the Royal Automobile Club now is), into a small quadrangle in the new War Office, to be moved again and placed side by side with Florence Nightingale's statue, in the square opposite the Athenæum, and so facing the Guards' memorial. He liked the idea, and said he would get the Board of Works to agree. He did so. And then, symbolically waving flags and letting off fireworks, I summoned the Committee again. They agreed.

It was particularly appropriate that Sidney Herbert should stand by her side. It was he who, as Minister of War, had not only the foresight to send her out to the Crimea, but also the bravery to support her, when there, against her many detractors and opponents. Sidney Herbert's son, the Earl of Pembroke, was very pleased with the idea, and generously undertook to pay all costs of moving his father's statue. He died before this could be done, but his son carried out his father's promise.

Our difficulties were not at an end, however, for the square in front of the Athenæum had been chosen as the best site for the large statue of the late King Edward, and it was impossible to place two small statues in front of it. I had another inspiration. Why not put the two small statues one on each side of the Guards' memorial, and then the Goddess of Peace would appear to be distributing her "quoits," as Punch, when the statue was first erected, called the wreaths she holds in her hands, to Florence Nightingale and Sidney Herbert as well as to the Guards.

This seemed quite a simple solution, but it was not, because some authority forbade it on the grounds of obstruction to the traffic. However, I appealed to the Board of Works, where my friend, Sir Lionel Earle, was Permanent Under-Secretary, and he, wiping away all precedents, agreed to move the large Guards' memorial 30 feet back up Waterloo Place after we had obtained the consent of the Westminster City Council. This he carried out, and a very difficult job it was as the Crimean group is a very heavy one and stood on a foundation of solid concrete 12 feet deep.

There the statues stand to-day—the Crimean group by Bell, Sidney Herbert by Foley, a singularly beautiful statue, and Florence Nightingale by Arthur Walker. The simplicity of her statue pleased everybody. It carries out so faithfully all the traditions of "The Lady of the Lamp," as the men called her in the Crimea.

I am very proud of carrying this job through. It is quite impossible to tell within the pages of this book the number of objections raised, or feared, or prophesied which had to be got over. As the result I was appointed by myself, with Lionel Earle's acquiescence, S.S.F. to the Board of Works. This stands for Statue Site Finder.

I should die happier if the name Waterloo Place could be changed to Crimean Place, and if the Duke of York's column could be transported to the Zoo, where it would be useful for the climbing bears. It has long since served its purpose of "removing the Duke from the reach of his creditors," and now rather spoils the statue of King Edward, which ought to be placed on the top of the steps, overlooking the Park—one of the finest sites in London for a statue.

I should certainly live more happily if the ridiculous pedestals on which most of our London statues are uplifted could be altered. I have just mentioned King Edward's statue. Look at the horse! The next step in its head-in-the-air progress will bring it down with a crash that must awaken even the sleepiest member of the Athenæum from his deepest slumber. Look at the miserably uncomfortable occupants dotted about everywhere, and notably the eminent statesmen in Parliament Square! Look at the Burghers of Calais in the gardens beyond the Victoria Tower, so meaningless, perched up where they are, as if they were a group of street gamblers trying to keep out of sight and reach of the police! How easy, too, it would have been to have shown that notable explorer, Captain Scott, on an ice-field! The best statue in London is that of perhaps the greatest man who ever lived, Abraham Lincoln, but the words "From Plough to President" ought to have been inscribed on the pedestal. How many English people know anything of Lincoln? Yet how many might draw inspiration from some such words?

CHAPTER XIV

NURSING AND NURSES

IN February 1901 Queen Alexandra sent for me and asked me to draw up a scheme for Army Nursing, as she was deeply concerned about the failure of nursing during the Boer War—which, by the by, was not nearly so bad as was made out. She wanted an Army Nursing Service, with herself at the head of it, which would be fit to cope with any emergency. I was to consult Lord Roberts and then submit the scheme to her. I took an immense amount of trouble over it, and was greatly helped by Miss Luckes. When the draft scheme was ready I had many meetings with Lord Roberts to discuss it. Lord Roberts needs no description, but I was specially struck by the contrast between the apparent fierceness in his eyes and his gentle and courteous manner. I should imagine, from our conversations about this nursing question, that he was a man who would make up his mind very quickly, but was ready to hear all sides before deciding. He knew nothing about nursing or its organization, but I found that Lady Roberts did; and he really left the whole matter to us, and we drew up a scheme that was eventually carried out.

In March 1902 *The Times* announced that " an important and interesting special Army order " had been promulgated establishing an Imperial Nursing Service, with Queen Alexandra at the head, and a Nursing Board to control the nursing of soldiers. The Queen, as President of the Board, had the right to nominate two members, and her nominations were Viscountess Downe and myself. *The Times*, in commenting on this, was kind enough to say that "Queen Alexandra could not have made a better selection," but no one, as I had feared, pointed out that it certainly was an anomaly that the Queen should have the power to elect two members of a Board which controlled State servants, such members being really responsible to no one but her.

The Committee was cordially and ably helped by St. John Brodrick (Earl of Midleton), Secretary of State for War. "Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service" has prospered ever since and grown in importance with the result that during the Great War our soldiers were properly nursed. No one, of course, could have foreseen the scope and duration of the Great War and, naturally, the "maximum of 649 extra nurses," fixed in 1902, after careful consideration by all the leading War Office authorities, as likely to be needed over and above the Regular Nursing Service in case of war, had to be extended to thousands. Later, when Lord Haldane was Secretary of State for War, the question arose as to how the Nursing Board would be able to secure with certainty this Reserve of 649 nurses to supplement the permanent nursing staff of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service. It was decided that nurses all over the country should be allowed to volunteer to join the Reserve, and be liable to be called up on declaration of war, and that a small retaining fee should be paid to them every year. This decision was directly against the opinions and advice of the two Matrons of civil hospitals on the Board, Miss Cave of Westminster and Miss Stewart of St. Bartholomew's, and also of Sir F. Treves and myself. We urged that the proper way to form a Reserve was not to allow nurses to volunteer, and so practically to select themselves, but to ask the matrons of all civil hospitals in England how many nurses they would guarantee to send at call. We pointed out that the country would then get the best nurses available at the moment, and not merely nurses who wished to nurse soldiers. Nursing soldiers demands special qualities in a nurse, as the War showed us, and matrons of hospitals know perfectly well which women are likely to succeed and which certain to fail. We also showed that the volunteer plan involved endless correspondence, the keeping in touch with 649 nurses with constantly changing addresses, and frequently away nursing private cases, whereas our plan needed no office work and no retaining fee. We felt so strongly that we asked Lord Haldane to see us in deputation, but though he listened courteously his mind was made up, and we made no impression.

Soon after this the Navy settled to have a Reserve of Nurses, and I gave evidence before a Committee of Admirals as to its formation. The Admiralty adopted our plan, and got a guarantee from the civil hospitals to supply the nurses needed.

The War Office plan broke down before many years, and they adopted the plan we had advocated.

This question of how to form a Reserve of Nurses was the only one upon which Lady Roberts and I differed seriously, and later she wrote a very generous letter admitting that she had made a mistake. It was a very reasonable mistake arising out of a doubt whether the civil hospitals would ever be able to supply the necessary numbers. As a matter of interest, the London Hospital's guarantee was for sixty nurses, but it sent over two hundred.

The first Director, who was Chairman of the Nursing Board, was Surgeon-General Taylor. He could hardly disguise his dislike of the nursing reforms, or how he despised the Nursing Board. Owing to a wound in his face, one side of it frowned and the other side smiled, and it was very difficult to judge what he was really thinking. I dare say he was a good fellow, but he had inherited a dislike for, and a disbelief in, women nurses. He was succeeded by Sir Alfred Keogh, in whom we found a really sympathetic man and an able administrator.

The best modern nursing has reached such a high standard of excellence that it is strange to look back to-day and to remember that it is within my lifetime that the "nurses" required for the night-shifts at "The London" were women who came in from the highways and hedges, or rather from the slums and alleys, and were engaged every evening from a queue at 1s. 6d. apiece for the night. Patients nowadays have indeed much to be thankful for. The difference to a sick person between skilled and unskilled nursing is immeasurable, yet it was only in 1880 that Miss Luckes started the systematic training of nurses by the institution of courses of lectures on nursing subjects by herself and by members of the medical and surgical staff.

Preliminary training of nurses is of the first importance. It is unfair to a nurse to drop her into a big hospital ward without any previous knowledge and practice; it is unfair to the Ward Sister, who cannot be everywhere at once; and it is unfair to the patient, who cannot have any confidence when he sees and feels irresolution. It is the first part of a nurse's task to give her patients confidence. Every nurse at "The London" now works to a time-table specially drawn up so as to give her, during her training, an insight into every phase of nursing—men, women and children, in each of the many sections of both the medical and surgical sides, and in the auxiliary services. This should be borne in mind by anyone contemplating nursing as a profession.

I am calling nursing a profession. It is that now, but I remember when it was a "vocation," and I hope that, however professional it may remain, it will still retain something vocational about it. The most efficient nursing machine in the world will be very far from being the ideal nurse. Sacrifice, the putting of others first, and that touch of pity and sympathy that no curriculum, not even the most ideal can give, are the keystones to nursing. A nurse must know how to nurse, but she must nurse because the thought of service appeals to her.

I always like the way in which our East Enders regard our nurses. To most of us the advent of a nurse means relief and transferred responsibility, but to the East Ender a nurse means much more than that. Nursing is a thing that most poor people know nothing about whatever, and to be ill in an East London tenement is to be ill with every possible discomfort. In a hospital you are made comfortable, you are waited on, soothed, comforted, helped in all sorts of unexpected ways, and the attention, skill and comfort suggest heaven, or a whiff of it, or, at least, a feeling never yet experienced on earth. Nurse then becomes first cousin to an angel. Physicians and surgeons—men—may be respected and even liked, but " nurse " is worshipped.

Nursing has its merry side—probably the merrier because of the tension inseparable from true nursing—and a laugh not only helps to keep one young and one's patient alive, but, if it is at oneself, is very good for one. " The London's " nurses could probably write between them a vastly better and longer chapter on the merry side of nursing than its Chairman ever could or ever would dare to do. I have no doubt that 99 per cent. of their " smiles " never reach me. Still a few do, and here are just a few of them.

At " The London," as at most hospitals, beds and cots are often " named in perpetuity " by generous people who want to keep a memory alive, or to carry on some dead person's interest in charity, or to just be lastingly helpful. Sir Rowland Blades and his wife had named a cot in Queen Ward, but for some reason or other the Works Department had been lethargic in producing the tablet to be put over it. So one day the Secretary's Office rang up Queen Ward and inquired if anything had been done about the Blades Cot in the ward. The telephone was answered at the ward end by a probationer of foreign nationality and a limited knowledge of English. Horror showed on her face as she listened; she dropped the receiver and fled down the ward, calling wildly for Sister. Sister hurried out of her room and asked what was the trouble, to learn between gasps that the Secretary wanted to know at once if "anything had been done about the 'Plague Spot' in the ward."

Awful things sometimes happen in the nursing world, but I am not telling this one of "The London." It is best told—as it occurred—telephone way:

Weary Voice: Is that—Hospital? Matron's Office?

Matron's Office (*brightly*): Yes, this is Matron's Office. What can we do for you?

Weary Voice: Can you tell me where Nurse X is?

Matron's Office (*stiffly*): No, we cannot tell you where Nurse X is.

Weary Voice: Cannot you tell me at all where she is?

Matron's Office (*crushingly*): No, Nurse X has left.

Weary Voice: Oh, I know she's left. She's left with my husband.

Adam probably discovered very early in the post-fall days that the subtlety of the serpent remained with Eve, as part of his curse. In the year 1920 I certainly discovered that the subtlety of nurses, in combination at all events, is invincible. This letter which I sent to *The Times* tells the story of how the whole Committee of the Hospital was out-manœuvred by its nurses.

PATIENTS AND TURKEYS.

A HOSPITAL COMMITTEE DEFEATED.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR,

We will begin at the very beginning. The Committee, as the London Hospital is in financial straits, had to decide, with great regret, that patients could have no turkeys this Christmas. They also decided that, in spite of financial crisis, the nurses were not to forego their turkeys. The decision of the Committee that patients must go turkey-less was most unpopular with the nurses. London Hospital wards without turkey on Christmas Day! Horrible! What house physician or house surgeon will dress himself up in cap and apron to carve beef or mutton or cod at "The London" on Christmas Day? That is what they said.

Then a battle began between seven hundred and fifty nurses and thirty strong members of the Committee. I feared the result, but intended to be obstinate. I miscalculated the power of women's ingenuity. First a polite request came to the Committee—"Might the nurses give up their turkeys to the patients?" "No." Then an innocent letter came to the Committee—"Was it correct that, if a turkey were given to one of the wards on a floor, the Committee had decided that a turkey should be purchased for the other ward on the same floor, as the Committee did not wish that patients who were within sight of each other should have a different dietary on Christmas Day? Was that so?" I replied that this was so. Another innocent request followed after a decent interval—"Could a ward, to which turkeys had been given, be credited with the value of the meat and fish that was saved to the hospital on account of the gift of the turkeys?" The Committee replied that this would be fair.

This is how these two straightforward resolutions were worked by seven hundred and fifty conscienceless persons in uniform. Someone was persuaded to give turkeys to one ward. Their presence in Ward A produced turkeys in Ward B on the same floor under Resolution I. The Ward B turkeys saved the cost of meat there, and this was spent on turkeys for Ward C by Resolution 2. Ward C having thus got turkeys, Ward D on the same floor had to have them under Resolution I, and the meat so saved was used to purchase turkeys for Ward E, and so on all round the wards. So we thirty business men were beaten, and I am asked in a most innocent way by these guileless schemers if "I enjoyed my Christmas dinner." We have learned the old lesson, "Where there's a woman, there's a way."

Yours faithfully,
KNUTSFORD.

LONDON HOSPITAL,
Christmas Day, 1920.

To be resourceful is a great asset for a nurse, and I remember one—I have lost sight of her now—who ought to have gone far on that account. She has, however, never nursed me! A group of our nurses were up for their "Pass" and "Honours" examination and, as usual, two beds were provided, each with its "patient," a small convalescent boy from one of the wards, for the purposes of practical demonstration, bandaging, splint fitting, and so on. The examiner went up to one bed and told the candidate that she was to imagine that the patient had had an accident and had been brought in with a fractured base—what would she do? She was nervous and could not collect her thoughts, so the examiner, very kindly, wishing to give her every chance, left her and went off to the other bed to start another candidate. He came back to find the patient stiff and still, eyes closed and the hands folded decorously across the breast.

"Good heavens! Fractured bases don't all die."

"This one did," replied the candidate firmly.

It was at some public dinner or luncheon that "nursing smiles" gave me an amusing right and left at two High Church dignitaries. The Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Bourne, was on one side of me and the Bishop of London on the other. I told Cardinal Bourne how one of the Sisters of the London Hospital had gone up to a patient and said:

"I hear from nurse that you are constipated?"

"It's a lie, Sister. I've been a Roman Catholic all my life."

Then I turned to the Bishop of London and asked him if he thought our Church was losing its influence.

"Why? Why do you ask that? What makes you think so?"

"Because one of the Sisters asked a patient if he belonged to the Church of England and got the indignant reply: 'No, I don't. I'm Hearts of Oak.'"

Neither excommunicated me, and neither seemed to fear that his Church was in danger.

CHAPTER XV

ON THE MOORS

I AM beginning to feel that these recollections of mine need a breath of fresh air, moorland air. Every night of my life I get away from "things" that might trouble me and go stalking and so to sleep, and I am going to try my "cure" now, and if any reader goes to sleep—well, he or she may bless me.

Once—it was at one of the dullest committee meetings at the hospital that I ever remember—we all broke off to discuss our hobbies. As no two of us had the same hobby, no vote was taken, but I plumped for deer-stalking, the best sport I know.

In 1902 I took the late Lord Alwyne Compton's place, Torloisk, in the Isle of Mull. Every one within a six-mile radius of Torloisk knew about the "Big Stag"—every child had heard of him, and he was always spoken of, mysteriously, as "Him." There were two famous stags —the Black Stag and the Big Stag. The Black Stag was "yon Black Stag," but the Big Stag was always "Him." If ever his horns, shed each year in January, were found in the wood they were prized and kept as heirlooms. I was present at the finding of one large horn, but grave doubts were raised as to whether it was thick enough for one of "his." His footprints were known to all the crofters, "big enough to hold a pint of whisky," and in one pass in a wood the bough where he had scraped some of the velvet off his horn was shown reverently.

Year after year every shepherd had seen him, in early spring wandering about miserable and hornless; in summer with horns clad in thick velvet making them look unnaturally big; in October, guarding his hinds and keeping every stag, big and small, at a respectful distance. "They never even tried to get to close quarters," said one stalker to me.

But though many people saw him at the seasons I have mentioned, when he was not shootable, or when there was no one to shoot him, hardly anyone had seen him in August and September. He seemed to know then that many sportsmen were after him, and, year after year, he disappeared during those two months.

This year was no exception. When I arrived at Torloisk "he" was talked about, but no one, with one exception, had seen him, and I got a little tired of hearing how very small the stags I was killing were compared with him.

The one exception was the minister who, at our request, had driven over five miles to hold a service in English one hour before the weekly Sunday Gaelic service. "He" had not got wind of this, and doubtless thinking there was plenty of time to get off the hill into the wood before the minister came by, as usual, at eleven o'clock, strolled down the Dervaig Road at ten o'clock and met the minister, whose driver described him as "bigger than any ox."

No one had ever fired a shot at him, though many had been after him. The Black Stag had been missed by—(I will not give him away even to-day)—but the Big Stag had never suffered the indignity of being either stalked or missed.

As far as I could gather from the most authentic sources it would be impossible to miss him owing to his vast size. I found out differently later on. The neighbouring proprietor had told all the shepherds to send him notice at once if ever "he" was seen on his land, and I believe a considerable reward was offered for the information. Where he went to when on the mountain could never be discovered, and every wood had been beaten in vain to find him. Crofters were loud in complaint of the damage he did to their crops. "He" made more havoc in a field of potatoes than a herd of bullocks! Deer will go into a potato field, dig up potatoes with their feet and eat them, but "he" always went alone. He was never seen with any of his fellows till October, and then with none of his own sex—of his own size there was no consort for him.

All this and more I heard at Torloisk during August, and up to the ever-to-be-remembered September 11th—a lovely clear day with a sharp north-east wind which made all the distances clear and the mountains blue. My daughter Lucy, myself, Donald McColl, the stalker, and his son Angus, started at ten and went down the loch five miles in a little yacht to the far end of the forest.

At the end of the loch we met the gillie with the ponies (Anno Domini, coupled with lumbago and rheumatoid arthritis being my excuse for a pony), and up a very steep rocky hill-side we scrambled.

All the morning was blank. Late in the afternoon we stopped at the top of a hill to spy again, but in vain. We searched every corner of another valley and a deep corrie—only hinds could be seen. "Not a horn on the ground," said Donald. It now was past four in the afternoon, the sun was in our faces and the opposite hill, therefore, in shade—a condition of affairs which makes spying almost hopeless. Stalking, too, is difficult with the sun shining on you and making you easily visible to deer.

In despair I took the telescope and determined to search every inch of the semi-circle of hill-tops in front of us. I divided the tops into imaginary parallel lines, and very, very slowly looked along each line. I had finished the highest and was just commencing the second line when I saw two things which looked like sticks in a black peat hag a mile away. There could be no sticks in such a place, so I looked again, and, to my joy, made them out to be very big horns. I gave the glass to the stalker. He looked and then in a voice of suppressed excitement said: "If I'm no mistaken, yon's the Big Stag."

Big Stag or not, the question was how to get to him. He was lying almost hidden in this deep ravine, his whole body, except the head, under a projecting and overhanging bank of peat. By good luck we had happened to sit down to spy in the one and only spot on the whole hill from which you could see under this bank. Fifty yards either way and the hole in which the stag was would have been out of sight. We could now understand why he had so seldom been seen by anyone. His hiding-place was indeed well chosen.

Though we could just make him out from where we were, "he" would be out of our sight when we got nearer, and the bank of peat very hard to find again. We held a long consultation and settled to approach him from the side of the overhanging bank, as the wind was not favourable for getting at it from the other side of the ravine. This plan of campaign involved almost walking on to the top of him before I could get a shot, and also the danger of his running down the ravine and giving a very difficult shot.

Donald took very careful bearings, and was skilled enough to notice the fortunate position of two large grey rocks, one on each side of the ravine.

"If we can get up opposite yon stone, we shall be very close to him," said he.

Off we went at full pace, and it took us three-quarters of an hour, steep uphill climbing before we got near the down wind stone. Then my daughter, Donald and I went very, very slowly forward, leaving Angus fifty yards away. "Keep straight for that stone and you will come right on him. We must stay here," said Donald when we had gone forward another thirty yards, and I saw the reason why. Apart from the risk of the extra noise, inevitable on three walking instead of one, our shadows would soon be showing on the opposite side of the ravine under the up wind stone. I do not ever remember a more exciting moment in my life. I knew, if he had not moved, that I must be within a few yards of a big stag—if not of "Him." I knew that my shadow would soon be in his sight, and that every movement I made my shadow would reflect. I looked up beseechingly at the sun, but there was not a cloud. It was useless to wait, as the lower the sun got the longer my blessed shadow became, so I crept on. Suddenly right under me, within fifteen yards, I saw the point of his magnificent horns, and I watched them pulsating in time with his breathing and I sat still and revelled in the sight. Then I crept on very slowly another yard, and could see the back of his head and two great ears, but no part of his body. I could not stand up to get a sight of more of his body because my shadow was already betraying me. I could not see enough of his head to risk a shot. I dared not move because I was so close that he would be sure to hear the smallest movement, and if he got up and bolted down the ravine, keeping on my side of it, he would be gone too far before I could get a sight of him to enable me to shoot.

However, "he" saw my shadow and settled my difficulty by suddenly jumping up and with one bound, before I could get up, he was across the ravine and fifty yards away. Most stags, when startled, will stand for a few seconds to see what the danger is, but not "he." He was eighty yards away and going hard before I could get my rifle on to him. I fired and I saw a great splash of blood come out just in front of his haunch—the duffer's mark. But this did not stop him. I fired again, but was under him, and to my dismay I saw the finest stag I had ever seen in my life galloping away, wounded alas! and making direct for a large wood three miles off, where to find him would be hopeless. There was no mistaking, too, that he was the "Big Stag." Donald's face told me that. On and on he went for about a mile, and then to my surprise I saw that, though I had broken no bone, though he could use his leg, and his hock was moving freely, yet he seemed to go uneasily. He slowed first to a trot and then to a walk. This is not the habit of a slightly wounded stag, and I came to the conclusion that his clockworks were damaged. So, telling my daughter to stop with Donald, and calling Angus, I started to run, and lumbago, rheumatism, and even A.D. were forgotten. I was twenty-one once again. We kept carefully out of sight, but to my joy I found we were gaining on him.

At last ! A bullet through the heart killed " Him."

He was a magnificent stag, twenty stone in weight all but five pounds, with very fine horns.

My daughter and I had a long two hours' trudge home in the dusk, but after such a day one cannot feel tired. There was great excitement at Torloisk when the news spread, and I think every one for miles round called to see the " Big Stag " of Torloisk.

I suppose I ought to write about feeling regret at having put an end to the life of so magnificent a beast. Such feelings must and do occur to every man at the successful end of an exciting chase, but it is mere cant to say they predominate. What thrills you is success coming as the reward for some skill and cunning and great exertion, and what you carry away for the rest of your natural life is a recollection of moments of supreme excitement. It is a valuable asset in life to have happy recollections.

Another such recollection is of the day in 1906 when I had the good luck to kill a stag with a head worthy to be hung in the dining-room at Corrour, a forest belonging to my dear friend, Sir John Stirling Maxwell, and, like its owner, " one of the best " in Scotland. There are only seven heads in that dining-room if I remember rightly, and it is every one's object to displace one of these by getting a better one.

In the morning I had killed a poor stag which the stalker kindly said was an " old one going back." This is the way that a kindly disposed or a blood-thirsty stalker always lets you down if you have killed a miserable beast. After luncheon we (Jean Bruce, Balfour of Burleigh's sister, was with me) started off again, climbing higher. Stalkers always go up after luncheon as they have no respect for age or appetite. We sat down, thank goodness! to spy, and soon saw six really good stags making for what had been at one time the sanctuary.

I said humbly, "Surely those are splendid stags? One of them seems to me a very fine one."

"I should just think so," said the stalker calmly, but with a suppressed look of excitement or uneasiness that I did not then understand. "We will go a little closer."

We did—very cautiously.

Then after ten minutes' crawling in very cold water we stopped for another spy.

"Yes, it's *the* Royal, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, we have only had two like yon stag in the forest for some years, and the other was killed on the last day of the year in the next forest. We have known yon stag for years, and have all the horns he has dropped for the last three years. He is the finest in the forest, and no one has had a shot at him."

"Would Sir John like him killed?" I asked anxiously.

"Aye, that he would, and be glad you should do it," was the encouraging answer, and knowing my host to be a man whose greatest pleasure is that his friends should have good sport, I believed (not unwillingly) what the stalker said.

Another hundred yards would get us within shot of the stag, and this we began at once. But suddenly the stalker stopped. I asked what was the matter, and he pointed out, to our dismay, that we could not get another yard forward as there was a little stag lying under the shelter of a rock between us and the big ones, and if we went on he would see us or get our wind, and put the others off. Then I told him I was the luckiest man alive, and that, despite this temporary check, he might count the big stag in the larder!

"Well," he said, "I would believe you to be a lucky man if that little beast would go away, but if he gets up he will feed towards us and get our wind."

"No, not with me!" I said. "He will get up and go away. The big stag is as good as dead!"

It is always as well to appear more confident than you feel, and on this occasion I felt anything but confident, as I was face to face with one of those moments when success means success, and failure means suicide or murder. I had no sooner said those words than that little stag showed his good feeling, got up and walked away—down wind.

"There! You see! I told you so."

The stalker looked at me as if I were superhuman, and I felt a little uncertain as to whether I was quite human. There is an expression "the devil's own luck" which occurred to me at that moment.

"Now come on, very carefully and slowly."

I remember my only thought was, "Fancy if I miss after this!" We crawled on, as flat as we could make ourselves, and even flatter, and the collie, fully realizing that something big was going to happen, crept slowly behind us. We got up to within 150 yards of where the six stags were lying down, and then, with the help of a small depression in the ground, we got to within 100 yards of where the stags were lying, their horns only in sight. Then for the next twenty minutes I kept my eyes fixed on one pair of horns. A Royal, with big tops.

It was impossible to shoot until he got up, as I could see nothing but the horns. The other stags were to my left, rather higher up. When any one of them got up I knew he would see me and that he would give a warning which would make the Royal get up and probably gallop away at once.

So I lay there, looking with very mixed feelings at his horns through my telescopic sight and rehearsing to myself all the tips for not missing a stag.

Keep your rifle on an even keel.
Hold your breath.
Do not "pull off" when you hold the trigger.
Take a fine sight.
Hold forward if he is moving—he will move even at a walk quicker than you think.
Keep that heart of yours from beating.
There is nothing to be excited about.
How can you possibly miss an object like that at a hundred yards?
Think of the shots you have made before—and the misses, added some inner consciousness.

All this over and over again, and the back of my head aching like—simile missing!

Then, I don't know why, perhaps some small change in the wind, the top stag got a little anxious, got up and looked round. I do not think he saw me—stags do not easily "pick up" a strange object if it is not moving—but his suspicions were enough to disturb the big one. I saw his horns go forward and then back, and then he got up and stretched. I could see every hair on his body through the telescopic sight. I aimed at his heart—and pulled. Off he galloped with the others.

"You hit him," said the stalker.

I felt sure I had not. We ran forward and there they were cantering away.

Up went our glasses.

"He's no' with them," was the stalker's remark. "Ah, there he is! Dead eno'."

And there, about fifty yards away from us was the stag, shot in the right place. No excuse if it had not been, as the shot was a very easy one.

I cannot repeat the stalker's remarks about my luck, but he will always regard me as something out of the common run of mere mortals. The stag was a 13-pointer, and his horns were 32 and 34 inches long, with a 26-inch spread.

My companion was as happy as I was, and we went off to the stable to get the ponies. I hate horses, and never know how to put on a saddle and bridle. Buckles and straps puzzle me more than anything else. However, I managed to get some of them right and we started home. But the saddles slipped and the stirrups came off, so we agreed it was safer to walk the eight miles home. We got back at 8.30 p.m. very proud and very happy, and especially so when we were greeted (on entering the dining-room where every one was at dinner) with :

" Well, Sydney, that was a poor beast you killed in the morning."

" The stalker said it was an old one and wanted shooting."

" Oh, yes, I dare say. But did you get another ? "

" Yes, we got another."

" A good one ? "

" Yes, the best in your forest."

" Oh, no ! "

" Oh, YES."

Yet another forest recollection. In 1911 I took Strathaird forest, in Skye. The Coolins were my stalking ground. They are sheer rock, precipitous and very steep, the steepest hills in Scotland, so steep that idiots go there every year and try to break their necks in climbing them. A great nuisance these climbers are. Once when I was out, anxious to give a boy who was with me his first shot at a stag, we met a party of six. We told them they must keep to the path, and they promised to do so. I explained to them that I had paid a heavy rent for the stalking, that the days on which it was possible to stalk were not many, and so on. They seemed to understand, and we parted with smiles. We got up a very high hill, but could see no deer, though the wind was right, and there were plenty of fresh tracks. Suddenly at midday, on the very top, we came upon the whole party, munching sandwiches. Then I told them what I thought of them and of their vile selfishness which had spoiled all our sport, using language in keeping with the volcanic surroundings. There is no law of trespass in Scotland, and so I could do nothing but bless them. I told them that they had given the wind to every blessed stag in the forest, and that our day was ruined, etc. Then a wonderful thing happened. We had not left them more than ten minutes when we came on three stags, which, being up wind to the tourists, had not been disturbed. Thinking that it would be a good opportunity to do a little " heaping coals of fire "—a painful process—I ran back to find them and put them in a place where they would see our stalk. But they had vanished, and as their bodies have not been found I suppose they got down all right. Do I hope so ? Well——

We went on and my young friend killed his first stag —it was lying down and never moved at all. He went back to Eton happy.

I recall two interesting stalking incidents in that Skye forest, and in both stalks had an experience that has never happened to me before, and I imagine to no one else.

Opposite the lodge was a very high and steep hill. My stalker had spied two stags on the very top, lying down. I refused to go up. " Too old, too steep. My figure in front and my years behind."

He replied : " Oh, you can do it, sir. We will zig-zag it, and it will only take two hours, and the stags will not move on a hot day like this."

So, reluctantly, I started, and after a very stiff climb got above the two stags and within eighty yards of them. They were both asleep.

My family and all the servants were watching the stalk from the lodge, and I waved to them and got a wave back, which told me we were in sight. Then remembering to fire low, as the stags were below me, I took a careful aim at the best of the two and shot it through the neck. It never moved. And then came the unique experience. The other stag, though within twenty yards of it, never woke, and I shot it just behind the head. Neither of them moved after they were shot.

The other unusual experience was at the head of that wonderful Loch Coruisk. We had spied two good stags in a corrie which had only three ways out of it. We were on one of the passes, the others were on our left and right. We sent the gillie round to the right-hand pass and we felt sure that when the stags saw him they would make for the left-hand pass, as the wind favoured that one. Giving the gillie time, we made for that pass, but, bad luck to it, we put up some small beasts not worth shooting, and they made off at once to the pass. The big stags, of course, picked them up and, if they had behaved as all stags generally do, they would have followed the small ones to the pass, and have got there long before we could have done so. But to our astonishment they right-about-faced and went into a sort of cave between two overhanging rocks.

" Well, I'm damned," said the stalker. " That's odd."

We ran down our side of the hill and up the other, and got to within 200 yards of the cave. I fired a shot into it and out came the two stags. I was fortunate enough to get them both. The stalker thought that they had probably always used the cave for shelter, as that side of the hill was very exposed.

CHAPTER XVI

SANDRINGHAM, 1900

IT has been my good fortune and privilege to have been invited to Sandringham twice in the late King Edward's life and four times after his death. I wrote from there to my wife and daughters everything that happened. *These letters were only for their eyes and for no one else's.* With all their obvious faults I reproduce here parts of the letters referring to some of these visits, cutting out private matters which should not be printed. I do so because, just as many people like to know "how the poor live," I find a great number are interested in the home-life of Royalty, and if kindness, hospitality and thoughtfulness for others are worth recording, then these extracts are worth reading.

In May 1900 I received a letter from George Holford, the Prince of Wales' Equerry, to say that he was commanded to say that "the Prince would be glad if you would come to Sandringham from June 2nd, Saturday, to Tuesday, 5th."

On June 2, 1900, I left by the 2.30 from St. Pancras for Wolferton. A reserved saloon for the Sandringham party, labelled so rather ostentatiously. As a rumour had got out that Captain Hedworth Lambton (now Admiral the Hon. Sir Hedworth Meux), who had just returned from commanding the Naval Brigade in the relief of Ladysmith, and about whom every one was talking, was one of the party, there was a great crowd round our carriage. Lambton was not there, but as I was the only one of the party who was clean-shaven I was taken for him and loudly cheered. At Lynn about a dozen fog signals were put under the train in honour of Captain Lambton, who, as I have said, was not there. Arrived at Wolferton, the ladies of the party went on in a royal carriage—red liveries—and we men were packed into an omnibus.

The party was :

Lord and Lady de Grey.
Lady Musgrave (there when we arrived).
Lady Randolph Churchill.
M. and Mme Tosti.
Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Ambassador.
Hon. —. Wynn.
Sir T. Lipton.
Capt. Sir B. Milne.
Capt. Hon. Hedworth Lambton, and his brother George (both there when we arrived).

A lovely drive as far as I could see between the two heads opposite to me. Very broad gravel roads, lots of big rhododendrons, any amount of pheasants and rabbits. In less than half an hour we passed two policemen and entered the park through large iron gates, and were at once at the house. I felt a little nervous, I confess. Hats and coats, etc., were taken by scarlet-clad servants, and we were met at the door of the inner hall by Capt. Holford and Sir Dighton Probyn. Behind them stood the Prince of Wales, who shook hands with us all very heartily, then the Princess of Wales, and Princess Victoria. She sat down and poured out tea, the ladies sitting down round a large table, we men standing about. The Prince at once began to talk to the Lambtons and Sir T. Lipton about his Derby winner, Diamond Jubilee. He seemed very delighted at having won the Derby just lately with Diamond Jubilee, and thinks this horse the best he has ever had, next to Persimmon. To-morrow is the anniversary of Persimmon's Derby, and he is to be brought down and shown to every one. Then the whole party began talking about the Boer War, and the Prince evidently is very anxious about it all. Actually as we were talking a telegram came in from General Rundle from South Africa, saying that sixteen officers were wounded, and the Prince at once told Holford to wire to the War Office for their names. Dinner at nine by Sandringham time, which is half an hour ahead of London time. Holford showed us to our rooms, and told us to put on "small decorations." I have none, big or small, so the command was of no interest to me. My servant told me the other valets had told him that white waistcoats were worn. At nine sharp we all assembled in the drawing-room, and stood round the fire at one end of the room. Holford, who is wonderfully kind and thoughtful, had told us whom to take in and where to sit. The Prince took in Lady de Grey, and was immediately followed by the Princess, taken in by the Portuguese Ambassador, then Lord de Grey with Princess Victoria. I took Madame Tosti, and M. Tosti sat on my other side. The Prince and Princess sit opposite in the middle of the long sides of the table.

When the ladies left cigarettes were brought round at once. The Prince asked Lambton a lot about Ladysmith, and especially about the effect of shells. Lambton showed with his cigarette why they were easy to see, because as soon as they lost their pace they used to turn over and over.

When the ladies go, every one keeps his ~~their~~ place; there is no moving up or nearer to each other.

We were a very short time in the drawing-room, everybody sitting down. I talked to Miss Knollys and Holford. I told Miss Knollys all about the cure for lupus which the Princess had just introduced into the London Hospital, and I answered all the questions I could about the way to start a little hospital the Princess is interested in and is starting here for wounded officers who have no home. Miss Knollys said that the Princess was very anxious to show it to me, and that I was to criticize it boldly—do not feel sure I can do this.

The ladies gone, we adjoined to the billiard-room (passing on our way through the American bowling alley where Wynn and several others stopped to play). The Prince sat down on a settee in the billiard-room and called up Lambton and again talked of Ladysmith. Then he had an experience which I should think he had never had before. Lambton *went fast asleep* while he was talking. The Prince smiled and said, "Poor fellow!" His brother explained that the long weary months of anxiety in Ladysmith, and the constant explosions night after night, had made it impossible for him to sleep at nights. Of course the Prince was as nice as possible about it, and when Lambton awoke he (Lambton) just got up and walked out of the room, hardly himself, I thought. He looked very thin, high strung and wrought.

The Prince has a small black bulldog. Directly anyone moved, this bulldog ran up and caught hold of his leg—not a bite but quite a pinch, and this did not help billiards much. When Wynn was bending down at American bowls the dog took a good hold of the fleshy part of his person, which much amused H.R.H. Holford is a very good billiard player, gave me 50 in 100 and beat me! Then H.R.H. called me up and spoke about the Princess's hospital which I was to see the next day. He said:

"I do not want a nurse down here. You must try to persuade the Princess not to have a permanent nurse. She would have nothing to do, and would get into mischief."

I assured him I understood, and he was pleased to learn that we had at the London Hospital several nurses who could come down any day if wanted.

"Well, tell the Princess that, tell her that—you understand." 12.30 bed.

Sunday.

Breakfast at ten. I got down at 9.45 and found M. Tosti alone at breakfast. Two round tables in the middle of the room. Every one who came down sat where they liked—no Royalty there. After breakfast we hung about in the hall, and the Prince came down and gave me a report about the Yeomanry Hospital in South Africa to read. It was awful reading—the want of ordinary medical necessaries. The miserable economy in such things seems to be well-nigh murder. Hundreds of lives could have been saved if such criminal economy had not prevailed.

Church at eleven. We were all ready—top-hats, frock-coats—ladies in hats. A small pretty church filled, I think, chiefly by the Royal household and workmen. Communion Service, three hymns and a seven minutes' sermon, and a very poor seven minutes too.

Then a stroll round the gardens and luncheon at 1.30.

We all waited for H.R.H.—he had not come in. While waiting the Princess came up and said "Good morning," and showed me a telegram from Lord Roberts saying that he had sent for the five nurses she had sent out from the London Hospital to go to the Front. They had been stopped at Wynberg and not allowed to go to the Front, though they were all five London Hospital, not nurses, but *Sisters*. She had got very angry, and had wired to Lord Roberts. 1.45, no Prince, so she said: "Well, he will be very angry, but we must go in. I am starving." So in we went. Same arrangement as at breakfast, two round tables. The Princess and Princess Victoria sat down and every one rather shied at this table, not wishing to push themselves forward. She told me to sit by her, and I did so, but, bad luck to it, she was on my deaf side, and there was so much talking that I only heard about half what was said. She spoke of the Great War Bazaar, and said she thought she saw my mother there, and also at the Drawing Room. "But people go by me so quickly I cannot always see." She said that the squash at that bazaar was terrible, but "Nothing like the squash at your bazaar, Mr. Holland" (the Press Bazaar for the London Hospital).

I assured her I had nothing to do with the arrangements, but she would not believe this, and added:

"How George (Duke of Cambridge) did scold you that day—did you deserve it?"

I said that, on the whole, perhaps I did, as I had told him the wrong door to enter by.

Then she asked: "Did you tell him it was your fault?"

And I replied: "No, he would have killed me."

This seemed to amuse her very much, and they all laughed, and so I told them the story of the awful crush to get in, and how I had given orders that no one more on any excuse was to be admitted, how the Duke had gone up to a policeman, young and new to his duties, and, on being refused admission, had said:

"I am the Duke of Cambridge."

"Oh, I dare say," said the policeman. "They are all dukes to-day." She *did* laugh, and then repeated the story herself.

After luncheon Persimmon, H.R.H.'s first Derby winner, was brought round. Such a splendid bay, and in grand condition. We all took snapshots at him. The Princess promised to send me hers. I have it.

At four we started for a three hours' walk—everybody. First to the dog kennels. On the way the Princess made the two Lambton brothers sit on a stone to be photographed by her. Captain Lambton would put on what she called a miserable horse-diet face, and there was a great deal of fun and laughter. Every one much at their ease. The ladies had all changed their frocks after luncheon, and had walking-skirts on. The Princess' was shorter than any of theirs, and she had on good country boots. The whole walk was without formality. On the way to the kennels we passed the delightful house—but very small one—set apart for the Duke and Duchess of York (now H.M. King George V and Queen Mary).

Arrived at the kennels a really very pretty scene took place—a keeper came forward, the Princess held up her hands and he tied on a big white apron. She looked very pretty in this, and about seventeen with her short black skirt and black sailor hat with veil. Then she took up a large flat basket of bread, and, I must say to my surprise, went right into each kennel. The dogs jumped up on her, and when she was in the kennel with big dogs she was hardly visible. These kennels are in a long row, and contain absolutely perfect dogs of every breed, many prize winners—collie pups, collies, Siberians, bulldogs, bassets, otter hounds, boarhounds, retrievers, spaniels, and so on. Into each kennel she went. She knew all about each dog, and told us the character of many, and which could be let out together, and so on.

Then to the yearlings, almost all of them offspring of Persimmon, and mostly chestnuts. All were in large loose boxes. A groom went in first, did not hold the beasts' heads, and was followed by the Princess and Princess Victoria, who gave each yearling some grass. They were all let out for a gallop, and very lovely they looked, though it is said there were only two good ones out of the eight we saw. Then to the big, quiet mares with foals, foaled last April. We all had tea here—a very good one with splendid strawberries. After tea we went to the carving school started by the Princess. A dear old man there, a natural enthusiast, self-taught, teaches the boys, and they make excellent furniture. I bought a small table made out of cedars which have fallen at Goodwood and given by the Duke of Richmond to the Princess. A lovely little Dexter cow about 12 hands high was brought out and was much petted. She was groomed like a racer, as she was going to a show the next day.

Dinner at nine. I took in Miss Knollys, and was told to sit next to Princess Victoria. She loves animals, and told me all about her pets—dogs, birds, and especially her dove from which she is hardly ever separated, and which has once been burnt and once nearly drowned at sea. I promised to give her a piping bullfinch, which she had never had. H.R.H. asked every one to drink the Duke of York's heath, as it was his birthday. All the ladies were in white—they always are on a birthday—even the Princess, who, Miss Knollys tells me, has always worn mourning since the Duke of Clarence's death.

When the ladies had gone H.R.H. talked very interestingly about his two Derby wins. He told us how he never thought that Persimmon could win, and how when he did both he and the Princess burst into tears; how savage Diamond Jubilee was; how he hated Watts, the jockey, and had once pulled him right out of the saddle by bending round and catching hold of his leg. Mornington Cannon, the finest jockey in England, then tried but could do nothing at all with the brute, and the Prince was in despair, as they all knew the horse was quite first rate. The stable lad, Jones, who looked after the horse, asked if he might try to ride him. He was not allowed spurs for fear of accident, but he got a very heavy whip, and when Diamond Jubilee turned round to pull him off he did not fight him with the reins but hit him across the nose as hard as he could. Every time the horse tried it met the same blow till at last it gave up. The boy got gradually careless and not on the look out. On the Two Thousand day (which Diamond Jubilee won) the horse once more tried the old trick. By good luck the lad was holding his whip very firmly and rather high, and it gave the horse a prod in the eye, and he behaved like a lamb ever after. Miss Knollys told me that the jockeys were furious at this lad being tried, but were a little silenced when he won the Derby, Two Thousand and Newmarket Stakes—one of the most valuable races run.

When the lad won the Derby the Prince invested £1,000 for him.

After dinner Tosti and Mme Tosti sang *very* well—his songs, of course. Neither has any voice, but all the same they sing well because both are real artists. The Princess stood up the whole time turning over for them. She loves music, and is going up to town on Tuesday to the opera and back the next day. Nothing will keep her in London a day longer than she can help.

After the music the Princess walked about and talked to people. She asked me if I still felt my leg—I had been lame one day when she sent for me to Marlborough House. I said " Yes." She asked how I had hurt it, and I told her that a muscle had broken at cricket. The Prince came up and joined in, and I said I thought " Anno Domini " was responsible, too, for the broken muscle. He said :

" No, no, you will live as long as your old grandfather. I remember Sir Henry well. He used to come and see us in a great white choker and swallow-tailed coat—a very dear old man. When I was at Oxford he came to stay with us, and asked me where I was going to in the vacation. I said 'To America'; and he said to me, 'Very well, we will meet there this day three weeks.' And when I got there, there he was, and we played American bowls together all the evening."

Then the Princess said she wished me to go with her to her hospital to-morrow morning, as there are some Whit-Monday sports in the afternoon. " All the country people—the poor people—go there, and we must go for a short time; it pleases them so."

After the ladies had gone to bed we adjourned to bowls and billiards. I had just commenced a game of bowls when Holford said : " The Prince wants you." He was sitting on the settee, and said :

" I want to talk to you about the nursing arrangements out at this war," and then asked me what I thought of them, of the Army Nursing Reserve, of the number sent out, and on the question as to whether the right ones had been sent. He had a very strong opinion that sufficient care had not been taken in their selection, and I told him that I was sure he was right. I told him frankly, and apologized for speaking with such certainty, that I felt sure that the Army Nursing Reserve as at present organized was wrong. He knew about everything, and did not talk in "commonplaces." If I expressed an opinion about anything, he would say, "Oh, yes, why?" and expected to be given a good reason why. I felt all the time that I was under a severe examination; he has a way of looking down on to you through a half-closed eye that is very alarming. Still, he was so kind and encouraging that I felt quite happy at the end of the interview. The other men then came in and the bulldog removed a part of Mr. Wynn. Bed at 1.30, Sandringham time. Lambton again went fast to sleep on the sofa.

Whit-Monday.

I have enjoyed to-day. Everything bursting in the warm sun. When I got up the lawn was simply covered with starlings. The Lambtons and Sir T. Lipton left at eleven. I liked the latter; he seems a real sportsman.

At 11.15 the Princess came down and asked me if I were ready to start. She was dressed in black and white striped short dress, thick boots, sailor hat, and driving jacket.

I said, "Rather!" only put more civilly.

"It is a long drive to my hospital. Come along!"

A very smart, low pony-cart with two long-maned ponies, about 15 hands, came round—quite a low cart with four wheels, the groom sitting behind.

She gave the ponies sugar and petted them and got bitten by one for her pains.

She drove very fast—too fast—but very well. As we drove along she pointed out everything. Her love for the place is quite touching and almost childish. I mean she has the same love for the place that a child has for its home, and she took pleasure in pointing out her plantations, her single trees, her cottages, the roads they had made, the rhododendrons, the best stands for shooting, the "silly names we give" to this or that wood.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Holland, it is a very small place, but by means of all this gardening and laying out we make it look very big." She has rebuilt the whole of the village, and, as we drove through it the little hatless children smiled at her and she waved her whip in reply. She showed me over the Village Club she and the Prince had built for the village. Directly we got outside it again she looked at her ponies and said at once to the man: "You have tightened the off-side pony's curb"—this was the far pony from me. He said he had, and she ordered it to be loosened. Quick observation, I thought. We went off at a fearsome pace, and I thought when I saw the gate of the little hospital that if she did not pull up at all that we must be upset. I felt pretty safe because I had never driven before with anyone for whose health and safety 35 millions of people pray every Sunday, and we passed through all right on the near-side wheels, the off-side ones being off the ground!

We pulled up at the front door of a very pretty, modernized, old farm building. Outside it were Princess Victoria, Lady Musgrave and Sir B. Milne, who had bicycled over. The hospital was simply ideal, the sitting-room panelled with old oak from Lynn, a large chimney-corner, green paper and carpet to match in dining-room; four charming bedrooms, chintzes and papers the same pattern. Sir D. Probyn had done the decoration, but the Princess had been into every detail. On the landing there were two pictures of some Dublin nurses.

"Mamma has had these put up in your honour, I believe," said Princess Victoria. But I would not allow them to remain because all the nurses had fringes, so a compromise was come to and the nurses' faces were turned to the wall. The Princess then approached the dangerous subject, and asked me which room the nurse had best have for her bedroom. I said I hardly thought a permanent nurse would be necessary, and that the two rooms, luckily only two, would be occupied by the cook and parlourmaid.

"That's what the Prince says," she at once remarked, "but I don't agree, and I intend to have a nurse."

I said I could send one down at a moment's notice if needed, but that it would be an expense and a waste of nursing strength, perhaps sorely needed elsewhere, to have a nurse always there for four convalescent officers.

She said: "The Prince has been talking to you. I mean to have one"; but I do not think she will in the end, as it would be so stupid. She told Miss Knollys afterwards what I had said, and added that perhaps I was right.

Princess Victoria, as I have told you, loves animals, and I saw an instance of this. There was what looked like a very savage dog tied to its kennel. It was running round and barking and trying to get loose.

"Poor fellow!" she said, and went straight up to it and let it go. Off it went across the fields to its master, and she got a rare scolding from an old woman who came out of the farmhouse, which only made her smile. As we drove back the Princess of Wales pointed out a place in a wood where she had a horrible adventure which might have cost her her life. She had been out with the shooting-party and was walking back alone through this wood when a big red stag ran after her with his head down. She tried in vain to frighten the brute away with her umbrella, but he came right at her so she got behind a big tree and there she had to say till it got quite dark, when the stag walked away towards some others. As it got dark early no one was alarmed at her not returning, thinking she had joined the shooting-party.

When we got back more carrots were given to the ponies. Then a telegram arrived for me telling me of the death of Clara Evans, one of the nurses from the London Hospital the Princess had sent out to South Africa. She told me to wire to her relations expressing her sorrow.

At luncheon I sat next to Princess Victoria. Tosti made us all laugh very much, and no one more than the Princess of Wales, in describing how he had the most beautiful photos of the most lovely ladies he had taught to sing, and how Madame Tosti would go into his room and remove them, till he had always to keep his door locked. The conversation at all meals is sometimes in French, sometimes in English. They drop from one to the other in the same sentence. I generally keep to English!

At three we all started for the Bank Holiday sports: four carriages came—Prince and Princess, Lady de Grey and Holford in No. 1; Princess Victoria, Lady Musgrave, Lady R. Churchill and myself in No. 2 (the Prince told me to get into this carriage); and the rest in No. 3. Off we drove about two miles to a field near the village of Wolferton. There was a large crowd, about 2,000 people, who all cheered heartily as we drove in. I again came in for a very cordial welcome: "Good old Ladysmith!" "Three cheers for Lambton!" and so on. I was made to acknowledge the cheers amidst much chaff and laughter, and the whole party called me Captain Lambton. The sports were good and amusing, one especially so: a bucket filled with water was hung from a pole; under the bucket was a bit of wood with a hole in it. A man got on to a trolley and was pulled under the bucket. As he passed under the bucket he had to put the pole through the hole, and push it out the other side. If he did this successfully, the bucket did not upset, but if he missed the hole and hit the bucket all the water came over him—a good game for school treats with bran instead of water. There were bicycle races, tug-of-war, and some excellent poney races and a miserable donkey race. The Prince got very angry because one man pulled out hairs from his donkey to make it trot faster. At six we drove back: it was very cold and Princess Victoria jumped out and ran behind holding on to the carriage. The ladies wore coloured blouses and different coloured skirts (different from the blouses) and came to the sports with jackets over their blouses. All wore white gloves, whether by chance or because it is the right thing to do I don't know; and all wore white feather boas. The wind was strong and their hats nearly blew off. Lady Musgrave got into special trouble with hers, and the Princess told her she had better "send it to a bazaar."

Dinner. I took in Mme Tosti again. She is very pleasant, and on my other side was Lady de Grey, who of course was charming. The Prince told us a story of Burdett-Coutts. Burdett-Coutts went out to the war, he told us, and there met Admiral Chichester.

"I want to know all about the rights of this war as I am an M.P., and can get matters put right."

"Do you represent England?" said the Admiral.

"No, Westminster," naming his constituency.

"Then 'Go to Hell!'" said the Admiral.

The Princess showed me some really good sketches done by herself in Egypt, and told me that she had gradually given up everything—sketching, playing, tandem driving and riding.

I said: "You like driving, I am sure, and you drive very fast."

"Oh, I see you thought I drove too fast. Were you frightened?"

"Not at all, but I thought you took that corner into the hospital grounds rather fast, ma'am." She laughed and said she was sure I was *very* nervous.

Then after the bulldog has once more bitten Wynn, whom he hates, or rather likes a little of—bed.

My recollections of to-day will always be of that drive, and the really touching girl-like love the Princess has for every stone and corner of the place.

"Do you like it?" she said to me this evening. "Is Sandringham what you thought it would be like?"

I replied that it was much more "home-like"; and she said that that was just what she loved about it—and so it evidently is. She is really happy here, and looks like a bird escaped from a cage.

Tuesday morning.

After breakfast the Princess came into the hall with a large quantity of photos of Sandringham, and invited every one to help themselves, which we did liberally. Then she got every one to write their names in her birthday books.

"So sorry to trouble you, here's another old book," she said. The carriages came round at eleven, the Princess and Lady de Grey having been for a sharp walk before. Bitterly cold. Brougham for Prince, Princess and Soveral, three carriages for us—open wagonettes—and about four large covered vans with luggage. I got on to the box to see the country, and very pretty it looked in the frosty morning.

At the station we all went into a waiting-room specially built for the Prince. Holford came round and told us what carriages we were to get into, some into the Royal Saloon, some into the Household Saloon, and so on. It was not a special train. Then the Prince and Princess said "Good-bye" to all of us, with some kind words to everybody—Milne, Wynn and myself were in one carriage together, and there we found to our joy a luncheon basket with a most excellent luncheon.

At St. Pancras there was the usual crowd to see Royalty, and we saw no more of them after the "Good-bye" at Wolferton Station.

I wrote my name at Marlborough House the next day.

CHAPTER XVII

THE COURT AT COPENHAGEN

QUEEN ALEXANDRA had arranged that I should go to Copenhagen, and in April 1903 she wired fixing a date for my visit. Here are my letters home telling of my adventures at a foreign Court.

BRITISH LEGATION, COPENHAGEN.
April 13, 1903.

Will you read this to the children, and then I need only write the one letter.

I do not think much of the Queen's courier. He kindly made out the trains for me, and Miss Knollys sent them to me, written out, but he took a time-table three years old, so I got to Victoria at 8.20 instead of 9.28! Got to Hamburg that evening. In the car the waiters knew no English, and, when I asked what was coming for dinner, could not tell me, so I said "Cock-a-doodle-do," and they said "Yah!" and veal came.

Got to Copenhagen the next day, the Queen's courier met me, and so we rattled thro' the Customs house. He tipped the porter 2s. 6d. and said, "The Queen pays this," and he paid my fly to the Embassy, where Lady Goschen received me very kindly.

Monday, 13*th April—night.*

I put on my best serge suit and went down to luncheon at one, and was horrified to find the Minister, Sir E. Goschen, in a frock-coat, and Prince Charles of Denmark (afterwards King Haakon of Norway and married to the late

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King Edward's daughter), in the room also in a frock-coat. He recognized me, as he had been down to the *Princess of Wales* hospital ship when at Tilbury, and was exceedingly friendly. Just a bright, simple sailor, twenty-nine years old, full of talk and chaff.

After luncheon he told ghost stories, which he believes. He told us of one King of Sweden going into a room and seeing a ghost behead another ghost, and the head rolled across the King's slippers and left blood on them, that the slippers are preserved till to-day and the blood marks on them, and that this foretold the beheading of a murderer of a future king, and that it all came true!

About three I said I must go and write my name in Queen Alexandra's Book at the Amalienborg Palace, where she stays, and he said he would walk round with me. Then a messenger came in, and said that the Crown Prince expected me to dinner at 6.30. We went to the Palace, and I wrote my name, and then went up to Miss Knollys. While sitting there a note came up from the Queen asking if I had arrived at Copenhagen, and telling Miss Knollys to let me know that I was expected to dinner with the Crown Prince. Miss Knollys replied, "Mr. Holland is in my room now," and soon up came a red liveried footman in very untidy breeches and top-boots, to say that I was to go down to the Queen. I was shown into a beautiful room overlooking the harbour—the Queen was writing, and she got up and walked across the room. "So glad you have come; did you mind coming, did your wife and children mind your not spending Easter with them?" I said that you all had just been able to support the disappointment, and then she talked about Finsen, about a Danish woman (Nurse La Cour) she wants trained as a nurse. She told me she had sent £1,000 to the Lord Mayor for St. Bartholomew's, but that he had sent it back thinking it was a mistake for the "London!" "Was not that stupid of him?" she said. I assured her that I had never been guilty of sending back any money sent to me, and she replied: "No, you get all you can, and I see by the papers that people have been sending you a lot of money. I shall give this to St. Bartholomew's next year if they issue an appeal." Then she showed me the view from her windows, and said how sad it was to see all the "Good-byes" when ships were leaving for America. Then she showed me the pictures on the walls, "all painted by my dear mother whose room this was. I remember seeing these painted when I was a child." I asked her why she had given up painting, as she had told me at Sandringham she had. "Too old, too old, but I am trying again," and she showed me what she was doing. Then after making her little dogs come out from under the table, and making one chase its tail, she said that she hoped that the dinner-party that evening would give me pleasure—and I left.

Then to Miss Knollys, who explained to me the very particular etiquette of the Danish Court dinners. Dinner 6.30. You must arrive 6.15. You must ask to be presented to all the ladies who are not Royalties. If the Crown Prince asks you to drink wine with him (which he did not) you must stand up. Back to the Embassy—cab to Palace—rather alarmed, as not only were the Crown Prince and Crown Princess to be there, but the King of Denmark, and Dowager Empress of Russia. The Equerry met me at the door, and told me I was to take in Miss Clarence, who is a companion to the Crown Prince's daughter, Thyra, and sit next to Mademoiselle Blume, a lady-in-waiting. I walked on through two rooms, and then someone said, "Will you not go in"; and in I went, and behold I was the first to arrive—very shy—big room.

Crown Prince surrounded by three sons and Crown Princess. I bowed my lowest, and the Crown Prince said he remembered me when I was here before with Mr. Gladstone (he mistook me for Lord Rosebery then) and gave me a very hearty welcome to Copenhagen—presented me to the Crown Princess, who is very tall, rather Puritanical, but easy to talk to. The Crown Prince talked about the Finsen light and of the interest Queen Alexandra took in it, and so on. The room quickly filled, and when full, in came our Queen, the Empress and the King. When Finsen came in Prince Charles came up to me and said, "Come along, I will be interpreter," and I had ten minutes' talk through him with Finsen—such an interesting man, very ill, keen, electric. He asked very anxiously about the success of the light in London. Seeing us talking, the Queen came up and said, "So you've met; is Mr. Holland talking Danish?" Finsen said "Yes," which was hardly the fact. Finsen understood some English.

Then the doors to the dining-room were thrown open. The King took in the Empress first, the Crown Prince our Queen, and we all followed. Fifty sat down to dinner. A mass of silver on the table, huge centre pieces. Eight glasses in front of every one, and a bottle of claret decanted. Thin clear soup, a fish entrée; then a whole salmon handed round for each person to carve for himself; then rolls of veal, also each person cut off what he wanted; then a chicken, cut up, handed round, a sweet omelette, small cheese cannon balls; horrible wines, to my taste, some very, very sweet, others bitter. Suddenly everybody got up, gave their arm to their lady, and walked out in the order they had come in. A very good band played in an adjoining room all dinner.

I was then presented to the Empress. The Empress told me she had introduced the Finsen light into Russia, and spoke very affectionately of our Queen, "So good, so kind, so loving."

Then the King came up, and I was presented to him by his Equerry—he talked of Gladstone, and of meeting him on the *Tantallon Castle*, and said how sorry he was his English was so bad. Miss Knollys came up to me and gave me two little packets of chocolate: "I stole these from the table for your children." We stood about in this magnificent room, lots of gold on the walls, scarlet damask, and white Aubusson carpet; and then Prince Charles presented me to his sister Thyra—a very nice girl—very simple and pretty. The eldest son, Prince Christian, has a very pretty wife. Being Easter-time, she had on a necklace of Easter eggs about the size of 6d. of all sorts of stones. The Empress was in black, with huge diamonds and pearls in her necklace and a tiara, small, of turquoises and diamonds. Our Queen was in grey, diamond necklace, and one large diamond in her hair. She looked the youngest in the room, and dashed about from person to person, laughing with every one. The etiquette is that when Royalty leave, everybody retires to their bedrooms—about 8 o'clock—and then *reassemble*, say " How-d'ye-do " again, and have a sort of high tea at nine! But as Royalty were all going to the play, they went off earlier. The Crown Prince was specially kind to me when saying good-bye.

Sidney Greville, Colonel Brocklehurst and I settled we would go to the play too, so we went off in Sir Edward Goschen's carriage, which he had kindly sent for me, but we could not find out what theatre Royalty had gone to. At last we did find out, and were shown into the Equerries' box, next to the Royal box, where they all were. As we none of us understood a word of the play, it was not very amusing. I felt a little moist about the nose, put my hand up, and found it was not only bleeding, but three great drops of blood all down my shirt-front! so I bolted—back to Embassy, not very easy to find. I had no money, and no cab will take you a yard unless you pay in advance! Bleeding soon stopped. I found the Goschens had just finished their dinner, and Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, who are attached to the Embassy here and staying in the house, dining too.

Talk, and bed twelve.

Tuesday, 14*th April*, 1903.

All the morning I had the tedious job of writing my name in the books of all the Royalties whom I met last night, and leaving cards on all their ladies and Equerries. I found eight cards, which just went round the ladies, and so I am glad to receive your packet of cards to-night. I would not be a diplomat for any salary. Fancy after every dinner having to leave cards on every one at it. This took till 11.30, and then I drove with Mrs. Carnegie to the Thorvaldsen Museum, which is very poor, and about the town. Lunch at one, and then Lady Goschen drove me to the Finsen Institute. At 2.30 our Queen, the Crown Prince, and the Empress arrived, and we spent one and a half hours there, all most interested, and everything to me very interesting. Finsen's personality is wonderful; he looks at the point of death, and is so, I believe, but his whole soul is in his work. He first discovered that anyone who had smallpox, if put in a room with red light got at once a lower temperature, and got through the illness without any danger, and with no horrible scars, and that the pustules did not suppurate. This started him searching as to what light would do for other illnesses. I saw a great improvement in his lamps on ours, and the Queen at once ordered eight of these additions to our lamps! All the doctors looked on me as a great swell, and as I knew about our lights, etc., they evidently thought I knew far more than I did, and in broken English explained to me what they hoped to do with the light. All the patients were spoken to—many English and American ones there. I saw one woman whom we had had a great deal of trouble with at "The London"—she prefers Denmark to London; it is so much cheaper. The Queen spoke to all the patients. Then Royalty were all photographed, and we left to see Finsen's Laboratory, where he makes his experiments. He gave me a pamphlet he had just written. "Is it in Danish?" said the Queen. "No, in German." "Then I will not have you give it. Give Mr. Holland a Danish copy—why should you write in German?"

I walked back with the Equerries, Sidney Greville and Colonel Brocklehurst—called on Miss Knollys. We were sitting and talking very happily at tea when a lady of importance was announced. "Such an awful bore," whispered Miss Knollys. In she came, and talked and talked about nothing but her "Good Works Shop" ten minutes on end. Miss Knollys looked at me in despair. I expressed to the lady an intense desire to see it. "Oh, *when* will you come?" said she. "Now," said I, "this very moment." "Will you?" "Certainly," and off we went. But I had an evil moment. When she was putting on her new eider-down cape, I walked across to Miss Knollys' writing-table and wrote this note, addressing it to myself:

"DEAR MR. HOLLAND,
"I bless you for your marvellous skill in relieving me of such a bore.
"Yours sincerely,
"C. KNOLLYS."

and left it open on her table, when, to my dismay, the lady walked across the room, and I trembled lest she should see the paper. I managed to get between her and the table and breathed again.

Off we went to her "Good Works Shop," very good, but no windows open, and the children looked happy, but pale.

Back to read and write. Dinner and bed.

Wednesday, 15*th April*, 1903 (12 *p.m.*).

Yesterday I bought a wooden church supposed to be a toy for children to put together. Hundreds of bits of wood which are difficult to fix together. Every spare moment that Sir Edward and Lady Goschen and all of us have had has been spent in putting up the church; we have spent hours over it, and to-night, amidst cheers, we finished it. Sir Edward stayed in the whole afternoon to work at it, but we had to pull down all he had done.

Nobody could have been kinder to me than the Goschens have been, or made me more welcome.

I was sent a special order to-day to go and see the Rosenberg Castle, which has all the Crown Jewels in and the most wonderful collection of articles of vertu—jewels, enamels, gold, silver, glass, and so on. This special permit I was told would enable me to see the jewels which the public are not allowed to see. Lady Goschen, the Carnegies, the Goschen's son (Eton boy) and I went off at eleven—blue serge, brown boots, and billycocks—and when we got there, up drove the Queen—we ought to have had top-hats, etc. She knew we did not know she was coming, so it did not matter, and as the Castle was cold, she insisted on our putting our hats on. Prince Waldemar was with her. It made it more interesting going with her as she was keen about the connection of the Danish Royal Families with the English, and made the Professor who met her explain these all to us. We were shown the silver font in which she was christened, and we all bowed low to it, which amused her.

The jewels were, of course, magnificent—necklaces of huge diamonds. The Queen told us that her mother—just dead—wore all that we saw. The two crowns were there—the one with open work used at the times when Knights were *elected* to signify that the crown was open to everybody; the other, since it has become hereditary, of closed work. We were two hours in this lovely old Palace; such tapestries—not the ugly stiff ones one sees in England, but beautifully drawn sea pictures. The Queen, before we left, told me that the King had asked me to dinner.

When we got back a messenger arrived. "Dinner at 6.30." All the afternoon till 4.30 was spent church building. Prince Charles (King Haakon of Norway) came in at three, got enthused by it, and stayed till 4.30. Tea with Miss Knollys.

At 6.20 I started for the Amalienborg Palace.

It is "jumpy" work shaving before one of these dinners. I could not help wondering what would happen if I were to gash myself badly, as every one must be there before Royalty arrive. I arrived at 6.25, and was told to take in Miss Oxholme, another of the late Queen's ladies, and to sit next to Miss Knollys—very nice for me. I found that Miss Knollys had told everybody about my saving her yesterday from the bore, and had shown the Queen the note I wrote. I hope it will not get round to the good lady herself.

The guests began to arrive—two splendid officers in very high "bearskins" and men with many orders. I was the only undecorated person. We stood about in a long, fine drawing-room—no furniture—and presently the doors were thrown open, and the King came in followed by the Empress and Queen Alexandra. We all stood in a line round two sides of the room, and by bad luck and accident, because every one seemed to stand anywhere, I was at the end of the line. The King, therefore, began with me, and I felt that I had been "pushing." He told me that he had heard how interested I had been at Finsen's Hospital, and asked if it was better than in England. I said, "Yes, sir, but now that I have seen it we will improve." Then, after a little more talk, he passed on speaking to every one, about fifteen guests. The Empress then came, and asked me with a smile if I had liked the "Good Works Shop." I saw by that smile that she knew something of what had happened. I told her it was very nice indeed, but that the bedrooms were too crowded, and no windows open; and she said she hoped I had told the lady—so I said I had—on she went. Very stiff, all this standing up and passing on from guest to guest.

Dinner was announced, and we went in by the door by which Royalty had entered. About twenty at dinner—white room, scarlet-clad servants, and sort of head butlers in dark uniforms. Much shorter dinner. Miss Oxholme, whom I took in, is a lady of about fifty, very charming indeed. She also seemed curiously interested in that visit to the "Good Works Shop," but I still never dreamed that Miss Knollys had told the whole story.

It was called a family dinner-party, Miss Knollys said. After the pudding I was talking to Miss Knollys, when I saw the Queen making a sign to her to stop talking, and then the King raised his glass to me, and I stood up and drank some hot stuff which nearly choked me, much laughter, and then we soon after all got up and marched out arm in arm—the ladies went to one side, the men to the other, and then the same stiff ceremony over again, the King, Empress and Queen coming round and speaking to all of us. She began at once about that unfortunate "Good Works Shop," and then said, laughing very much, "But how came you to go there?" I said, "A lady, whose name I cannot remember, took me." "Did she take you, or did you take her?" I said, "I cannot help thinking Miss Knollys has been telling tales." "Yes, she showed me a very charming letter she wrote to you!" (This was my letter you will remember which I had written to myself as if from Miss Knollys.) And she laughed very much. She told me how many people had called me Dr. Holland, and thought it a very good name. She talked of her wish to get the Indian Nursing Service amalgamated with the English, said that Lord Curzon was quite willing. Talking of Sir Edward Goschen, who has had bad neuralgia, she said she herself always took little strychnine pills for neuralgia, and I told her that if she would consult "Dr. Holland" he would forbid these pills. She asked me how long I could stay, and I replied that I intended to go to-morrow, back by Amsterdam. "You must stop till Friday and see the beautiful ballet (*Napoli*) here; there is lots more to see." I said I must get back, so she told me to write to you and ask permission to stay a day longer. I said "Yes." But I do not intend to, because I do not want to see a ballet particularly, and I feel I am rather planted on the Goschens, though they are so exceedingly kind and homely that if there were any very good reason I would stay. "Well, if you do go, good-bye; it was very good of you to give up time to come out here." Just typical of her kind way of looking at things.

Royalty left then, and we were all prepared, as is the custom, to go away till 9.30, and then meet again, the King, Queen, Empress and one other to play whist, the rest to play loo for low points. The King came back, and said, "No cards to-night, but the Queen says that if the Englishmen like to go to the theatre they can have her box."

I thought I ought to get back to the Goschens. Got back at 8.45 and came in for dessert.

Met a dear old Count Daneskiold there, who got very excited about the church-building, and did much mischief to it. When it was finished, we made him put on the final cross, and then I pretended—ventriloquizing—that he had shut someone inside. He *was* so pleased, and made me do it over and over again. I don't think he had ever heard any ventriloquism before. I am bringing one of these churches home.

Then bed and letter writing.

I have really enjoyed this trip very much, and chiefly so because every one has been so *very* kind to me.

Friday, 17*th April*, 1903.

I am glad the Queen *made* me stay after all. I have never anywhere seen anything so beautiful in its way than the ballet here. So different from our English Alhambra ballets. A perfect band, lovely music and really beautiful dancing—men and women together—all sorts of country dances. The girls all wore Norwegian dresses, the men were dressed as matadors. The Queen loves this ballet (*Napoli*) which she has seen since childhood, and I would come all the way here to see it again.

It has been such a perfect day, bright and frosty, and clear sun of course. I went in the morning with Froken Nelly von Rosen, a very charming lady, to see the Children's Hospital, of which her sister is head, and then with the Sister, too, to see the huge Commune Hospital, where every one goes, rich or poor. Both very good. The Matron's Sister is leaving, and I have persuaded her to lecture to Danish women on nursing, and to send them over to the London Hospital. I am taking one, Nurse La Cour, back, or rather she is to follow me. In the afternoon, I went with Countess Raven to visit a Nursing Home. So I think I have done my duty by hospitals. Then I took a cab, and drove out to the lighthouse. A very, very beautiful drive along the harbour. I did so wish you and the children had been with me. I could see across the sea to Sweden, boats of all sizes, from rowing, sailing, tugs to large men-of-war were in the water moving about, not a cloud in the sky, and the water dark blue till the sun set. Then back.

The Goschens kindly dined early for me to go to the play at eight. I did not get there till 8.30. The Queen had sent word that I was to go to the "Cavelliere" box, which means the gentlemen-in-waiting. I got there at 8.30 and found Greville and Brocklehurst there, and the King of Denmark and Queen Alexandra in their box adjoining—no partition between. Greville said I was to go to our Queen after one of the acts. Then we saw the first act in which perhaps the prettiest dancing took place, four men and four girls. I got a message to go to the Queen. She was alone in a large room. She asked me if I was sorry I had stayed, and I told her that I was delighted, and had never seen anything more charming. I thanked her sincerely for all her kindness, and then she produced a little gold Easter egg studded with diamonds and rubies, "Which you are always to wear as a remembrance of this Easter visit." Was it not kind of her to say—"I sent a ticket for your servant, but was told you had not got one—how do you do all your packing ? "

Then the King came in, and said again how pleased he was I had visited Denmark, and how glad he was I had agreed to take the Danish nurse—and then I said good-bye with a low bow, and went back.

CHAPTER XVIII

FAMILY MATTERS AND MY FATHER

AS I was fond of the country and thought that living there would be pleasanter and healthier than in a London house, I bought, in 1900, a piece of land at Kneesworth, a few miles from Royston, induced to go there because our greatest friends, Sam (so-called because his name is David) and Maud Bevan (the Hon. Dame Maud Bevan) now lived there, and I started, like many another man, to build the house of my hopes. But, like many another man, I discovered that building a house requires a bottomless purse and I soon found myself groping for money to complete it. Evidently something must go if the house was to arrive, so I decided to sell some of the china my great-uncle George Hibbert had left to me.

One of the partners of Christie's came to see me about fixing a reserve price, and after he had looked over the china, he said :

" If you want money, why do you not sell some of these tables ? " and he told me that they would be pretty sure to get £60 for each table. I jumped at the suggestion and agreed to sell some of the china and eight of the tables, putting a reserve of £60 on each of them—£480 in all. On the day of the sale my twin came with me and we sat down at the table in the middle of Christie's rooms. It was an exciting moment when the first table came up for sale and was knocked down at £100. The next one went for £250, and by that time we were more than excited. The last table was the best of the eight, a marble-topped table with three Sèvres plaques. The first bid was £150, then £200, £250, £300, £400, £500, £600, and slowly it crept up to £900. Arthur and I very nearly cheered. Duveen was the purchaser, and I went the next week and asked him to tell me what he was going to do with the table, and where he hoped to sell it. He said:

"I will show you what I am going to do with it," and he took me upstairs and there in a room with green paper and green carpet, standing all alone by itself in the centre of the room, was my beautiful little table.

Duveen said:

"If anybody sees it like that, I think they will give me more than £900 for it." I wonder what he did sell it for? I made £3,878 by the sale, which enabled us to add a foot in height to all the rooms at Kneesworth and to make some of them larger.

I "took possession" on August 19, 1902, and later in the year we went to Filey for our holiday and I made a very enjoyable trip over to Foston, where my great-grandfather, Sydney Smith, had been Rector. I saw the house he had built for himself: the study of which he was so proud: the staircase of which he spoke as such a good one, and his bedroom. I could identify the trees he had moved, the "Amen" field and the allotments. I am glad to see that at least a tablet has been put up in the church, commemorating his having been Rector there.

It is always interesting to see what one's forbears were like, and I was very pleased, after we had settled in at Kneesworth, to get a letter from a Mr. C—— telling me that he had found amongst a large collection of old pictures, which his father had a mania for collecting, two rather good ones, which, by some old writing at the back, he made out to be of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Holland, who he "thought were my great-great-grandparents." They had cost him nothing, as he had inherited them, and he would sell them for £40.

I had never seen my great-great-grandparents, but as there was the old writing identifying them and they were very nice pictures, I gladly bought them. My joy in rescuing the portraits of my respected forbears was a little discounted a year later, when, travelling up to London one day, I overheard a fellow-traveller telling another man how he had just recovered, from an old collection of pictures, a portrait of his great-grandfather, and how the undoubted genuineness of the portrait was established by some old writing at the back.

We compared notes. Same story! Same seller.

But my adopted great-great grandparents still smile on me, and if they bear no family likeness to any of us, well, that is only the fault of their too simple descendant. Since then I have met several people whom Mr. C—— has obliged with family portraits. His father must indeed have had a wonderful collection.

My father retired from political life in 1895. Age, inclination and modesty were all factors, but the dominant one was, I know, his loyalty to his beloved Chief which had, more than once, led him to offer to resign in favour of others. To add to anyone's difficulties was never my father's way, and he realized the special worries in Cabinet forming that the amalgamation of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist parties brought to the Prime Minister. This letter, then, from Lord Salisbury did not come unexpectedly:

"ARLINGTON STREET,
June 25*th*, 1895.

"MY DEAR KNUTSFORD,

"When we met the Liberal Unionist leaders, and they agreed to join us, we naturally had to ask them what offices they would wish to hold. Chamberlain replied, 'The Colonial Office' for himself. I am, therefore, obviously not in a position to ask you to resume the duties, for which you were so eminently fitted.

"The Queen is anxious—and I heartily concur in her wish—that you should accept some indication of the high value which she and your colleagues set upon your most valuable official work. Would you therefore accept her nomination to a Viscountcy? I am sure she would be glad that you should do so.

"Ever yours sincerely,
"SALISBURY."

My father accepted this and, in response to his letter of appreciation of the honour, he received this charming little personal note from Queen Victoria:

"The Queen thanks Lord Knutsford for his kind letter. It has given her great pleasure to mark her high sense of his public services, and she much regrets that he is not again one of her Ministers."

My mother died in 1906, and two years after her death my father wrote to me from Witley that Sir Frederic Eve had considered that an operation should be performed on the roof of his mouth. On the day of the operation I was, of course, present with my father until the surgeon arrived, and he laughed and chaffed with Nurse Suttie of the London Hospital most bravely. The way he faced it was a tremendous help to me, and I know now—from him and from many others—that there is nothing more helpful to others than the evidence of courage.

He got well and had no further illness of any gravity until he lost consciousness five days before his death in January 1914 when nearly ninety years of age. Only the week before when I dined with him he had said to me:

"I hope I shall not give a lot of trouble and have a long illness. I intend to pop off in my sleep." He slept into death on the Thursday following.

He had arranged everything—papers left in perfect order, memoranda for me to save me all possible trouble, his will drawn with admirable clearness. In his preparation for death, as right through his life, he considered others. He would never hear of any of us giving up our homes to live with him, though, between us we managed to be with him a good deal at Pinewood, where he lived so happily with his study and books, and the volume of Horace which was his constant companion on his walks.

It is very difficult to write of him as I would like to do. It would be far easier had we been less to each other than we were. I have always thought that my father's whole character showed in his face—one of the most beautiful I ever saw, with its large thoughtful and sympathetic eyes, its clear-cut features, and the complexion of a boy. He always kept the thin, spare, agile figure which won him the reputation of being the best-dressed man in the House of Commons, or the most "spruce," as one of the papers described him. It was most certainly the man who made the clothes in his case, for I knew how old they were and how nothing would make him take care of them. He looked his very best when he was skating, and I can see him now, the centre of a crowd on the Serpentine, skating figures with my uncle, Canon Frank Holland, who was also a fine skater though his greater height and a trick of dragging his leg made him less graceful. My father was President of the London Skating Club and the best skater of his day. The Club, which later on had a private rink in the Botanical Gardens grounds, then only had a place reserved for it on the Serpentine. People in those days only skated the large English figures round an orange, and it was marvellous to see the pace at which my father executed them and the accuracy of his returns to the centre, with never a sign as to how or when he got up his pace. Frock-coats and high-hats were *de rigueur* then—there were no Norfolk jackets and " pull-overs " and caps.

My father was a delightful companion at home. He was not witty or funny but he was so attractive, with such a merry smile and laugh, looked so charming and took chaff so well and returned it so brightly that every one loved him. He used to laugh so when he told us stories of his young days—of how he was one of those concerned in the great lock-out at Harrow when Wordsworth was head master; of how his figure and complexion won him the doubtful honour of being chosen by the boys to personate a girl, who, by advertisement, asked a certain tradesman, who was hated by the boys and who was known to be "walking out" with a girl, to meet her by Byron's tomb in Harrow Churchyard, and how the fellow was drawn and met "her" and was thrashed by the ambushed boys. He enjoyed telling most of all of how he once dressed up as a girl and got himself engaged by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Hibbert, as a house-maid.

Another story that we always enjoyed was of an occasion when he "walked out"—in girl's dress—with a number of the boys. Going round a corner they ran into one of the masters, who was horrified at what he saw:

"Go away, you abandoned woman," he gasped. My father fled like a hare and the "abandoned woman" was the only one of the crew who escaped punishment.

He was twice offered a County Court Judgeship, which with his diffidence in his own powers he would have accepted, but my grandfather persuaded him to refuse. Then he was offered the very interesting post of Legal Adviser to the Colonial Office, which fortunately for his future career he accepted.

He was a singularly modest man with too little trust in himself, and that is why he made no great impression in his political life. He succeeded in all the posts he held, but his success lay in getting the work done well and smoothly, in keeping the peace when quarrels seemed inevitable, and in sinking his own personality—a lovable trait but not one which makes a man shine out in the history of his country. As one of the officials said of him when he was Secretary of State for the Colonies:

"Lord Knutsford is always right. He leaves the office for a Cabinet Meeting determined to press for this or that, but he comes back without it." His successor, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, was the exact opposite in this.

A great friend of his was Richard Cross, afterwards Lord Cross, who had rowed in the Cambridge four against the Oxford boat which my father had "coxed" in 1846, and when they "went down" they shared lodgings in Torrington Square, then chambers together, and ended public life in the same Cabinet.

I saw this friendship tested on one occasion very severely. Cross, then an oldish man, was stopping with my father at Pinewood, and said: "Have you a cigar, Harry?" My father gave him one. Cross smoked three whiffs and pitched it into the fire. Not a word passed. My father never would spend money on himself, and much as he liked a good cigar, he smoked the worst ones I ever met.

He was, I am afraid, disappointed in me in many ways. He would have liked me to have been clever and certainly more hard-working, and his wish was for my success at the Bar or in politics. But ever after I left Cambridge he treated me as a brother as well as an eldest son and (I write this with proud pleasure and know it to be true) did lean on me and look for my help in the troubles that I can mention and in those I cannot.

He lived and died, I believe, without making a single enemy and just loved by all who knew him.

CHAPTER XIX

SOME LETTERS AND RECORDS

LOOKING through some old letters written by my father I have come across a few which may be interesting even after the lapse of many years. There are many others which I have put back as "not fit for publication"—not in the ordinary sense of that pronouncement, but because it is inexcusable to publish confidential matters.

Here is a letter from Lord Macaulay to my grandfather on the occasion of my father's engagement to his niece, Miss Trevelyan. Was it written, I wonder, at the big writing-table in the study at Holly Lodge, which is one of my earliest memories?

HOLLY LODGE,
August 3rd, 1858.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

One line to thank you for your note. I have already written to your son. I hope and believe that my dear child has judged well for her own happiness, and I try to rejoice. But though the event is gratifying in many lights, and though I have the highest opinion of your son, I cannot but feel sad. This is not on my own account, for I shall lose but little. But she has been so long the darling and light of the house, that I can hardly dare to think how much her father and sister, but above all her mother, have to suffer. But I will look on the bright side. Sooner or later the separation would have come, and it could not have come in a less painful manner. It is a pleasure to me too that the new connections whom this event gives me are dear old friends.

Ever yours,
MACAULAY.

In 1883 Lord Herschell or, as he then was, Sir Farrer Herschell, was offered the Speakership of the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone and consulted my father as to whether to accept or refuse. In the end he refused and sent this letter to my father.

November 17th, 1883.

I did not half thank you enough, my dear good friend, for your kindness in coming to my aid. I saw my way pretty clearly at last to decline the offer. And I now only realize by the relief which I experienced when I had made my decision how little I liked the idea of the prospect. I am afraid Mr. G. is terribly disappointed from what I have heard, but I believe I did the right thing.

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

FARRER HERSCHELL.

I forget the exact occasion to which this letter from Lord Rosebery refers, but there is a wise dignity in it that preserved it from destruction.

I am very much obliged by your letter. I am grateful for the approval of those who, like yourself, sit on the other side of the House. In Imperial matters at any rate it is impossible for me to be a party man, and I remember with disgust the hollow banging of tables over foreign policy when I was a boy. The difficulty of Government in England daily increases with the swollen territories and responsibilities of the Empire. It is surely then not too much to ask that we should limit our party broils to domestic affairs and keep our hands off the ark of imperial destiny and relations.

Here, too, is a characteristic letter from Lord Halsbury that is worth rescue from oblivion—it is a letter which I remember gave my father special pleasure not only to read but to re-read. The epitaph on Lord Salisbury is as fine a one as anyone could wish.

September 12th, 1903.

MY DEAR KNUTSFORD,

Your most kind letter was very gratifying. It found me however in bed with a wounded leg! It is nothing very serious, but in some pain and more awkwardness I was not in a condition to write a letter. This is my only reason for not having earlier replied to a letter which from such a friend, and so old a friend, deserved more prompt response. It is to me, my dear Knutsford, a great gratification, and one of which I am somewhat proud, to think how long, and how firmly, I have enjoyed your friendship: at the Bar; in the House of Commons; in the Ministry; and now as brother Peers. We have been constantly associated together, and one familiar bond of friendship *eadem sentire de republica* has never failed us. But I am not certain that I do not look back at the days of Holland and Giffard arguing together at the Bar of the House of Lords with a fonder memory than even the more conspicuous days of our careers. *Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni.* At all events, we have never lost a still surer ground of friendship, the personal esteem and regard for each other, which I hope and believe will continue to the end.

I have felt Salisbury's death very much. He was another friend much more than a colleague—generous and high minded. One was always sure that he tried to do right because it was right to do so.

God bless you and believe me,

Ever your affectionate friend,

HALSBURY.

Another letter from Lord Halsbury, written to my father on the occasion of his eighty-first birthday, is as happy as anything Cicero ever wrote on friendship. I have forgotten what Cicero said, but Lord Halsbury rings too truly to be forgotten.

MY DEAR OCTOGENARIAN,

It is indeed a great pleasure to me to reflect how long and how unbroken our friendship has been, and that it is unbroken and undiminished still. Looking to the old forum, and the Cabinet, and both Houses of Parliament we have had unusual opportunities of gauging each other, and each new phase of association has taught me better than before to prize your friendship, and to regard it with the affection and respect it so well deserves. The English people are not very good at flowery speeches to each other, but we know what we mean, and what real friendship means; and no man ever had a better or truer friend than you have always been to me, and I am most grateful, and am affectionately yours,

HALSBURY.

Out of a number of letters written to my father by Lord Salisbury when Prime Minister, I have only selected a few. The majority are of a very confidential nature and, as the present Lord Salisbury, to whose censorship I submitted them, writes to me in friendly warning:

"My father had such an opinion of your's that he spoke to him and wrote to him without feeling obliged to check his natural style, which was not conventional."

It is, I think, just this trait that gives special charm and interest to all these letters, and it is very clearly marked in those I have felt at liberty to print. It comes so refreshingly and shows a great man really "at home."

The first one is offering my father a choice between two public posts—a choice that fell on the Financial Secretaryship to the Treasury.

Private.

20, ARLINGTON STREET,
June 16*th*, 1885.

DEAR SIR HENRY,

Are you disposed to join in our administrative cruise? It may not last long, and the weather will be rough, and is most certainly not to be looked upon as a pleasure party. But it will be pleasanter and more profitable if you are with us.

There are two places either of which you would fill with great advantage to the party, if you were so disposed—Financial Secretary to the Treasury, or, if you thought that too hard work, there is the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, which is interesting, and the filling of which by a discreet man is of the highest necessity, as of late you must have yourself remarked.

I will say no more but only ask you to be favourable to us if you can.

Yours very truly,
SALISBURY.

The next is dated after my father had become Secretary of State for the Colonies and was wrestling with the usual difficulties of a new-comer to an office with patronage.

February 21*st*, 1887.

MY DEAR HOLLAND,

At Smith's suggestion I write to ask you not to pledge yourself about Governorships until you have had an opportunity of talking with him. There is a deal of Governatorial talent on the Treasury Bench which at present blushes unseen.

Yours very truly,
SALISBURY.

The next two stand as the "Before and After" of the first Colonial Conference. This I have already mentioned and have told of the protest, referred to in the second letter, made by the Australian delegates against the action of the French in the New Hebrides, and of the pressure put on our Government to hasten opposition to it.

April 18*th*, 1887.

Of course I shall be delighted to come to the Colonial Conference meeting. I will do my best also to keep my temper, but the *outrecuidance* of your Greater Britain is sometimes trying.

Yours very truly,
SALISBURY.

April 27*th*, 1887.

MY DEAR HOLLAND,

I told you that if I came I must speak the truth in love. It does seem to me that they are the most unreasonable people I ever heard or dreamt of. They want us to incur all the bloodshed, the dangers, and the stupendous cost of a war with France, of which almost the exclusive burden will fall upon us, for a group of islands which to us are as valueless as the South Pole, and to which they are only attached by a debating club sentiment.

Yours very truly,
SALISBURY.

In 1887 my father was much troubled with difficulties that arose in our West African Protectorates consequent on the action of filibustering Native Chiefs, and wrote to the Prime Minister expressing his doubts whether he could face another session like that of 1887.

To this Lord Salisbury replied :

October 12*th*, 1887.

My dear Holland,

Of course you had no other choice but to defend your black subjects. I wish you had fewer of them. They have a faculty for getting killed in the wrong place.

I am very sorry to hear you are so knocked up. Pray do nothing rash in the way of resigning. I have the strongest hope we shall be able to put a stop to this abominable system of torturing Cabinet Ministers next year, or at least lighten it very much.

Yours very truly,
Salisbury.

The next letter is an admirable example of the evils that men do living after them !

I wonder where the lobsters are now ?

By all means accept " X " to settle this grotesque lobster difficulty. To think that we should be still paying, in hopeless weary negotiation, the penalty of Bolingbroke's abortive intrigues a hundred and eighty years ago. Why have the fish not the good taste to frequent a warmer place ?

Salisbury.

Two short notes—breezily and happily expressed—form a good " match pair." The second deals with a most amazing and impudent request for a place.

May 13*th*, 1889.

My dear Knutsford,

Somebody has written to me to intercede on his behalf with you, but he has got so excited over his grievance that he has forgotten to sign his name. I leave my interesting but unknown correspondent with all confidence in your hands.

Yours very truly,
Salisbury.

July 1st, 1889.

My dear Knutsford,

You will quite understand the inward, though suppressed, exultation with which I send you a letter in which someone accuses you of having snubbed him. I have no doubt he deserved it.

Yours,
Salisbury.

In 1892 my father wrote expressing his sense of Lord Salisbury's kindness to him and his pleasure in having served under him. The reply he received was, I think, as characteristic as it was charming. The West American reference is to the Behrings Sea Fishery questions.

Châlet Cecil,
Puys.
August 24th, 1892.

My dear Knutsford,

Many thanks for your very kind letter. The thanks should have come from me—for we should certainly have come to grief in Africa and W. America if the Colonial Office had been in less experienced and judicious hands. What a blessing it is to have no boxes arriving of an evening. I suppose one will miss it some day—at least my friends tell me so, but at present it is a delicious change.

Yours very truly,
Salisbury.

The next letter deals with a proposal from Lord Carnarvon that a peerage should be given to "X" if he agreed to resign the Governorship he held. My father declined to be a party to this but passed on the proposal to the Prime Minister, whose answer was as brief as it was pointed.

My dear Knutsford,

Quite inpossible to make such a bargain. We had better hang up a tariff of prices at the Heralds College, as they do in the bedrooms of an hotel.

Ever yours truly,
Salisbury.

Another application for an honour was evidently better deserved but I forget whether the subject lived long enough to see the waiting-list worked off.

> As to the C.B. I will get it for . . . when I have cleared away a lot of other promises. But C.B.'s won't die. I think of advertising the Order as a prophylactic against influenza.
>
> SALISBURY.

The Salisbury letters end with an exchange of memories between two old friends.

HATFIELD HOUSE,
July 18*th*, 1902.

MY DEAR KNUTSFORD,

Very many thanks for your great kindness and for the unfailing loyalty of many years.

We little thought when I invited you to take the Colonies in 1887 what a volcanic crater I was inviting you to enter with me. I cannot recall that conjunction of affairs without remembering what Lord Oxford said to Lord Bath when they met for the first time in the House of Lords. "My lord, here we are, the two most 'insignificant' fellows in Her Majesty's Dominions."

But "significance" has its drawbacks.

Ever yours most truly,
SALISBURY.

My father had also kept among his papers some private letters written by him to my mother from Balmoral, on the occasion of his first and subsequent attendances on Queen Victoria as Secretary of State for the Colonies. As I have found them full of interest, others may do the same, especially in view of the very personal and intimate touches with which they are full.

BALMORAL CASTLE,
November 5*th*, 1888.

We went to Chapel here in the Castle, which is only a room fitted up with a pulpit; no altar; no organ; but a few photographs on the walls of some religious subjects, and a stained window. The Queen has a little table to herself, and sits in front of our benches with Royalties on either side of her. Yesterday, the Royalties were Princess Beatrice, and a sweet little girl, daughter of the Duchess of Albany. No singing; prayer by the clergyman—we all standing up. Lessons read from Old and New Testaments—not the lessons of the day, but selected by the Minister, and then a discourse. The pouches (from Colonial Office) had arrived by the time I got back, so I set to work.

At dinner last night there was no outsider, so I sat next to the Queen. She was very gracious and pleasant but naturally she expects the Minister in attendance to do the most of the talking.

The most amusing incident happened after dinner. As the Queen was going out of the room she stepped upon something on the floor close to the table. It turned out to be a petticoat extender, commonly known, I believe, as a "bustle." Every lady disclaimed proprietorship in it. Bigge very promptly said it did not belong to him. I said I thought it looked like Sir Henry Ponsonby's. The Queen was in fits of laughter; indeed we all were. We had just passed into the other room, when the head butler with great solemnity came in, and informed us that the "property" belonged to the Duchess (Roxburgh, I believe). Renewed laughter. It really was a most comical adventure.

At dinner the conversation turned upon publication of private letters in biographies. Deep regret was expressed by the Queen at the publication, without any revision or authority, of the late Emperor Frederick's diaries. They had been lent to Dr. G. by the Crown Prince, and Dr. G. had, very improperly, made copies of them. That was bad enough, and unfair to the Crown Prince, but it was monstrous to publish these hastily jotted down minutes without revision. "The mischief done," said the Queen, "has been very great."

November 9th, 1888.

Yesterday we drove to Braemar by Invercauld, changed horses there, and posted by Mar Lodge to Colonel Duff's cottage, where we had luncheon. Then we walked up a glen about one and a half miles to the "Colonel's Bed," a most striking ravine, where the stream has made a deep pass through curiously striated rock. On one slab of the rock—the bed—Colonel Farquharson took refuge in '45. We started at 12.15 and did not get back till 5.30; and three hours or more of that time was taken up in driving. This was, I consider, a feat for me. All the gentlemen had stood for one and a half hours, and I was leaning on the back of a chair, as I was very tired. The Queen very graciously crossed over and ordered me to sit down by her. It certainly was a very kind and thoughtful act.

September 9th, 1889.

Yesterday at dinner, for the first time, I did not sit next Princess Beatrice, who must by this time be heartily sick of me, but, to my great pleasure, I was next Princess Alice of Hesse. She is so pretty, so charming, that it is a real pleasure to look at her; and she is agreeable and cheerful to talk to. Her maid of honour, Countess Fabrice, is also very pleasant. Sir H. Ponsonby is a host in himself—never out of sorts, full of fun, and most kind and considerate.

Balmoral,
1891.

Major Collins, Miss Hughes, Miss Ethel Cadogan got up a play to amuse the Queen. She took keen interest in it and attended all the rehearsals. At the first rehearsal Major Dennehy, one of the actors, slipped up accidentally as he came on to the stage and fell full length, upsetting a table and chairs. At the second rehearsal I was sitting just behind the Queen. Major Dennehy entered quickly and began his part. The Queen was evidently surprised and disappointed. She turned to me and said: "Oh, Lord Knutsford, why have they made this change. It was so much more amusing yesterday, as he fell down and upset things."

I think, too, that the following miscellaneous notes of events in which my father had a share are of sufficient interest, even to-day, to be recorded.

I

In 1848 Mr. W. Smith O'Brien, Meagher and others, were tried at Clonmell for high treason by a Special Court of three Judges (Doherty, Blackburn and Moore).

C. J. Doherty, whom I had met at Lord Wensleydale's, kindly appointed me his Marshal, so that I was present all through the trials.

Mr. Smith O'Brien was tried first. The prisoners had no idea how the Government got their information of all their most secret meetings and plots.

After some unimportant witnesses had given their evidence, a rather common-looking man stepped into the witness's chair. A sudden howl rang through the crowded Court—imprecations were shouted out against the witness, and a dash made to get at him, which was of course checked by the police who were massed round the table on which the witness's chair was placed.

The informer was one of their most trusted confederates—one of their leading men—though all the time a spy of the Government. (He was shipped off to Canada under an assumed name after the trial.)

It was some time before quiet could be restored in the Court.

At the close of the trial O'Brien was convicted, and the then barbarous sentence of hanging and quartering was solemnly pronounced by the Chief Justice.

It was a very hot afternoon; the Court and passages were crowded, and the windows of the Court were all open. When the last words of the sentence were uttered, the Irish wail—so wild and pathetic—was raised in Court, taken up through the passages, and we could hear it, through the open windows, carried along the street. The effect was most striking and touching.

II

I saw a great deal of Parnell at one time (1875) when we were both new Members of Parliament. I dined very often down at the House, as did he, and after dinner we met and smoked in Cove's room, where members hung up their hats and coats. Though so reserved a man, he used to speak his mind more freely on these occasions. He never concealed his contempt for the moderate Home Rule policy and action of Mr. Butt. In the strongest terms he expressed his determination to create a new and more advanced party, and by obstruction or otherwise to make that party a power to be reckoned with in the House; and he freely expressed his abhorrence of English policy towards Ireland.

Biggar was, I think, the only man he really trusted—perhaps because Biggar hated the English as much as he did, or more, but mainly because he was "straight." When Parnell disappeared, as was his wont, for weeks together from the House, no one but Biggar knew his address.

It is well known how superstitious Parnell was; it is perhaps not so well known that he had a strong tinge of romance in his character. This is shown by the following story which I heard from a Home Office authority.

When Parnell was carrying on with Mrs. O'Shea, she was living at one time in a house surrounded by a walled garden. In the wall was a private door, of which Parnell had the key, but—as was observed by the police—he never, or very rarely, used the key, but climbed over the wall, thus giving an air of romance to his love.

I well remember the impression made upon me by seeing at the station on October 6, 1891, the placard announcing the deaths of W. H. Smith and Parnell. They died the same day, October 6, 1891.

III

In 1879 Sir Charles Dilke moved, with reference to the war in Zululand, and Sir Charles Bartle Frere, "That the House regrets that after the censure passed upon the High Commissioner by H.M.'s Government, the conduct of affairs in S. Africa should be retained in his hands." I entertained so strong a conviction that Sir Bartle Frere had by his conduct forced this war upon us, and that he had also grievously erred in not having obtained the previous consent of the Government, that I felt bound to speak in support of the motion against the Government. Mr. W. H. Smith and others had begged me not to do so, and at an evening party at Lord Salisbury's shortly before the debate, Lady Salisbury, as I went in, asked me if I was still determined to speak. I replied in the affirmative; and she then asked me to see Lord Salisbury, who was in another room. I went at once to him, and expressed my regret at feeling compelled to speak, and vote, against the Government, and very briefly explained my reasons. He said: "You are convinced that it is your duty to state your views in the House, and to support the motion?" "I am." "Then," said he, "I advise you to do your duty, and may I add, for your private information, that I concur largely in your view of the action of Sir B. Frere." As I went out, I told Lady Salisbury what had passed, and she laughed, and said, "So like Robert."

IV

Lord Cranbrook had, as I believe Lord Granville had, the happy knack of being able, when differences of opinion were held upon any measure by members of the Cabinet, to suggest some compromise which would be more or less satisfactory to both sides; and which, when accepted, would terminate the contest. I always sat next to him in the Cabinet, and observed how, after the debate had gone on for some time, he would take a piece of paper and jot down some words. He would then push the paper before Lord Salisbury, who sat on the other side of him. Lord Salisbury would then sum up the debate and say:

"Cranbrook has suggested so-and-so, and I think we might well accept this solution of the difficulty." The suggestion was invariably accepted with perhaps some slight alteration. This happened over and over again.

V

When Secretary of State in 1889 I offered to one of the Agent-Generals, a most excellent man, a K.C.M.G. He accepted, and I sent in his name to the Queen, who approved of his name being inserted in the Birthday List. But a few days afterwards I was obliged to write to Sir Henry Ponsonby a letter of which the following are extracts:

"'How absurd.—V.R.'

"DEAR SIR HENRY,

"Mr. X has written to me that it was with pleasure and pride that he received confidentially the news of my intention to submit to Her Majesty his name for that honour which was enjoyed by all the other Agents-General, but that he finds that his wife has the most decided feeling against becoming Lady X. The feeling is so strong that he finds he cannot accept the honour without 'giving pain where it is my primary duty to avert it.' When I submitted his name to the Queen I did not reckon, and had no cause to reckon, on the wife objecting. *Rara avis* should be her special motto for the future."

To this I received a reply from Sir H. Ponsonby.

"DEAR LORD KNUTSFORD,

"I sent in your letter to the Queen. I found it on my return last night with a brief remark."

The "brief remark" is "How absurd," signed by the Queen at the top of the letter.

VI

When a bishop has been consecrated, he has to go through another ceremony before he can exercise temporal powers—e.g. nominating to a living, etc. The ceremony is striking, and is as follows. The bishop comes in and kneels down before the Queen, who is seated. An open Bible is placed upon the knees of the Queen and the bishop places his hands folded upon the Bible. The Queen places her hands over the hands of the bishop, and then the Secretary of State for the Home Office, standing up by the side of the Queen, reads out an oath, which the bishop repeats.

When Westcott was made Bishop of Durham, H. Matthew (now Lord Llandarff) was Home Secretary, and being a Roman Catholic he could not act, and I was called upon to do so.

I went down to Windsor with the Bishop and Canon Furse. When in the train I asked Canon Furse to let me see the wording of the oath. He had not got it, as he understood that the Secretary of State would bring it. We were in consternation, for the Bishop had to appoint to two livings the next day. When we got to Windsor I telegraphed to Hamilton (my private secretary) to telegraph to me the words of the oath in full, as there was no time to send down the actual oath, which should have been sent in a box to the Colonial Office, before the time fixed for the ceremony. In the meantime, we searched in vain in the library and at the Dean of Windsor's house for a copy of the oath.

The time for the ceremony drew nearer and nearer, and no telegram arrived. We all stood in the gallery outside the Queen's room in despair—not lessened by the knowledge how much the Queen was put out by anything going wrong on these occasions.

Five minutes before we were summoned to go in, the telegram arrived. There was not time to copy it out before we were summoned. The Bishop knelt down, placed his hands on the open Bible, and the Queen placed her hands on his. I stood as far back as I could, and read the oath off the telegram form, which consisted of four sheets as the oath is a fairly long one.

After the ceremony was over, and the Bishop had left the room, the Queen turned to me, and expressed her surprise at my reading out the oath from a telegram form, which certainly was an unprecedented, not to say disrespectful, way of administering the oath. She was pleased, however, to receive my explanation very good-humouredly.

This can never happen again as a copy of the oath is now kept with the Bible.

CHAPTER XX

SANDRINGHAM, 1909

MY second visit to Sandringham was in 1909, and since my first visit the Prince and Princess of Wales had become King and Queen.

As on the previous occasion, I wrote my recollections *for my family only*, and I am reproducing some of them exactly as I wrote them at the time.

On October 27, 1909, I received a letter from Sir Dighton Probyn: "I am commanded by the King and Queen to invite you to pay Their Majesties a visit at Sandringham from Monday, 29th, for the week." I replied that I had great pleasure in accepting Their Majesties' most kind and gracious command, and I heard no more till November 27th, when I received a letter from Sir Dighton telling me to come by the 2.40 from St. Pancras, when the other guests would be coming, and adding, just like his kind self, "I am glad that you are among the guests."

I got to St. Pancras at 2.40 and found my reserved seat in a compartment with a Mr. Webber, who is a friend of the Queen's. He was helpful to me as he told me the procedure about giving presents to the Queen on her birthday, which is on December 1st, and that some guests gave very valuable presents. This made my humble offering look rather small. I had brought with me a very good photograph of the statue we put up at the hospital to the Queen, a brass model of Marie Antoinette's hand, two ivory Japanese figures, and a Japanese bowl, and I intended to ask Miss Knollys which she thought the Queen would like.

At St. Pancras I met several of the guests. We arrived at Wolferton at 5.48, and there we found three carriages, white horses, for the ladies, and a large bus, white horses, rubber tyres, for the men—Lords Ripon, Howe, Wolverton, Mr. Webber and myself. On arrival at Sandringham the door was opened by several huge footmen covered with medals, and after taking our coats off we were shown into the large saloon. The Queen came forward at once and shook hands. She said to me:

"I am so glad to welcome you here again, come and have some tea."

I did not do so because the King came up at once—dressed in blue serge with a "Guards" tie on—and talked to me about the London Hospital. The King sat down, cross-legged, on a sort of saddle-shaped stool, and made one feel at ease at once.

Colonel Streatfeild (now Colonel Sir Henry Streatfeild), the Equerry, an old friend, came up to me and said I was to shoot to-morrow, 10.15, Sandringham time, which is half an hour in front of Greenwich time. I was awfully pleased at this, as the shooting is very good. The men discussed the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Budget, all in favour of doing so on the ground that it was unfair to tack on to a money bill these questions of land valuation and licensing. They then discussed whether the King's Household could vote, and it was understood that the King's wish was that none of the Household should vote. This, Lord Howe, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, regretted, as his grandfather had been in the same position as himself, and had resigned his Court appointment to vote. The other Peers present, Mar and Kellie, Wolverton and Derby, were all going up to vote on Tuesday.

Then I went up to dress and found myself in the same room which I had nine years ago; many pictures on the wall, one of an attempted assassination of George IV; another of an angel warning the representative deities of all nations, Germans standing in front, against the Yellow Demon (China)—"To my dear Uncle Bertie from W." (the Kaiser).

Dinner at 8.45. "Trousers, not breeches," and "all orders to be worn." I got down at 8.40 and met Streatfeild, who showed us a plan of the table, twenty-nine at dinner, telling us where to sit.

Those present were:

Lord and Lady Ripon, Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Howe, Lord and Lady Wolverton, Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, Lord Derby, Mr. Webber, Marquis de Soveral, Lord Knollys, Miss Knollys, Sir D. Probyn, Sir A. Davidson, Colonel Streatfeild, Lord and Lady Salisbury. I cannot remember the rest.

We all stood in the drawing-room, and at 8.45 punctually the door was thrown open, and in came the King and Queen and Princess Victoria. They passed in front of us all, and the Queen, as she passed me, smiled and pointed at my Danish Dannebrog Order, which she is pleased to see anyone wearing. The King took in Lady Salisbury, and went in first, the Queen following, taken in by Lord Salisbury or Soveral, I forget which, and then we all followed. I sat between Miss Knollys and Streatfeild. The King and Queen sat opposite, in the middle of the long table, and not at the ends. The table was beautifully decorated with autumn-coloured grape leaves. The Queen likes high decorations, so they went half-way up to the ceiling in great arches, with bunches of grapes hanging down. An excellent dinner, commencing with caviare—a hot sort of buttered toast being handed round first, and then the caviare. Down each side of the table were slip tablecloths which the servants pulled off at the end of dinner, taking with them the crumbs, a better plan than scooping the crumbs off. Then before dessert a piper came in and walked twice round the table. The ladies got up and left, and we all remained where we were sitting for coffee and cigarettes. The King soon got up, and we joined the ladies in the drawing-room. The Queen came up to me and talked about every sort of thing. She had on a very lovely necklace of turquoise and diamonds and brooches to match. No rings, except her wedding-ring. I picked up a lovely water-colour and asked her if she had painted it ? She said :

"No, but I do paint," and showed me a screen with some very pretty water-colours on which she had done. She talked about the band which had played during dinner, quite lovely music, and said it was Austrian, and that to-morrow we were to have a Russian band. She told me how immensely she had enjoyed her stay at her villa near Copenhagen. I asked her where her maid slept, as I had seen the villa and I knew that the maid had a very, very small room fitted up like a cabin on board ship. She laughed very much, and said her maid liked her cabin and her porthole window. She said that she was very angry with me for not coming out to see the villa when she had asked me to do so this year. Then we scattered about to play cards, and after looking at some books and talking to Sir Dighton, I went into the saloon and sat down by Lady Ripon and the Queen, who were playing a very simple patience. Everybody smoked, the Queen included. I taught them grab patience, and Prince Francis of Teck joined in, and we had great laughter over it. Then the King came in, and everybody got up and talked. A telegram arrived, and the King called up Salisbury and talked to him about it. It contained news of Archie Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's son, who had been seriously injured in a motor accident, and had been operated on ; the report was good. The King asked me what operation I thought was likely to have been necessary as the result of his being pinned down by the motor. I said I thought it might be a fractured pelvis, with a bone likely to injure him internally.

The King then talked of his Hospital Fund and asked me what could be done to check the expenses of hospitals. I told him nothing, and that the expenditure was needed, but that new hospitals ought not to be allowed to be started. He agreed.

I have sent all my presents to Miss Knollys' room, and to-morrow she will tell me which she thinks the Queen will like best. Then the King said " Good-night." We all bowed and adjourned to the billiard-room, and then bed 12.30.

As we went up to bed Streatfeild told me I had got my order on wrong. The white tie should come above and over the ribbon, and not under it, as I had it. Nice of him, and nicely done, but he was wrong all the same, because the King of Denmark specially " pulled up " Brocklehurst (Colonel J. F. Brocklehurst, afterwards Lord Ranksborough) for so wearing the Dannebrog Order, and asked him :

" Are you ashamed of your ribbon that you wear the tie over it ? "

30*th November.*

A perfect day. I got down to breakfast punctual. The big dining-room table is removed, and round tables take its place for breakfast. None of the ladies were down, and I had breakfast with Streatfeild, Ripon and Howe. At ten I went up to Miss Knollys' room to see which present she thought best for the Queen. She decided strongly in favour of the photo of the statue, which is really very pretty, and the Marie Antoinette hand in brass. Then she showed me her rooms, and her bathroom, a present from Sir Dighton Probyn. It is " papered " with mirrors—I never realized before how long my nose is, nor how bald I am, and I told her I could not stay in the room any longer or I might find other defects. This was repeated, and I have been a good deal chaffed about it. The Queen asked me why I did not like a glass bath-room ?

At 10.45 sharp, three motors, shut ones, drove up, and the Prince of Wales (now H.M. George V) arrived in his. He got out, shook hands, and as the ground was hard and slippery he talked about the foothold he had had at some shoot, which was bad. He is very particular about having a good foothold, and rightly so. Then all into the motors, and we drove through most lovely country—large fir-trees, bracken, and at last over a heather moor just like Scotland. The roads are wide and broad, beautiful turf on each side. We arrived at the meeting-place, where Sir William Ffolkes met us, and a whole army of beaters and loaders. Quite 100 beaters all dressed in dark blue smocks, black soft felt hats with a blue and red ribbon, and their number on left breast. The keepers have billycock hats, gold lace band, green cloth coats and corduroy trousers and gaiters. We had a longish walk to the first covert.

I was "awfully" anxious to shoot well, and rather nervous with men like the Prince of Wales and Ripon, the best shots in England. I was sent back with the beaters at the first covert, a small one, and missed two coveys of partridges and three pheasants, all easy shots, and felt pretty miserable! But no one saw this luckily. Then we went into a covert of 120 acres, and there we remained all day, shooting it twice over. The first stand I again went back with the beaters, and concluded that this would be my fate all day. I got very little, but the shooting at the final corner of that beat was enormous. The position of the guns at each stand is all arranged overnight, and written out in ink. At the next stand I was put forward. As I was going to it I met the King, who had just come out. He was dressed in a thick brown suit, Tyrolese hat, and wonderful stockings with stripes on them. Every one in passing just takes off their hat. He asked me if I had had any shooting, and, of course, I said "Yes," and then he added:

"We are going to have a big day." And indeed we did.

At the next stand, where I was forward, Ripon came up and rather markedly, I thought, took his stand behind me, selecting me obviously as the man likely to miss most. The head keeper came up, and with a wicked smile said :

"Leave some for his lordship, the King said he felt sure you would not mind his standing behind you." I told him that I should shoot all I could, and leave the rest to Ripon.

The birds came over in tremendous numbers. I was in the best position and killed over 100. I could not shoot the birds in front as they were only a few yards high, so had to wait till they got over me, when they were fairly well up, right and left—and I shot well, rather to Ripon's disgust, who said afterwards :

"You might have killed more in front."

The next stand I stood back and got twenty-nine high ones going back. I missed only two, and as the keeper of the beat was beside me, I was pleased. Sorry to write what may seem conceited, but I want to put down just what happened. Then we left the wood, and went to a large tent for luncheon, the Royal Standard flying. All the ladies and the Queen had come out. The Queen of Norway and the Princess of Wales were there. I had got it into my stupid head that it was December 1st, and therefore the Queen's birthday, so I bowed low when she said "Good morning," and wished her "Many happy returns of the day," which seemed to surprise her, and, I learned afterwards, rather amazed those who heard me !

We all filed into the tent. The King sat down in the middle of the long table. The Queen opposite. Streatfeild came up to me and said :

"You are to sit next to the Queen," luckily on her right, and therefore on my good side. I congratulated her on having so fine a day for her birthday ! and I was confirmed in my mistake by hearing Howe on the other side of her say :

"What a splendid array of *presents*." He did say "pheasants," but my deafness made me mistake the word.

I was rather surprised that she made no allusion to her presents, and so I dropped, luckily, any more allusions to the auspicious occasion!

She asked a lot about Lucy's stalking, which Miss Knollys had told her of, and asked if she smoked. I said "No," and so she asked the King, who was sitting opposite, if he approved of girls stalking or smoking. The King said they might smoke, but not shoot. She lighted her cigarette after luncheon with a very pretty little flint steel contrivance, and when I admired it, said:

"I will give you one." I hope she will.

Luncheon took long. Then came the inevitable photographer, but with no grouping. He took us as we came out of the tent. Then off we walked to the next covert. The King came up to me and said:

"I want you to look at my game-cart. It holds 2,000 head of game and cartridges." And then he went on to tell me about poor "Monty" Guest's death when out shooting a short time ago. He had been talking to him a few seconds before he fell dead. The King evidently feels it very much.

The next stand I was put in a good place next to the Prince of Wales. I was "precious" careful not to shoot any birds going to him, and I killed forty-five birds all pretty high, and a woodcock. The dear old head keeper, Jackson, came up to me and said:

"I hope you are enjoying your shoot." He was very pleased, as it was a record bag. Then I saw him go up and take the Prince of Wales' arm. He had evidently known him all his life, and the Prince of Wales is evidently fond of him. At the next two stands I had very little shooting. The King went home before them. Then the motors took us back. We all changed into "dittoes" for tea, the ladies very smart in tea-gowns. The Queen in white. Miss Knollys in a tea-gown covered with beautiful lace. After tea the ladies all worked at picture puzzles. Webber played the piano, and I went into the library and read the papers. The King came in and talked about a certain hospital, and said that he was very much obliged for the advice which I had given to Lord Knollys, and which had coincided with advice he had had from Dr. Dawson (now Lord Dawson of Penn) that it was not a hospital he should visit just yet, till certain changes had been made.

During the shoot I met the head detective, Stephens, whom I had often seen when the Queen has visited the London Hospital.

" We meet in many different atmospheres," he was good enough to say. He told me that he was with the King always, and had always to be on the look-out, not against criminals, but against lunatics.

" The public don't know it," he said, " but every year we have thirty or forty lunatics to deal with who try and get to the King to present petitions or to speak to him. At this moment," he added, " there is an old man of eighty at Wolferton Station with a box full of letters he insists on showing to the King. They have tried to pacify the old man, but in vain, so he is shadowed always."

Dinner at twenty minutes to nine, Sandringham time. I took in Lady Ripon.

After the ladies had left, the King asked me if my father still skated beautifully, and said he remembered him as the best skater he had ever seen. Then a telegram was brought in:

" Weather for to-morrow," said the King. He received, every day at dinner, a prophecy from the Weather Department about the weather, which he said was generally correct. I told him a story about a muddle in one of these telegrams, which amused him very much, and he laughed loud and long. It was a muddle caused by the mixing up of two telegrams, one about a visit of Sir Douglas Powell, M.D., to the late Lord Salisbury, who was ill, and the other about the weather, and ran thus : " Sir D. Powell visited Lord Salisbury to-day, easterly winds and squally. Passed a good night, some sleet and snow."

Just before I went to bed, I was told that I was to shoot to-morrow.

Luckily I brought my guns. I was not told to do so. I brought 700 cartridges, which have nearly all gone, so I have wired to Lynn for some more.

Bed 1.30, Sandringham time.

The bag was 2,600 pheasants.

December 1*st.*

This has been a busy day here. Breakfast was at nine. I did not get down till 9.30 and then was the first. Only a few of us were to shoot. Howe, Ripon, Prince Francis, old Mr. Sassoon, and Lord Henry Vane Tempest. We were to start at eleven. The ladies came down to breakfast about ten, and at 10.45 the Queen appeared.

Every one wished her "Many happy returns," several bending low and kissing her hand. Then we all went into the small drawing-room to see her presents which had been arranged overnight. I never saw anything like them, over 100, and some most beautiful things. The Queen likes most agate animals, of which she has a magnificent collection in two large glass cabinets in the drawing-room, which every evening are lit up by electricity. There is a Russian in Dover Street who makes them, and a man in Paris makes flowers of the same stone. Some are cut out of jade. The King had given her an agate figure of a Chelsea Pensioner. The Prince of Wales a turkey with ruby eyes and a model of her favourite spaniel. Alfred Rothschild a lovely lace parasol, the stick made of what looked like amber, the handle and other end studded with diamonds and rubies, and each rib ending in a pearl. The Household all combine, and they gave her two splendidly bound albums with all the cuttings from the newspaper of interest to her and the King during the last year. They combine also on the King's birthday and give him something they know will please him, such as the last present, the wrought iron gates to the Park. The birthday cake was a huge erection, in about six tiers, with bowls of water containing small goldfish between each tier.

Most of the presents were perfectly lovely. There were quite forty different agate animals, monkeys, penguins, dogs, birds, chinchillas, all exquisitely modelled by this Russian, and all made to order. A lady from Paris had sent a large hammered copper jar about 3 feet high, full of boxes of chocolates. The Sassoons gave her a little bag fitted up with gold fittings and a gold watch in it. What she will do with it, goodness only knows. Somebody gave her George IV's watch, enamel back, set with diamonds. The Salisburys an old English red lacquer grandfather clock. There were jewelled paper weights, jewelled electric bells. Lord Rosebery gave an old clock with a lovely Battersea enamel plaque; paper cutters, magnifying glasses, splendidly bound books—in short, there were all the Bond Street jewellers and Asprey combined on those tables. Three very large boxes of marvellous orchids from Colonel Holford, flowers from the Riviera, and amongst all these marvellous gifts, my little Marie Antoinette's hand looked, as you may imagine, priceless! On an easel was the photo of the statue of her at the London Hospital, which she was pleased to say she liked to have. She was very excited about her presents. What pleased her most, I think, was Howe's present of a little hippopotamus made of silver by this Russian, perfectly modelled, and when wound up, it walked by means of little clockwork wheels in the legs, and wagged its tail!

"I know what will happen to that," said Ripon. "I gave a bird last year which, when you pressed a spring, jumped out of its box and sang, and, by the evening, neither box would open nor bird sing."

Little Prince Olaf (son of the King and Queen of Norway) was there, a charming lad. He salutes everybody who says "Howdy-do" to him. The Prince of Wales' children were all there, romping about and eating the chocolates.

Then the motors came up and the Prince of Wales told me to get into his, and off we went. The King went in the first motor. A cloudy, cold, dreary day. We met the beaters, or rather the keepers, with ponies for every one to ride. But only the King and the Prince of Wales mounted. The King's pony is a splendid thick built chestnut, walks very fast and lifts its feet well. The Prince of Wales' is a chestnut, spotted white, like a circus horse. As we drove to the shoot, the Prince of Wales said he hoped we should not kill many partridges as there were so few left.

We took up our stands behind a high hedge, I on the left, the King on the extreme right. I did not fire at two coveys which came over me, but could not resist a high partridge—a Frenchman, coming fast down wind, which I got. Walking to the next drive, the King riding, there was a good deal of chaff about how many partridges each gun had killed. Ripon said he could have killed eight, and only killed four. Then we walked to a perfect stand for partridges, where the Prince of Wales told me he had once seen 620 birds killed. An oblong field has been enclosed, low shrubs planted on two sides of it, and privet hedge butts planted in the middle. The field is rough grass. A good many pheasants came over, the Prince of Wales, who was next to me, was shooting very well and hardly missed. Then the rain came down in torrents, and the King went off to the luncheon tent while we went to shoot a small covert. Bitterly cold and only a few birds. The head keeper said that he was very disappointed with the weather as he had arranged a very good shoot for the afternoon.

The Queen and ladies had arrived by the time we got to the tent. Luncheon took an hour, and then four carriages with white horses drove up and took home all those who did not want to walk, chiefly the men, the ladies walked.

When I had changed I went down and helped Colonel

Brocklehurst make a list of the presents. He, Sir Arthur Davidson, and Streatfeild had been up to their eyes in work all day. The Queen had sent down 150 telegrams to be sent off, and every moment telegrams kept arriving from all the different regiments in England and elsewhere to which the Queen is officially attached. When you give a present to the Queen the thing to write on it is "With Mr. Holland's duty," and any description of what the present is if it be anything curious, or old, needing an explanation.

Brocklehurst, who is Equerry to the Queen, was very pleased with his present, which was of a little monkey, only not in real stone, and it had cost him 38s. and looked expensive. A sort of caricature of the other expensive agate animals.

Then I went up and changed from a grey suit to dark blue, as all the men wear dark clothes at tea. The Queen appeared in pink at tea, and the ladies wore different tea-gowns from the day before. I produced my photos of my dog Shadrach landing trout,[1] which were a great success, every one passing them round and looking at them with a magnifying glass. The Queen said the King must see them.

The Queen sat down at the writing-table and wrote telegrams, helped by Soveral; she reeled them off by the dozen, and looked very pretty, sitting at the table writing and laughing, "What shall I say?" She must have written fifty at least, which Howe took at once to the telegraph office in the house.

I had been rather chaffed at breakfast as the following story against me had been passed round. There had been, as you may imagine, a great excitement about last night's division in the House of Lords on the Budget. When Ripon came into breakfast he said to me, thinking I had seen the papers:

"What are the numbers?"

I thought he referred to yesterday's shoot, and so said: "Two thousand seven hundred." What a good joke for *Punch*—the young man—not that I am that—thinking only of his shooting at a time when a revolution is imminent.

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[1] See illustrations in Chapter XXV.

Tea over, I came to my bedroom to write this. A hairdresser arrives to-night to dress all the ladies' heads as they have to wear tiaras. The men are to wear any Danish Order they have—they have not all got them! My Dannebrog is, as you know, my only order. I look forward to to-night's dinner as it will be a grand affair with the Russian band afterwards, about which there is a great excitement; it is so wonderfully good. More later.

Dinner to-night was at 8.30 sharp as the Russian band was to play in the saloon after dinner. I got down in good time, and found Derby, Salisbury, Wolverton and Mar and Kellie all back from the debate, all speaking very highly of the Archbishop of York's and Curzon's speeches. I think I have said that a plan of the table is arranged, and everyone shown where they are to sit. Here is the plan for to-night—thirty to dinner:

Sir A. Davidson	Mr. Webber
Lord Knollys	Sir D. Probyn
Lord Wolverton	Miss Fougnor
Mrs. Sassoon	Lord Mar and Kellie
Lord Howe	Lady Ripon
Lady Mar and Kellie	Prince Francis of Teck
Prince of Wales	Queen of Norway
The Queen	The King
Lord Salisbury	Princess of Wales
Princess Victoria	Marquis de Soveral
Lord Derby	Lady Wolverton
Lady Salisbury	Lord Ripon
Lord Herbert Vane Tempest	Myself
Miss Knollys	Mr. Sassoon
Colonel Brocklehurst	Colonel Streatfeild

Before dinner we all assembled in the drawing-room as usual, and waited, and waited. Generally the King is very punctual at dinner, but to-night he was fifteen minutes late as the Queen of Norway had not arrived.

Miss Knollys and Lady Salisbury, as attached to the

Court, were in white for a birthday. Lady Mar and Kellie had a most beautiful dress on of Indian gold and grey, rather stiff material, over a French grey t'other thing—I do not know the name—but I never saw a more lovely dress. Lady Ripon was in salmon pink with a sort of loose shawl. They all had tiaras on and every jewel they possessed. At 8.45 the doors were thrown open and the King and Queen, and Queen of Norway, Princess Victoria and Prince Francis all came in. The Queen was in white with a large collar of diamonds and a large tiara, very pleased with herself, and very smiling to all of us. The King at once took the Queen of Norway in and we all followed.

An excellent dinner as usual—a good deal of fun made by the Queen of some new kind of fruit which nobody knew how to eat, and which she cut and handed to Lord Salisbury, he handed it on to Princess Victoria, she to Lord Derby, all laughing and seeing who would be venturesome enough to try it. No one was. After the slips of tablecloths had been removed, Sir Dighton Probyn got up and said:

"I give you the Queen's health, and" (very earnestly—he is so devoted to her) "may God bless her." We all stood up, and so did she, and drank her health. She seemed touched.

After dinner we all went into the ball-room. Some neighbours had arrived, and there we heard most perfect music from the Russian Balalaika Court Orchestra. One valse was so enchanting that every one wanted to dance. Princess Victoria said to me:

"If you will get up and dance, I will dance with you." This was No. IV. I said that at the moment I felt too shy, but that perhaps when the next came I would. Unfortunately the next dance was named "I have been dancing with the Gnat," and so I expressed great regret and said that I did not feel like a gnat. The Russians have no instruments, except a sort of guitar, and an instrument made like a piano, only with wire, which they played with their fingers like a zither. The music was like wind whistling through violin strings, quite lovely, and very exciting.

I was told by Streatfeild that I am to shoot again to-morrow, which pleases me very much. Bed.

Thursday, December 2nd.

A beautiful day—sun shining and no wind, and clouds high. The King had to wait for the arrival of the Liberal Ministers; he had to hold a Privy Council Meeting to settle his Speech for the prorogation of Parliament. I heard later that this meeting only took a few minutes. Lords Crewe and Wolverhampton, as members of the Privy Council, arrived for luncheon—we were all out shooting.

Vane Tempest did not shoot, nor did Howe. Somebody has to stand out every day. To-morrow I am not to shoot. I have been very lucky to get three days, and especially to-day.

The Prince of Wales arrived at 10.30, and we set off at once. We drove across a lovely common, heather and bracken, and then all got out and walked very quietly through a fir wood (no one allowed even to smoke lest the ducks should get the alarm), to surround a large pond which, except when it is shot, is left alone, no one ever going near it. We got safely round it, and then the keeper just made a rustling noise, and a swarm of ducks flew up. I got four, and a teal and a shoveller, and then they got too high to shoot any more.

We killed thirty-five or so. Then into motors again. I shot awfully badly at the first covert, vile low birds skimming over a field, but no one saw me. After this covert we all formed into a long line, and, after shooting a small covert, went into a rabbit warren.

We had very good sport with the rabbits. They ran well, and we killed 500 in an hour or less.

Then we shot a wood where a lot of birds were killed, but where I did not get a shot, and then I had a rare good stand, only the worst of it was I was placed between H.R.H. on my left and Ripon on my right. Luckily for me the sun was "blazing bright" and on my left, so I willingly left all going that way to H.R.H., and Ripon had the sun in his eyes for every bird between him and me, so I shot all these with a clear conscience.

Then luncheon, a very noisy one, as Derby and H.R.H. had so many jokes together, the tail end of which only reached my ears because of deafness.

After luncheon the Princess of Wales, her daughter, and two dear little boys came out.

We had four more stands, all very good, in two of which I had splendid places. My left striker on No. 1 gun went wrong at the last stand, which was rather a bore, as these last three stands were the best of the day.

Then home in the motors, calling at H.R.H.'s house on the way to write our names. Every one staying here does this, and somehow I shall have to get to Appleton to-morrow to write mine in the Queen of Norway's book.

When we got back we all had tea as usual in the saloon, and the King came in dressed in a thick brown suit, and said he had never had such a miserable day:

"I have not been out all day. I have had this Council. I have had a bad toothache all night; I have had to wire for Longhurst, my dentist, and I have just had my tooth out."

I asked him if he had had gas.

"Oh, no, I just had some cocaine. I can bear pain." This is very true. He will bear anything.

Then the Queen told me that she also had toothache, and was going to see Longhurst, and I asked her if we were all to do so?

"A hairdresser yesterday for the ladies, Ma'am," I said, "and a dentist to-day."

She and Soveral laughed a good deal, and she said, "Worse than the dentist, we had a photographer yesterday, too."

Soveral said, "I am sure, Ma'am, you will understand that if having one's teeth pulled out is part of the ceremony of a Court, my whole jaw is at the dentist's disposal."

She then talked about what she had been doing. She had sent off 800 telegrams.

"People are so kind," she said, "I feel bound to reply to everybody. But what a 'business' it all is. By the by, that marvellous cake has never appeared again. I wonder where it is." Then she went off to the dentist, and I met the nurse, Fletcher, whom I know, going up to be present.

I had a nice long talk with Lady Salisbury, who is charming and clever, and then off to dress.

Dinner 8.40. The King took in Lady Salisbury, and Mrs. Sassoon sat on the other side. Sir Bell Longhurst, the dentist, appeared at dinner.

The Queen was dressed at tea in a white tea-gown covered with lace and splendid jewels. The ladies had gone back to their tea-gowns of the day before yesterday, with different ornaments. At dinner the Queen wore a black velvet dress with diamond spangles and a very high collar of diamonds.

Lady Mar is much the best dressed woman—all "Worth" of Paris she told me. She is pretty and nice, as perhaps I have said before.

After dinner there was much fun. Prince Francis and Ripon had been to-day made G.C.V.O.'s, which entitled them to wear a ribbon across the breast, and they were all comparing how they fastened these ribbons. The ribbons really do not go all round back and front, but fasten under the coat on each side.

"You have not got one," said the Queen to me. "I congratulate you on your escape."

"Ah, Ma'am, I heard that," said Soveral. "Escape and congratulations, indeed, this is a scandal." The Queen was asked to judge about the sashes, and so she wrote on an envelope "Highly commended," and tried to fasten it on Derby's coat. He is a great breeder of cattle, so it was rather a good joke. Lovely band as usual in the saloon.

Bed.

I have noticed that the forks are always laid on the table prongs downwards at every meal. This was because Queen Victoria is said once to have put her hand down on the upturned prongs.

Friday, December 3rd.

A perfect gale blew all night, keeping most people awake, the glass went down to twenty-eight, a huge cedar on the lawn blew down, all the telephone wires from here destroyed. There was no shooting, of course, owing to the rain and gale. We did nothing all the morning except sit about, write letters, and read papers. Luncheon at 1.15. The King came down at one into the saloon dressed in square-cut coat, large check knickerbockers, very full, and long spats. We had luncheon at two round tables in the dining-room. I let every one go in before me so that I might take up any vacant place. Every one rather avoids the King's table, because naturally no one likes to appear to be "pushing." The King sat down and said, "Holland sit here," and so down I sat opposite to him with Soveral, Lady Mar, Lady Wolverton and the Equerries. At luncheon Cæsar, his dog, stood by him, and kept jumping up and pawing at him to ask for food. A dog is no respecter of persons. He turned to it and said:

"Do you like your old master?"

After luncheon we all went back to the saloon, and I showed the King photos of my dog Shadrach landing fish, which interested him.

Then a message came out by Streatfeild that the King hoped that, if we had no important engagements, we would all stop over Sunday. Off I went, and wired for a frock-coat, as this is absolutely necessary for Sunday, and if ever I come again I must remember to bring one. When the Privy Councillors came to luncheon, for instance, every one had to wear frock-coats. I went off to play golf in the park with Lady Mar. Quite a nice nine-hole course—a considerable number of people playing, as the band and all the servants are allowed to play. Some splendid stags (red deer) came across us as we were playing. Girl caddies are sent for according to the number of people likely to play. A really sweet child carried for me, and found my erratic golf balls wonderfully well. Policemen and detectives were dotted about the park. Directly after luncheon a magnificent St. Bernard was brought to the front door by the head kennel man, which had arrived yesterday anonymously for the Queen "From a devoted Subject." I wonder who gave it ? and I wonder if she will ever see it again ?

Then tea. Such an interesting tea. The Queen told me to sit next to her, and then she was led on by Lady Ripon and Prince Francis to tell a lot about her childhood. She said that her father was very strict about some things. If they ever attempted to put any "side" on he would be very cross. If late for meals they had to stand up behind his chair during the first course, which she said she hated, because the servants used all to laugh at her. She said she was very fat as a child, "great puffy cheeks and fat arms," which is difficult to believe. She told a lot more, but I was too deaf to hear it.

Princess Victoria asked me to write my name in her book. Nothing can describe how nice Princess Victoria is to every one. As I have often told you, everybody likes her. I sat down in an arm-chair to write my name, and she stood by my side. I began to look through the book as the signatures were most interesting, and she told me whose they were. I said :

"I really cannot sit down while you stand."

"Nonsense," she said, "I will sit on the arm of the chair," which she did. We went through the book, talking about the people. Of Treves she said:

"I owe that man my life twice."

When we came to a signature "Ferdinand," she said:

"That is the King of Bulgaria. He came over here. I produced one of those ant nests between glass, which so much alarmed him that he bolted." She asked me to write on a separate bit of paper my favourite lines, so I wrote:

"I would not wish thee riches
Nor e'en the glow of greatness,
But that wheresoe'er thou goest
Some weary face may brighten at thy smile,
Some aching heart know sunshine for awhile."

She said she knew those lines, and would give me some others to-morrow. We discussed handwriting, and I told her that hers was very difficult to read, and that the Queen's was, if possible, worse. The Queen came across the room, and asked what we were looking at, and Princess Victoria said:

"Mr. Holland says there is only one handwriting worse than yours, and that is mine!" which amused the Queen.

Dinner 8.30 sharp. We had coffee in the billiard-room, and then we all marched into the theatre, which was full up with neighbours and servants.

The play was *La Petite Demoiselle* in English. Then there was a sort of stand-up supper, one room for us and specially invited guests. Then bed.

I am to shoot to-morrow. The Salisburys and Derby go, a great loss to the party. Derby is a very popular guest here. He is full of chaff and fun, and enjoys a special licence in consequence.

Bed 2 a.m., Sandringham time.

Saturday, December 4th.

Breakfast 9.30. Nobody down till ten. Beastly nuisance that my No. 1 gun left barrel has gone wrong, and so I had only three barrels, and this is always very confusing.

The day looked all right, but by eleven a cold rain had begun. The King got into his motor with two other guns, the Prince of Wales told the rest of us to get into his, and we started. Never mind how bad the weather was, a certain covert containing a vast lot of hares and pheasants had to be shot because the farmer was complaining. By the time we arrived it was raining hard. I heard the King say to the keeper:

"Put Mr. Holland next to me and then Lord Ripon," and much alarmed I was. I felt sure I should miss every blessed bird.

We got into privet-hedge butts in a place very like what I described before. The horn sounded for the beaters to start, and then down came the snow, bitterly cold wind in our faces. The King already had two coats on, and I saw him put another on. He had seven people in his butt—a body servant, a loader, a man with a dog, a boy carrying cartridges, another with coats, the factor from Balmoral, and the factor here. I prayed that I might not get a shot till the birds were coming in quantities, so that my misses might not be noticed, but, hang it! the first two birds which got up afar off, two pheasants, came straight at me, too low in front, so I turned round and was fortunate enough to get them both, and a partridge which followed with them high up. This gave me confidence and I shot all right. Ripon killed everything, mine as well as his. I did see him miss, but very seldom. He kills his bird deader, if there be such a word, than anyone I have ever seen.

The King had the worst place, and always takes this butt, which is the worst. I think he meant me, as the least important man out, to have the next worst, and so it was, and that is why he told the keeper to put me next to him. But I was glad that I shot all right despite the handicap of the one barrel. The weather was so bad the King went home, and sent Streatfeild out to take his place. We had another miserably cold drive back over the same butts reversed, then the first drive again, and then we walked up the second drive. We were only out an hour, and got 900 pheasants! I believe this was the last day the King ever went out shooting.

Back to luncheon. We were all soaked, so we went up and changed. The King came into the saloon before luncheon—pink flannel shirt, Guards tie, Guards coloured flannel waistcoat and trousers.

"Holland, you shot very well," he said before everybody. I had not, but I suppose he saw those first three shots.

"There," said Miss Knollys, in chaff, "that will make you more popular here than all your hospital work, and I shall write and tell Miss Luckes so!"

When I got up to my room to change, I found a charming little book from Princess Victoria, a perfect collection of extracts, the one she had promised yesterday. I asked her before we went into luncheon if she would write my name in it, and she said:

"Will you accept it? I did not like to ask you yesterday to do so, and if you will I will mark all the extracts which are my favourites." Nice of her. She is charming to talk to, hates ceremony, loves outdoor life and animals, and has a fine and clever Scotch terrier.

At luncheon the Queen beckoned to me to sit by her. At the table were:

The Queen
Princess Victoria Lady Ripon
Soveral S.H.
Prince Francis

The Queen on my deaf side. They chaffed me about the trumpet which I had used at the play last night, so I told a scarlet waiter to go and get it, and then I used it, much to their amusement. The Queen tried it:

"Horrible thing! I would not be seen using it"; but she had to admit that she could hear better with it. They all tried it! and I used it for the whole of luncheon whenever the Queen spoke to me.

"I believe you want me to use one," she said, which was true. It would add so much to her life, if she only would.

After luncheon we were to shoot ducks in the park. I went up to change, sent the book of extracts back to Princess Victoria with a note telling her that I would give her till Christmas to mark her favourite extracts. At luncheon I had asked her if she had put the marker on purpose into the place where I found it—pages where the joy of bringing sunshine and happiness into the lives of others was referred to—and she said she had.

The Prince of Wales and some of us went into the park, surrounded the ponds, and got fifty-three duck.

We got back about four, and found two of the Prince of Wales' boys and little Prince Olaf playing with toys. I got Olaf and one of the other little boys to myself, and we had a great game. Olaf was a policeman, the other boy was taken up for driving his motor too fast (he was driving a toy motor along the passage), and over my handkerchief which I tied up as if it were a baby. They both entered into the fun of the game, which we made very real, till some other "grown up" came up and spoiled it all.

Sunday, December 5th.

This, my last day here, has been a very happy one. A bright, frosty day. I went out after breakfast to try and get a photo of the magnificent stags. I met Mrs. Sassoon, who came with me. After a long stalk I got, I hope, close enough, but she had a dog with her which rather complicated "stalking."

I had anxiously awaited the arrival of my frock-coat and top-hat, and they had come. We were all ready by twelve, and looked like a lot of mutes attending a funeral. The ladies go to church at 11.30, the men at twelve with the King.

The bell rang. The King went in by the Chancel door, and we by the West door. The second service then began. A hymn, then Communion Service, and a ten minutes' sermon on "Rejoice with those that rejoice, and mourn with those that mourn."

After church I met the Prince of Wales' little boy, Prince Henry, and the girl, Princess Mary, and we had a tremendous romp. I pretended that all frozen puddles were my "special greenhouses" and they therefore rushed at them and broke the glass (ice). Such nice children. The Prince of Wales came out about 1.15 and called me aside, and said he was pleased to tell me that he was giving £12,000 from his fund to "The London."

I forget if I have said that Princess Victoria sent me back the book this morning with all her favourite passages marked with a charming letter thanking me, if you please, for letting her give me the book! She also wrote some verses in it she liked.

After luncheon we all started for the regular Sunday round, through the gardens and houses. The begonia house really perfect—fifty yards of pink blossom. The Prince of Wales' two boys and little Prince Olaf were on the look-out for me to continue our game, and we hung behind. In the apple-room they all got apples, and I found florins and half-crowns inside all the apples. We went to see the brood-mares and foals. The King once bought one mare, Perdita, and she had two foals, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, who made about £100,000 for the King, but since then he has done nothing, except win one more Derby with Minoru—not, I believe, a very good horse, and he has very little chance now. The foals were out in a field with a large paling round, painted white in places to prevent their running against it, I suppose. They were led round in lunging reins, and the Queen fed them with carrots which she carried in a basket. We were all given cards with the names of the mares. A man stood in the loose box with each mare.

Then tea. There was a good deal of chaff at tea about my supposed likeness to Lord Rosebery, and I was made to make a speech as he speaks—dropping his voice in a mysterious way when he has to talk nonsense. After tea, the Queen said:

"There is the present I promised you," and gave me a pretty cigarette case with a fish on it. "I wish I had had your dog catching salmon on it for you," she added.

The footman came round to all our rooms to say:

"Black waistcoats to-night, please. The Queen's sister-in-law, Princess Waldemar, died on Saturday."

We assembled for dinner, and I was delighted to see by the plan that I was to sit next to Princess Victoria. I have seldom had a more delightful talk with anyone.

After dinner I had a long talk in the drawing-room alone with the Queen of Norway, and she said how anxious she was that her boy should not be spoiled; that his was a nature not easily spoiled, but that the people made such a pet of him she felt anxious. She said how much she desired to persuade English people to go to Norway for sport. I apologized for not having been up to her cottage to write my name, and she said:

"Please don't think of it. I quite understand. How could you be expected to find time to do so." Then we joined the others. As we were all standing up before saying good-night, I showed her my Danish church puzzle, and told her how the King of Denmark (idiot I am, I meant Norway, her husband) and I had spent hours over it in Copenhagen some years ago.

"You mean King of Norway, not Denmark," said Princess Victoria, and then laughingly she turned to the King and said: "Mr. Holland is calling the King of Norway, King of Denmark."

"Oh, is he?" said the King. "Sons must not wear their father's crowns," and chuckled much!

I survived my mistake because it was turned into a joke, but I do manage somehow to say awkward things!

The King was standing by me, and so I said:

"May I venture to thank you, sir, for your kindness in asking me, and to tell you how very much I have enjoyed my visit."

"I am very pleased," he said.

Then we all said good-bye to the Queen; and I tried to thank her, and Princess Victoria too.

Then bed.

Streatfeild brought round a paper last thing to tell us that our train leaves at 10.15, that the King, Ripon and Prince Francis were to go in the first motor and first saloon, we guests in carriages and the second saloon, and the Household in the third, in special train. Nothing is forgotten to make things easy.

It has been a happy time. I thought I should be alarmed and anxious all the week. But I have not, because we have been out-of-doors all day, and because the King and Queen, Princess Victoria and the Prince and Princess of Wales all really seem so happy themselves, and try to put every one at their ease and make them happy too.

The Queen at Christmas sent me a nicely bound album for photographs like one I had admired at Sandringham and a mahogany box full of huge chocolates. The album had in it a pretty photo of herself and Prince Olaf, with the words underneath:

> "Little Olaf and his Grannie,
> "ALEXANDRA."

With it also came a much blotted Christmas card with good wishes, etc., written, and "Excuse these dots."

As it is possible that some may be interested in Royal shooting-bags, I am giving here the game cards of some of the occasions on which I shot at Sandringham.

SANDRINGHAM GAME CARDS

1909.

Date.	Guns.		Pheasants.	Partridges.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Woodcock.	Duck.
Nov. 30	10	Wolferton Wood	2,625	14	110	89	8	1
Dec. 1	8	Eleven Acres .	176	50	46	—	—	—
Dec. 2	9	Frankfort .	1,540	3	28	548	7	47
Dec. 3	3	Marshes .	9	1	4	3	—	95
Dec. 4	8	Captain's Close.	918	25	121	7	—	62

Party.—His Majesty The King, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck, The Marquis of Ripon, The Earl of Derby, The Earl Howe, The Earl of Mar and Kellie, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, Lord Wolverton, Hon. Sydney Holland, Sir William Ffolkes, Mr. Arthur Sassoon, Col. Henry Streatfeild.

1911.

I have not got the card.

1912.

Date.	Guns.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Hares.	Rabbits.
Dec. 4	8	718	373	191	15

Party.—His Majesty The King, The Marquis of Ripon, The Earl Howe, Lord Herschell, Hon. Harry Stonor, Hon. Sydney Holland, Col. Sir G. Holford, Col. Sir F. Ponsonby.

1913.

Date.	Guns.	Pheasants.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Duck.
Dec. 2	7	1,010	—	384	471
Dec. 3	8	2,201	39	73	2

Party.—*December 2nd.* His Majesty The King, H.M. The King of Norway, H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, The Marquis of Ripon, The Earl of Gosford, Hon. Sydney Holland, Col. Sir G. Holford.

December 3rd. H.M. The King, H.M. The King of Norway, H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, The Marquis of Ripon, The Earl of Mar and Kellie, The Earl of Gosford, Hon. Sydney Holland, Col. Sir F. Ponsonby.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BATTLE OF SIDNEY STREET

IN January 1911 I had an experience which few have had, to be present at a battle in a street in London. Many will remember the Sidney Street Fight, where two anarchists took refuge and fired at everybody within range. Let me recall the events which led up to this; my memory is helped by an excellent account, published in pamphlet form, by the *Daily Chronicle*, at the time.

The affair began with the discovery by the police that a raid was likely to be made on Mr. Harris' shop in Houndsditch, whose safe generally contained about £30,000 worth of jewellery. Some small houses stood at the rear of this shop and it was the activities of a foreign man and woman, who had recently come to live in one of them, which aroused suspicion. On the night of December 16, 1910, the police paid a visit to this house. Sergeant Bentley, their leader, demanded admission and was immediately shot dead from behind a window. The gang, consisting of three men and a woman, rushed from the house, shooting as they went, and left all five police officers wounded on the ground, three of them mortally.

The men got clean away, in spite of their being handicapped by having to carry Gardstein, one of their number, who had been accidentally shot in the mêlée. They took him to a house in Grove Street, off the Commercial Road, where he had rented a room, and left him, to seek their own safety. He was bleeding to death internally, and the local doctor, who was called by some women in the house, could do nothing for him. He died in a few hours later without uttering a word. The bodies of the two policemen who had been killed were brought to the London Hospital. Gardstein's body also was removed to the hospital, and afterwards they all lay together, side by side, on three couches in our beautiful little mortuary chapel. It was a pathetic sight—the two police officers, magnificent men, each over six feet high, and the young murderer, smaller of stature, with a profile which might have been that of a Greek god.

I could not help being struck by the contrast of what had been happening and with the result which I saw before me. Here were three magnificent men, who, but a few hours before, had been fighting—here they lay, almost touching each other, in such absolute quiet and peace. The chapel always has beautiful flowers in it, and on this occasion I noticed they had been placed at the head of each of the three couches.

The inquest on Gardstein, which was held at the hospital, took many days. We provided the Coroner and his clerk with luncheon when the Court sat, and he wished to pay for this, but we refused. So, in default of money, he made the hospital a gift of Gardstein's body, which, naturally enough, nobody had claimed, because to have claimed the body would have led to inquiry as to the claimant's association with him. Surely the oddest way ever heard of to settle an account for refreshments! Gardstein was not a Jew, as had been said. His real name was Poloski Morountzelf, and he was probably a Lett.

These events gave me a peculiar interest in what followed the murder of these policemen. Their comrades were bent on avenging them, and the search for the missing men, now identified as Fritz Svarrs and a man known as "Joseph," went on unceasingly.

On the night of January 2nd it happened that I had work to do which kept me late at the hospital, and so had slept there. The next morning, as soon as I was up, a porter came running and said: "They are at it again, there is firing going on down the road." Sidney Street is only a few minutes' walk from the hospital, and we could hear the shots quite easily.

I learned later that the police had tracked the men to a block of dwellings known as Martin's Mansions in Sidney Street. By an admirable piece of strategy they had cleared the house of all other inmates in the small hours of the morning, and when day broke the two anarchists were peacefully sleeping in a room on the second floor. Chief Inspector Willis, who was in command of the big police force, was hopeful that the men might be captured alive. Some gravel was thrown at the windows of the room in which the men were supposed to be. The only response was a volley of bullets from magazine pistols. One of them wounded Sergeant Leeson rather seriously in the chest. It was Leeson's admission to the hospital that had given the porter his information.

I went off at once and found the police drawn up across the Whitechapel Road entrance to Sidney Street. Being the only person in a top-hat I was taken for someone in authority and, assuming this rôle, I went into a yard on one side of the street. " Whizz " came a bullet at once. " Look out ! They have just shot a policeman there "—advice which caused me to take cover. In a house nearly opposite the two men were shooting at every one who came in sight. They fired first from a top window and then from a bottom window. This went on for some time, and the police, who were at this time armed only with revolvers, returned the fire.

After an hour or so Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary, turned up, as a man of his temperament was bound to do. It is untrue to say, as was reported at the time, that he took command and interfered with the police. It must be remembered that the Home Secretary is the official head of the police of the country and this was a police job. His presence there, in my opinion, was most useful, and I shall have a word or two more to say on this subject before I leave it. Churchill's advice was sought by the two Police Commissioners, City and Metropolitan, who were there, and he suggested that some Guardsmen should be sent for from the Tower. A score of picked marksmen arrived and were distributed at the most suitable points. Three of them lay down at each end of Sidney Street, out of sight of the men in the house, but so placed that if the men tried to escape by the front door the soldiers would be able to shoot them.

I diffidently pointed out that if these soldiers shot down the street they might hit the crowd at the other end, if not directly, very likely by ricochet fire, and asked Winston Churchill's sanction to my going to the City to get some 12-bore scatter guns. With these the police would be able, without danger to anyone else, to bring down the men if they ventured out of the house. So, armed with a note from the head of the police, I went to Mr. Blanch, of Gracechurch Street, and hired a dozen guns and some cartridges loaded with No. 4 shot, and, if the men had come out into the street, they would certainly have been very useful.

The shooting went on for hours, but with little effect on either side. There were a few flesh wounds among the attacking party and a number of minor casualties among too curious and unlucky civilians. All were treated at "The London," but I remember the treatment was rather belated, especially for the latter, as a number of our junior medical men, who had naturally gone out to see the battle, were interned for the time being on the roof of "The Rising Sun." They had been caught and kept there when the police pushed back their cordon to keep civilians out of the danger zone.

The attack on the house was not pressed because every exit was guarded, and the men could not possibly escape.

It will never be known for certain how No. 100 Sidney Street was set on fire, for, if there were any incendiary bullets in those days, they were certainly not used by the attacking force. I feel sure the men set the house on fire themselves. As the short day approached twilight, it was seen that the house was, in fire brigade terms, "fully alight." Automatically the fire brigade arrived, prepared to do their duty, but for good and sufficient reasons they were not allowed to approach the burning building. Just as the fire had got thoroughly hold of the house, two shots were heard inside it. In all probability this meant that the doomed men had taken their own lives.

When it became evident that no living person could be inside the blazing house, the firemen were set to work and soon put the flames out. As soon as it was possible to enter the building I went in with the firemen and the police. Their first aim was, of course, to find the bodies. The men had last been seen at a window on the second floor. But it was down on the ground floor, under an iron bedstead, that the remains were found. One could only say that there were two bodies, for they were burned out of recognition.

A fireman, Charles Pearson, District Officer of the Whitechapel Brigade, was kneeling down, close to me, examining the bodies, when the hearth-stone from the room above fell on him through a hole in the floor. The poor fellow's back was broken, but he survived and was in "The London" for a couple of months before being admitted to the Home for Incurables at Streatham. Queen Alexandra came more than once to visit him when he was in Gloucester Ward.

There was at the time, and has been since, much speculation whether "Peter the Painter" was one of the two men killed at Sidney Street. Professor Wright was asked if he could estimate the probable height of the man from one of the femur bones found under the bed. He pointed out that this was only possible within a range of three or four inches, as some individuals have long backs and short thighs, and vice versa. He discovered, however, what had previously been missed by other experts, that the bone showed an old fracture which would almost certainly have caused a limp—and this fact, I believe, was of considerable help in identifying the man, but not as Peter the Painter. The bone was for some time in the anatomical museum of the London Hospital, but it was borrowed by Sir Arthur Keith, Hunterian Professor and Curator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Apparently borrowed bones are like borrowed books—never returned, for it is still in that museum.

One word more about Winston Churchill and the part he played at Sidney Street. Much ridicule was poured upon him at the time by some of the newspapers for bringing up "horse, foot and artillery" in order to capture or kill two beleaguered men whose escape was hopeless. But I think Churchill's vision was just and far-seeing. He was bent on showing that when necessary the civil arm would be backed up by all the resources of the State. And the lesson has been learned by all whom it may concern, for there has been no similar outbreak since.

CHAPTER XXII

SANDRINGHAM, 1911

THE family archives contain these letters about my Sandringham visit in 1911.

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK.
8th January, 1911.

I had time in London to buy two white waistcoats of the latest fashion, only to find that every one wears black waistcoats, as they are still in mourning.

I travelled down alone, and had a good practice on the clarionet which elicited cheers from those in the next carriage, so it must have been very good.

The party is the Ripons, Webber the well-known pianist, and Mrs. Ralph Sneyd. On arrival I was hailed as a hero of the Sidney Street fight. Queen Alexandra had seen all the pictures, and there was a good deal of chaff about what medal I ought to have. I explained I had run away on the one occasion when I was told I was in the line of fire, and she asked why, so I reminded her of the old saying, "That it was better to be a coward for five minutes than a dead man for the rest of your life."

Dinner at 8.40, Sandringham time.

Those present were the Queen, Princess Victoria, Lord and Lady Ripon, Mrs. Sneyd, Miss Knollys, Sir A. Davidson, Sir D. Probyn and myself.

I took in Princess Victoria.

Quite a small table. The Queen heard very well.

The servants are out of the room during the whole of dinner, and only come in when the Queen rings a little silver bell.

Princess Victoria and I talked a good deal about Harrogate and its horrors. She could only get the water down by having peppermint in her mouth and a cigarette in her hand.

After dinner, the Queen and Lady Ripon played patience together. Miss Knollys, Sir D. Probyn and I played patience. You know how bad I am at patience, but I managed to take an intelligent interest.

Bed at twelve.

Sunday.

Church at 11.20. Queen Mary drove up in good time, but waited outside for the King. The four boys came up with Princess Mary and their tutor, looking well—two in naval uniform, one in a kilt. Such nice boys they seem. They greeted me very warmly, remembering the games I had with them the last time I was here.

After Church I walked home with Sir D. Probyn, who, you know, was all through the Indian Mutiny. He told me that the 51st Chapter of Isaiah, the lesson of the day, always brought back to him an incident in the Indian Mutiny. Some English women, a Mrs. Orme being one, were taken prisoners by the natives. They thought every moment they would be murdered, and were in despair. Mrs. Orme's baby got very ill, and she begged the natives to send for the doctor. The doctor came, a man who had had employment in the English service, and he prescribed certain pills. He made them up, and sent them wrapped up in a torn sheet of printed paper. The poor women, for something to do, read the print, and it was a leaf of a Bible with these words from the 51st Chapter of Isaiah on it: "The redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing into Zion." This seemed to give them all courage. They were rescued, and showed this torn bit of the Bible to Sir Dighton.

He told me also about his devoted personal servant.

Everybody kept telling Sir Dighton not to trust this man, and at last the man himself came to Sir Dighton and said that he knew what people were saying:

"Sahib, my father, mother, my brothers and all my family are in there" (pointing to Delhi). "Watch me fight to-morrow and see me killed, and then I will show these people whether I am a traitor or not."

He did his best to get killed, but was not, but caught fever after we had taken Delhi, and died in Sir Dighton's arms:

"Such a noble fellow; we had had every sort of sport together." Sir Dighton's voice really shook when he was telling me. He also told me that when he was leading his men in one of the attacks on Delhi, he was suffering very much from two large carbuncles on his neck. He dared not lower his head lest the men should think that he was doing so to avoid the bullets, and so had to hold it up. The pain was so great that he almost prayed for a bullet to end it.

The King was at the house when I got back, and talked about the Sidney Street riot. He was very indignant about the whole thing, but does not think the men were anarchists in this country.

Monday, 9th January, 1911.

In the afternoon of Sunday, I went a walk with Sir Dighton Probyn. We went to see the horses at the stud farm. In value enormous, in appearance gentle, small mares. Persimmon's and Diamond Jubilee's boxes, all padded round with leather, and about the size of four of our loose boxes, stand empty still. The present King has got no horses to fill them. Persimmon's sister was there, but she "enjoys bad health"—such a lovely mare.

One filly we saw, one-year-old, has as its father Orme and its dam Kirkhampton. They had not got a name for it. I suggested Ormekirk, and I think they will give it this name—almost every name is taken.

After tea we had music. So far, I have refused to oblige on the clarionet, which Webber found out I had, and gave me away!

Dinner at 8.45. The King, Queen, Prince of Wales, the next boy, Lady Katherine Coke, Major Wigram, Sir Arthur Bigge and Derek Keppel came to dinner, and the boys' tutor, Hansell. I sat next to Lady K. Coke and Hansell. She was very interesting about her early riding experiences. Once she rode a St. Leger Winner in the Row, and it bolted with her from the turning to Alexandra Gate right away to the far end of the Row, which was then a good deal beyond where the Prince Consort's Memorial now stands. There they charged the iron railings, and neither she nor her horse were hurt!

It was very nice to see how happy Queen Alexandra is with her grandson, Prince Olaf of Norway. They had great fun and laughter at dinner. She wore white widow's weeds again. After dinner I got the Prince of Wales and Prince Olaf alone, and showed them some conjuring tricks, and then taught them how to palm. They were very keen, and practised hard. I was palming my watch, and put it down for a minute, and without my seeing her do so, Queen Alexandra took it, and hid it in a fold of Lady Ripon's shawl. I thought the boys had taken it, and there was a good deal of fun about this. I said that the law of England was that if any guest lost any valuables in a house, the hostess was bound to compensate him, and that I had felt quite safe in wearing a valuable watch here, and so on.

Then bed.

Tuesday, 10*th January*, 1911.

To-day is a lovely bright frost, and we are to shoot again. We got 374 pheasants yesterday.

Breakfast, Ripon and myself, at nine.

At ten the King's motor came round, and we, Ripon and I, went to York Cottage. The King was delayed, so we waited in their drawing-room—all quite small and very homely. The Prince of Wales came in, and said:

"I've been practising your card tricks hard." So I made him show me how he had got on, and he could do the "French drop" fairly well.

Then we started in by far the best motor I have ever been in, a 50 horse-power Daimler Knight, silent engine, with very large Palmer tyres, double the usual size—£30 a tyre the King told me, but he said they lasted twice as long. It was perfect going. We had a nice day's shooting. I shot all right—only cocks, but at the last stand I told the keeper that, as I was out of sight and standing back, I very likely might make a mistake if a very high hen came over, and he said:

"Do, sir; His Majesty has been doing so all day"; so I did, and got three beauties.

I had many talks with the young Prince, who is a really charming lad, very simple and keen. Speaking of Osborne and Dartmouth, he said that the "education was so excellent that parents sometimes sent their sons there never intending them to go into the Navy"; but to stop this the Government had made them deposit £250. He spoke of exams., and said:

"I dare say I shall take some time, as I am not at all clever, but I might pass." He said they taught history well, but not geography.

We had luncheon in an enormous tent, Royal Standard flying, the sort of tent we should put down for a school treat of 200 children, a flooring of matting on the ground!

Back at five.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE GREAT WAR

WHEN war was declared in 1914 I was nearly sixty. I had no military training, even as a Volunteer, but, as I thought myself to be rather above the average as a rifle shot, I applied to be taken as a " Sniper." The answer I got at my interview at the War Office was very definite—that a Sniper was not a man who could sit down in one place and shoot, but a man who, at any moment, might be called on to make long marches carrying full kit, that a man of sixty lacked resiliency, and that I should probably have to be sent home again. And when I asked what I could do to help I got the reply, to concentrate on what I could do best, which it was suggested was hospital work.

Very reluctantly I parted with my ·303 rifle and telescopic sight. I had my name engraved on them and sent them to the Coldstream Guards never expecting to see them again. It was a curious chance that the Secretary of the London Hospital, Captain Arthur Elliott, M.C., should have met the man who was using my rifle and who showed it to him as being such a good one. At the end of the War it was returned to me with a gruesome history from this man of its feats of accuracy.

Dr. Maurice Wright, as President of the Psycho-Medical Society, wrote in August 1914 to the W.O. Authorities proposing an organization of hospitals for the medical treatment of cases of nerve exhaustion and traumatic and shock neurasthenia, which class of case is not suitable for treatment by routine hospital methods in a general hospital.

The suggestion was cordially welcomed by the Army Council, and having obtained a promise of official recognition, Dr. Maurice Wright and several of the leading neurologists asked me to be Chairman of a hospital to meet this need. I very readily agreed, and an appeal to the Press got the necessary money at once.

The need for such a hospital was proved by the fact that before the end of the War we had to open, not one, but six hospitals. During all the five years of War, Dr. Maurice Wright acted as Honorary Medical Secretary, Mr. C. R. Callard as Honorary Lay Secretary and Honorary Solicitor, and Mr. C. K. Crane helped him and us for the first three years in the same capacity. I find it hopeless to tell how much the success of the work was due to their devoted work. I got the credit, and the cash, and the limelight. That is always so. People attach more value to the face of the clock than to the mainspring.

I only wish I had space to name every one who worked in and for these hospitals. Their patience, skill and devotion never failed.

We opened in January 1915 at 10, Palace Green, lent by the late Lord Rendel's trustees, with accommodation for thirty-five officers. This was the first "Shell-shock Hospital." The name was an unfortunate one. Every one who had any knowledge of nervous disorders knew that many of the ills we were treating had nothing to do with shells. Finding the name gave a wrong impression—of "cold feet," as one poor fellow said to me—we changed it to "Special Hospitals for Officers."

The foresight of the neurologists soon proved true, and by the end of March our accommodation was quite inadequate. Hearing this, Sir Leicester Harmsworth gave us his beautiful house, Moray Lodge, and garden on Camden Hill.

Then the War Office asked us to open two more hospitals, one for organic nerve cases, where surgical operations were needed, and one for more acute mental patients—

some of whom would otherwise have to be "certified" and so sent to asylums. So the Empire Hospital in Vincent Square took over the responsibility of the organic cases, and Templeton House at Wimbledon was given to it for convalescent cases. For the "border-line" patients, the ones we wished to save from being certified, we opened Hospital No. 4 at Latchmere, Ham Common.

Next, H.M. the King gave consent to another hospital being erected on the bit of Crown land in front of Kensington Palace, subject to the consent of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who was resident in the Palace. The consent was readily given and a fifty-bedded hospital, complete with recreation rooms and a gymnasium, was opened in July 1916.

In August 1918 the Misses Alexander loaned us the use of Aubrey House, and as its beautiful garden adjoined the Moray Lodge grounds nothing could have been more desirable.

We treated about 4,000 patients in these hospitals, and the audited accounts show that the total receipts amounted to £180,000, of which we had £3,600 in hand when the hospitals were closed. There is a real tribute to my friend Mr. Callard in the Auditors' report—"the costs of administration only absorbed 1·28 per cent."

This may be dull reading now, but the story of the special hospitals is one I do not want to forget. I wish I could forget the sufferings of these officers, but I do not think I ever shall, nor will my daughter Lucy, who served as a nurse in them during the whole five years. The patients needed wise and discreet help more than actual nursing. Some had to be treated with super-kindness, if there be such a word; others with what they thought, at the time, super-strictness and want of sympathy. It is difficult for a father to make his son believe when he is smacking him that he feels it more than the victim does. It is more difficult to make grown-up men believe that what they sometimes called "shameful treatment" was necessary for their salvation. When they got well we used to laugh together over the complaints, and, dear men, they were pathetically apologetic.

We were fortunate in getting Dr. J. C. Woods as Resident Medical Officer, and in having his and Dr. George Riddoch's efficient help during the whole time the hospitals were open.

I found many of the patients had no recollection of what had happened to them. One boy told me that he was in the middle of a big scrap and "I suppose I got hit, because when I came to I found myself in the dressing-station." He had not been wounded but had been found wandering about after the "scrap" was over, and his Colonel had had the good sense to diagnose what was wrong.

The lesson to be learned from these hospitals is that, if ever we are in another war, ample provision must be made for injured nerves as well as for injured bodies, and it speaks well for those eminent neurologists who foresaw the need for them and risked ridicule in prophesying that need.

An irresponsible chatterer once demanded at some meeting in the East End of London what "Sydney Holland made out of hospitals." I have already confessed to having made a glass of sherry on a certain occasion at Poplar Hospital, and now I must confess to having stolen a motor-car given to these "shell-shock" hospitals. We had a large number of gifts of all sorts, and when the hospitals were closed anything useful was given to other hospitals. Amongst these gifts was a beautiful Daimler car. It was used all day and every day during the six years these hospitals were open, taking patients for drives and carrying and fetching goods. When they were closed it was derelict. By some oversight we could not trace the name of the donor. Nobody wanted it as it needed about £600 spent on it, so I stole it, spent the £600, and prayed that the donor might have forgotten all about it.

After it was in working order again, as the result of my expenditure, I received a letter:

"Dear Sir,

"When you opened your hospitals I sent you"—I turned pale, but the letter went on, overleaf—"a machine for cutting bread, and should be glad to have it returned."

I breathed again. I have now found out by referring to the Daimler Company that it was given to us by Mr. Morton Phillips, and I only hope he may not read this book.

I had a most interesting experience in the first days of the War. There had been complaints in the newspapers about the hospitals at Boulogne and the treatment of the wounded *en route* for England, and I was asked by Sir Alfred Keogh to go over and to report unofficially on what I saw myself. I went on November 4, 1914, and visited both Boulogne and Calais. I was shown everything that I wanted to see, and I came back deeply impressed with the general efficiency of the whole organization. My visit was, I hope, of use, but I am going to leave my report in whatever pigeon-hole it is now resting. Undoubtedly, things had been chaotic at first, but the huge number of wounded had been wholly unexpected, and the time for proper preparation impossibly short. The difficulties which those in charge of the wounded had had to face and surmount had been enormous and appalling—there was no doubt about that—but they had been surmounted, and, in my opinion, splendidly. I visited many hospitals and I remember drawing attention to the need for special provision in England for the Indian wounded. They were ultimately housed in the Pavilion at Brighton, and when Queen Alexandra visited them there on one occasion, I was much struck by the fact that of many who happened to be at prayer as she passed, not one looked up, though all knew who was visiting them.

I was not helpful throughout the whole of the war-time because, unluckily, I myself became a casualty and was almost within sight of a firing-party.

In February 1916 I had been visiting Queen Mary's Hospital for Soldiers at Roehampton, and as I walked to Barnes Station was knocked down by a motor-lorry and rolled over and over in front of it—so I am told, for I remember nothing after leaving the hospital till I woke up a week later in the Putney Hospital and saw a woman I did not know standing at the foot of my bed. I asked her where she was trained:

"London Hospital, sir." She was my wife. What brand of lie was this—black or white or piebald or shining? (See the chapter on Lies.)

I had very severe concussion and again lost, this time never to recover, my sense of taste and smell, and my deafness got worse. I must not complain. I have had a wonderfully happy life—no illnesses except two bad accidents and two operations—the latter I rather enjoyed.

In connection with this accident, a rather curious freak of mind happened. When I was picked up a policeman asked me my name. I am told I said:

"Sydney Holland, Chairman of the London Hospital."

He then asked where I lived, and I said:

"75, Eaton Square."

But I was then no longer Sydney Holland—I had become Lord Knutsford, and the mind somehow knew this because it gave 75, Eaton Square, which was "Lord Knutsford's" (my father's) address, though I had never lived there. Of course, I was knocked silly, and it is odd that I gave a sensible reply at all. They telegraphed to the London Hospital, and that dear friend of mine, Ernest Morris, came off at once with some tetanus anti-toxin. It is almost worth having an experience like this to realize how kind people are. The day after the accident Queen Alexandra walked into the hospital and was affectionate and kind to my wife, who needed help in that first week. Just like the Queen to do this, any suffering brought an outpouring of sympathetic action from her—not mere words. She could quite well have written to Lady Knutsford, but she did more.

It was a long time before I recovered consciousness, but as soon as I did I got this delightful letter from her. She always persisted in calling me by my old name.

"*March 2nd*, 1916.

"My dear 'Mr. Holland,'

"I am so dreadfully distressed to hear of your terrible accident, being knocked down by a horrid motor. It is too disgraceful how badly they all drive, so careless (this one particularly ought to be punished severely). I do hope you have by now got over the worst, but I fear you will have to remain at Putney Hospital for some time, as I hear, besides your poor head being cut, you knee is badly injured, and I fear that must take some time to get all right. I am sure your poor wife and children must have been terribly upset on hearing of it.

"Excuse my intruding so soon but I felt forced to ask how you are getting on and to tell you how dreadfully sorry I am.

"Yours,
"Alexandra."

The "excuse my intruding" is quite delightful—especially from a Queen.

The driver who knocked me over was not in the least to blame. The accident was entirely my fault.

As I write now, ten years after the event, I have a lump in my throat when I remember the generous sympathy of my friends and people I hardly knew. God bless them! A grip of the hand in trouble does help.

No one wants to re-live the terrible years of the Great War, but a few pictures of "The London's" share in it remain so vivid that they are, most truly, personal recollections!

One is of the arrival of the first British wounded. "The London" had promised 500 beds, half to the Navy and half to the Army. We had been told that they would not be needed for five or six weeks at the earliest, and that even then we could depend on forty-eight hours' notice.

We had been told that on Friday, August 28. Two days later, on Sunday, a message was received from the War Office saying that wounded were actually on their way to London and asking if we could admit 100 of them, and not only that, but arrange for their transport from Waterloo Station. Sunday! Of all difficult days at any time, and in war-time, quite the least blessed day of the seven. Difficulty upon difficulty had to be met, but all were met, and every link in our chain of impromptu arrangements stood the strain successfully. The moment the message was received the House Governor telephoned to Mr. Alfred Salmon, a member of the House Committee and Chairman of "Lyons," and he hurried at once to his firm's stables and telephoned for volunteers among the drivers whose addresses were all known. In less than an hour fourteen vans were ready. One came down to Whitechapel to fetch mattresses, pillows and blankets for distribution among the other vans at Waterloo Station. Another, by special request from the West London Hospital for a share in the great day's work, went there for a further supply of mattresses and then joined the others at Waterloo. A large number of our resident doctors and students went off at once to the station to act as stretcher-bearers under Colonel Hurry Fenwick, F.R.C.S.

As the food carts that Messrs. Lyons use all over London to distribute from Cadby Hall drove up loaded with cheery wounded, the East End gave them such a welcome as it had never given to anything before, and the hospital nurses gave a second welcome, not cheering, but clapping, and the waves of clapping gave a queerly effective and original touch.

The first draft of wounded, 100 in number, were admitted at 9 p.m., and we were only half-way through with that job when a further message came through from the War Office—"Could we admit 150 more during the night." This second batch were expected to arrive at 5 a.m., and once more we were asked to arrange for transport, stretchers and carriers. Mr. Morris, Miss Luckes and Miss Monk held a midnight committee with the result that everybody set to work again moving more patients and clearing more wards, and at five o'clock the hospital was ready with a further 172 empty beds. Two hundred arrived! However, we found room for them somehow, and also beds, thanks to the hospital porters, who gave up their own beds and mattresses. As an unprecedented and unrehearsed piece of work the reception and distribution of the first draft of wounded was splendidly efficient, and I felt truly proud of England's biggest hospital.

By contrast, the admission of the Belgian wounded after the evacuation of Antwerp was one of the saddest sights I have ever seen. Our soldiers had come back to their own country and homes and friends, but these 472 wounded Belgians were without country and without friends—dazed, broken men, whose land had been overrun and lost, whose homes had been destroyed, whose nearest and dearest had been scattered to the four winds of heaven. Few had more than the clothes they were wearing. One had a latchkey, his "title deed" as he called it, to a fine house and business near Antwerp. Another hugged a French bayonet he had taken, one could guess how, from a German soldier. That stained blade could have told a strange story, and its story was not finished—for its owner was set on going back to fight.

It was far into the night before the last ambulance was emptied, and the last man, taken from the last one by the dim light of a flare, was a black man, a soldier from the Belgian Congo. It drove home to one how the only Belgium left, save one sacred little strip by Ypres, was in far-off Africa.

Visitors came in shoals, and among them visitors of special interest. The King and Queen visited "The London" on September 3rd, and were indefatigable in seeing and speaking to each man, and the pleasure was the greater because the visit was a spontaneous and informal one. Among others I remember Lord Haldane spending a long time discussing with the men who had used them the relative merits of the guns and shells which he, as Secretary of State for War, had provided. Nothing, however, gave so much pleasure or was more warmly welcomed than a visit from the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, who snatched an hour from managing the War to say a word to those who had taken part in it. His visit on September 5th was a surprise visit to every one, and the first intimation the wounded had of the honour was when the House Governor threw open the door of one of the wards and announced "Lord Kitchener." The result was rather suggestive of general shell-shock, and the inmates stood and sat in a state of semi-paralysis until one quick-witted soldier, who happened to be doing his bit for the ward by sweeping the floor, rose nobly to the occasion and stood to the salute with the broom he was using. I have often wondered if he became a General. The visit was brief and stimulating. Lord Kitchener had a word, a cheery word, for each man, and the following may serve as one example of many. One man, replying to a question, said he had a bullet in his neck which could not be located, and Lord Kitchener's prompt answer was:

"That's all right. I have carried one in my neck for three years. You will soon be back."

Indeed, "hurry up and get well," and "we want you back" was the Kitchener treatment for every sort of wound and injury, and it was better than any medicine in the world. "Excellent arrangements. Jolly good quarters," were the Commander-in-Chief's tribute to "The London" as he hurried away.

It brought the War very close home to us at the hospital when we were asked in confidence to make arrangements for its use in the event of a great national emergency—"the invasion of the East Coast," as the General Commanding the Eastern District phrased it. Accommodation was asked for 700 men—floor space and mattresses only; but that was not "The London's" idea of national service, and the full number of beds was purchased. If those wounded came to us, we meant to nurse them properly. Naturally, the preparations for this emergency had to be made as secretly as possible. It would have been very unwise to bring the idea of invasion too close to men's minds, so all the necessary equipment was brought in after dark and stored in underground passages, ready for a day which, mercifully, did not come.

Air-raids were a terror that "The London" shared with London, but special anxieties attach to a hospital. Bombs, fire and panic had all to be provided against, individually and collectively. With so many wholly helpless patients and so many "nervy" ones, each ward became a special problem, and an air-raid meant a heavy strain on the nurses. During these raids my second daughter, Rachael (Lady Malise Graham), was nursing at the Queen's Hospital near Sidcup, that wonderful hospital where Mr. Gillies, the surgeon, made his world-wide reputation for making new faces out of old, and has since risked it by trying to make a high tee out of a low one. The bombing aeroplanes were very often over that hospital, and it was a difficult and anxious time for nurses in a ward full of patients, many of them blind and many unable to speak. I remember her telling me how some of these used to try to make cheerful noises to show they were not afraid, and to encourage the others while the bombs were falling.

I was in the House of Lords on one occasion when we heard the "Take cover" sounded and their Lordships all adjourned to the crypt. I remember how very dull we were. No one had anything to say, and we stood like cattle in a pen about to be slaughtered. At last I felt I would rather risk being killed by bullets than by boredom, and so left. A queer chance that we should all have gone to avoid bombs from above, to the very spot where Guy Fawkes had tried to blow our predecessors sky-high by bombs from below.

I met one man who had been specially " inconvenienced " by air-raids. He had a café in Belgium; it was destroyed by a Hun bomb. He took another, and that was bombed to pieces. He came to London and opened another opposite to Aldgate Station ; it, too, was smashed by bombs. Could he be blamed for declaring that the Germans had a special spite against him ? One could almost agree with his belief in their wonderful system of spies.

" The London " served not only as a hospital but as a shelter during the raid times. Houses in East London are flimsy to a degree, and the hospital, with its vast underground passages and rooms, naturally suggested itself for shelter purposes. I have been told that in the estimation of the police the subterranean part of the hospital was the third safest place in London. On the first occasion the hospital doors were thrown open to all passers-by, but as the raids multiplied every one who lived in the neighbourhood at the sound of the first gun or bomb became a passer-by, with the result that the crowding became a very serious danger. Not only were the patients dangerously disturbed, but the passage ways were so blocked that it was utterly impossible to pass from one part to another ; the hydrants were unreachable and the engineers and firemen impeded in their duties. Finally, we were forced to limit these admissions to 2,000. The jam in the passages on the first occasion was terrific, but one man contrived to bore a way through to the safest safety point. He was a little man but he pushed before him an enormously stout lady, and each time he piped out " maternity case " he won another foot or two of ground. An ingenious fellow, that.

Air-raids brought another nightmare—in the event of fire following a direct hit, the huge water-tanks on the roof of the hospital—they hold one day's supply, 100,000 gallons—would crash down through storey after storey, sweeping everything with them. Mercifully this did not happen. Talking of water-tanks falling through hospitals, I am reminded of this happening, long before the days of raids, at St. George's Hospital. Someone asked Charlie Beresford how it could have happened, and he replied with ready wit: "Don't you see it written up, 'Supported by Voluntary Contributions'?"

The Silvertown explosion is a very vivid memory. Five tons of T.N.T. were the cause, but London can never be sufficiently grateful for the luck which had reduced the store to so small an amount. It is not generally known that the day before the explosion thirty-seven tons had been moved elsewhere. If five tons could sweep away a square mile of buildings, forty-two would have left no London Hospital at all, though it is about three miles from Silvertown as the crow flies. The scenes as the wounded poured into the hospital remain a very terrible nightmare to every one who saw them. They repeated the daylight raid casualties on a bigger and even more awful scale.

I have often wondered, after the Armistice gave us time to think, how we contrived to run "The London" at all during the War. Everything in turn was menaced—medical and lay personnel, accommodation, supplies of every kind, cash, and even daily bread. Our stiffest problem was the shortage of qualified doctors. To meet the heavy call for accommodation for the wounded without failing the civilian sick "The London" had had to grow, and every ward had forty beds instead of the orthodox twenty-eight. At one moment six qualified men were actually doing the whole work of the hospital—work for which in peace-time we regard forty as a fair allowance! We accepted help from Canada, Australia, the Argentine, Shanghai—from anywhere and everywhere. Professor Forster of New York was approached, and through him a number of young American doctors took up the idea with generous enthusiasm. Indeed, two of them, rather than be stopped by difficulties of money and method, actually worked their way across the Atlantic in a cattle-boat. When America finally came into the War, these young fellows naturally had to be passed into their own Army Hospital Service, and the House Committee desired, as a small return for their splendid services, to send them back to America as comfortably as possible. One and all, however, unanimously petitioned that second-class instead of the first-class passages proposed would be preferred, as they realized how urgently money was needed in England. They showed in that the true spirit of alliance, which, since the end of the War, seems to have become sadly fogged. Then June 1916 saw a new and welcome form of help—the introduction of lady doctors and students, and in one way or another we managed to hold the fort.

During the latter part of the War we were asked by the War Office to set aside certain wards specially for officers, and this led to a curious incident. Late one night a very sick child, an urgent case of Mastoid trouble, was brought to the hospital. It was operation or death, but there was no surgeon on the spot, nor was it possible to get one down in time. But the House Governor did not mean to let that child die, and he went off to the officers' wards on the chance that Providence might have sent us some R.A.M.C. officer. It had. By a splendid piece of good fortune, one of our own Aural Surgeons—Mr. F. Muecke, exactly the specialist required—was in the ward with a broken leg. Could he operate like that? Somehow? Anyhow? He said he would try, and he operated. To this day I do not know how he managed it, but he saved the child's life.

One day during the War a small child was admitted to one of the wards and her story was that she had been standing in a road absorbed by the unusual sight of a man being borne over London, upside down at the tail-end of a rope hanging from a balloon, and had been run over by a passing vehicle. It sounded rather incredible, but soon afterwards an Italian airman, the Marchese di P——, was also brought into the hospital, and it appeared that while practising balloon flying near London, engine trouble had occurred and the dirigible had bumped into a tree. The other occupant had jumped for his life and landed safely, but the Marchese was jerked out, his feet caught in a rope, and he was swept on, head downwards, with the lightened balloon. Ultimately it fell and the airman was badly knocked out. Of course, the two patients had to be introduced, and the wards made a pleasant little ceremony of the meeting.

The shooting of Edith Cavell, which shook the civilized world with amazement and horror, came to us at "The London" as a special shock, for she had been trained here. She entered for her training in 1896 and subsequently became Matron of Dr. de Page's Training School for Nurses at the Institut Medical at de Berkendael in Keele, a suburb of Brussels, and it was there that she was working when arrested. Just before the War had begun, we had started to build another—the fourth—Nurses' Home, and it had been decided that it should bear the name of Queen Alexandra, our President, but with a truly womanly inspiration the Queen sent a request that her name should be set aside and that of Edith Cavell given in its place, so that the home itself might be a lasting memorial of an old Londoner whose name will stand for bravery and patriotism as long as civilization lasts. The building of the home was greatly facilitated by an appeal organized by the *Daily Mirror*, and in the nurses' sitting-room is an admirable bust of Nurse Cavell by Sir G. Frampton, a replica of his statue of her opposite St. Martin's Church.

CHAPTER XXIV

MORE STALKINGS

I FEEL I need another holiday after all this war talk so—I give fair warning—I am off to shoot again.

October 13, 1916, was one of my red-letter days, not only because it was a successful day, but because the unexpected happened. I had taken Achdalieu Forest, near Fort William, from Cameron of Lochiel. The stags, by many signs, were more backward than they had been for years past, and we had hardly heard one roar before October 1st. The east wind is a bad one for that forest, and we had it as the prevailing wind for two weeks before the 13th, so Lochiel allowed me to stalk till the 13th, instead of ending on the 10th. The 10th would be too late in most forests, but not so in Achdalieu, which is always rather a late forest, and in that district all the forests are stalked till the 10th.

I had not been lucky in getting any good heads; the best stags were all in the sanctuary of the Achnacarry Forest, which marched with Achdalieu, and had not been disturbed. But there was one stag I had seen several times, a very fine nine-pointer, and three times I had tried in vain to get within shot of him. On each of these days he had been with the same lot of hinds, in the same place, on the side of a hill facing north-east. Imagine a tea-cup broken in half, and you have the shape of that corrie. The broken side faced north-east.

On this October 13th a hurricane was blowing from the west, and came over the top of the unbroken side of the cup—to continue my simile—and it seemed easy enough to go into the corrie on the north-east side, and work up wind and get within shot. This was so obvious that I could not understand why Macdonald, the stalker, one of the best I have ever stalked with, and now head stalker at Achnacarry, did not propose it directly we had spied the stag in this corrie. I soon learned why.

I asked him why he was spying other hills when our much longed-for stag was in such an easy place. "You can't get him there; he would get your wind before you could get to that big rock," was his answer; and then he explained to me the difficulty of stalking in that corrie in a high wind. It was indeed a high wind by this time, with sleet which cut one's face, and came over the top in long, white curtain-like columns.

I do not say I disbelieved him, but I thought he had perhaps been unduly discouraged by failures he had told me of in that corrie, but I said we would try. So we started, and we had got to the big rock, about eight hundred yards from the stag and the hinds, when the weather got so bad we were obliged to shelter under it and try to eat our luncheon before it got reduced to pulp. Then I had to admit he was right. Though the wind was blowing straight from the stag to us, as the long ghost-like columns of sleet showed plainly enough, yet when they got past us, some would be caught by the wind striking the side of the hill, and back they would come, swirling past us, straight to the stag. You see, or rather feel, the same thing happen in a motor. Though you are rushing through the air, yet there is a wind behind you which you feel all down your back, and your hat is blown off forwards.

We had not been there many minutes before the deer got our wind, and at once collected together, and went up wind over the top and out of the corrie. "It's no good going after them; they will not rest on the other side of the hill in this wind; it is too exposed," said Macdonald. I did not feel like disputing anything then, except the suggestion that we should make a long walk to spy another hill. It was too beastly. Here we were on the last day of the season. I had given up all hopes of getting that stag.

It was then two o'clock. It seemed hopeless to go on, the day was so bad, but Macdonald was very anxious to see whether the deer had stopped on the other side of what I have called the tea-cup corrie, and said the clouds seemed lifting. They did lift, and by the time we had climbed 2,000 of the 2,200 feet, the sun was out and the day good-tempered.

The hill was very steep and I thought of the advice given in 1838 by Scrope in his famous *Deer Stalking* as to the easiest way to walk up a steep hill. "This hill," he wrote, "is too steep to walk heel and toe—just stick the side of one foot horizontally against the hill, and bring up your other underneath it, keeping the same foot always uppermost." This may be all very well but it is a precious slow way of getting along. I always find in walking up a steep hill that it is a great help to breathe out as your left foot touches the ground in front, and inspire as it comes back. The words of a stalker to my twin brother occurred to me as being equally applicable to myself. My brother had apologized for not keeping up as well as he had the year before, and the stalker said quite civilly: "You're getten deaf, you've gotten fat, and you're varry slow." So was I.

When we were sufficiently high, Macdonald found the deer again at once. Below us, when we got to the top, was a steep grass slope running down to the burn about 2,000 feet below. We could not spy all of it at once, so we gradually worked downhill, spying carefully on both sides, and below us, as the ground gradually came in sight. We soon made out the hinds below us, and felt sure the stag would be with them, so we sat down and slid slowly forward.

Sitting down, we were, for the first 200 yards or so, out of sight of the deer, and we could get along at a good pace, but we very carefully kept our eyes right and left of us as more and more ground came in sight, lest any other deer should be about, or in our way. The wind was now coming from our right, more north in it than before, and so our greatest danger was lest there should be any deer on our left who would get our wind, and moving off would certainly take with them the deer below us. Down and down we slid, and very cold and wet it was. At last we got to a rock where we could safely stand up and spy the whole herd. How anxiously I put up my glass. I knew it was my last chance that season.

"Do you see any stags ?" said Macdonald.

"I can see several," I replied.

"Don't you see your favourite ; he is there in the middle of them ?"

This was indeed glad news. I shifted forward a little. Yes, there he was, and a magnificent beast he looked, with long horns, a fairly wide spread, and big tops. A stag you want very much—and I did want this one very much—always looks like a Wapiti till you have killed him; then he is sometimes disappointing. He looms still bigger if you are unfortunate enough to miss him. But there was no mistake about the stag below me, and the other stags evidently realized this as he hunted them away from his hinds. Not one would stand up to him. He was very restless, galloping after any hind which ventured to stray, driving her back to the others, and chasing away other stags. Every now and then he would stand still, look round for any rival stag, and then reach out his great thick neck and roar, challenging any other stag to come near.

The question was how on earth to get within shot. The slope was a very steep one, hardly a rock to hide behind, and no helpful burn down which we could creep. We were in full sight of the stag and all the thirty or forty hinds, and about 600 yards from them, and if we were to get over those 600 yards they could see me every inch of the way. There was nothing to do but to lie down on our backs and wriggle very, very slowly down the hill, and so as to keep as close as possible together we linked arms, thus giving the deer only one object, and not two, to "pick up." Our clothes were well matched in colour to the yellow autumn grass, and we pulled our caps as much as we could over our faces. Nothing is more easily seen at a distance than a face. I learnt this once when I had left someone, who was out with me, behind while I crawled on to get the shot. I had looked back to see if he was keeping well down, and though I could not make out his body, his pink face shone like a stone with the sun on it. That is why so many snipers wore veils. Sir Alfred Yarrow sent hundreds of them to the trenches.

We had been worming and wriggling down thus for about ten minutes, when, to our dismay, there came in sight other deer on both sides of us. It seemed quite hopeless to go any further. The deer on our right were within 200 yards of where we must crawl down to get within shot of the big stag, and those on our left, though further down the hill, were down wind of us and it was quite impossible to pass them without giving them our wind. This was the danger we had feared when we started our crawl. If I had been alone I should have given up as hopeless, and here came in Macdonald's great knowledge of what can be done, or dared I should say, with deer. I have never seen a greater "liberty" taken; it was almost impertinent. "I am not much afraid of those on the right," he said, "if we go very slowly, only moving a yard at a time. We will go on and see if we can get within shot before we get where those on our left will get our wind." This we did, and after half an hour of the wettest crawl I have ever had, save one when I had to crawl down actually in a burn, we came level to the deer on our right. Then we moved only an inch at a time, taking infinite care never to raise head, arm or leg. The deer were feeding quietly up wind, and therefore had their heads turned away from, or broadside, to us, and we got past them without disturbing them, though one hind was less than 100 yards away, and lying down, which made it worse, but she luckily was facing up wind too.

My heart was beating a good deal from the excitement and the very hard work of the slow crawl, and I was just wondering whether I could stand much more of it, when Macdonald nudged me and made signs that we could not go any further without giving our wind to the deer on our left.

"Is it too far to try him from here?" he whispered.

"Not," I said, "if I can get a good rest."

In front of me there was, providentially, a small moleheap, or what would have been a moleheap if there had been any moles. I twisted round and lay prone with my left hand on this, and so got a beautiful rest. Then I remember I went through all the "things" to do just as one does a drive at golf—"keep your eye on the ball," and so on. "Take a long breath"—"squeeze the trigger and don't pull it"—"take care not to pull off to the right"—"aim low at a stag below you"—"keep your head down and do not look over the sight"—a common fault in shooting downhill.

I put the rifle up, but the stag was moving about too much and was often right in the middle of the hinds. The wait was valuable to me as I had plenty of time to calculate the distance, and get comfortable and steady. At last, after chasing away a rival stag, he stood three-quarters broadside to me, rather end on, and I aimed just in front of his ribs, so that the bullet if it hit him would come out near the heart on the far side. He was standing by a large rock, and, as he put out his great neck to roar, I pulled the trigger. He did what I have never seen a stag do before, he ran round and round in a small circle, stamped with his forefoot, and fell dead.

I need not describe my joy, nor Macdonald's, who, I am sure, was as pleased as I was. He had done the best stalk I have ever shared, and it would indeed have been a poor ending to it if I had missed. It was a long shot, but I cannot take much credit for this as I use a telescopic sight, and any man ought not to miss a reasonable, even if a long, shot with these sights, and an unreasonable shot he ought not to try.

By a happy chance one of my daughters was out on the opposite hill about two miles away, stalking with a nephew of mine, and they saw the whole stalk through their glasses. So ended my last day at Achdalieu.

It was a happy thought of the owners of Scotch forests to arrange that their tenants could send all the deer killed to Glasgow for the Troops. All you had to do was to cut off the heads and feet and put them on the train, and I did this with all the stags (twenty-four) I killed, except those given away to the people in the glen, who looked to this venison for their winter food. The soldiers must in this way have got a large quantity of valuable food.

If ever you hear that I shot a stag in a tree—you probably never will, for it happened nearly thirty years ago—please do not believe it.

This is how I did it. In 1899 I took the last year of Lord Portman's lease of Aberchalder. It was not a deer forest but, owing to the fact that the tenant, who had the adjoining forest, hunted his deer with deer-hounds, many stags used to come on to the Aberchalder ground.

We were starting one day for a grouse drive when the second keeper came down from a distant part of the moor to say there was a good stag in the wood. So I took my nephew, Jem Cropper, on to try for it, and the rest of the party were to follow up the dingle, giving us an hour's start. The wood was on one side of the dingle and ran right up to the edge of the steep drop to the path at the bottom. On this bare edge a few trees had rooted and grown somehow, and they hung over the path.

We came on the stag. Jem shot at it and wounded it, and just as it got to the edge of the cliff I fired and hit it, and it fell over the edge into the dingle, as we supposed.

When we got up we found that it had been caught by its horns and head in a tree, and there it hung half-way down the cliff.

We went back to the lodge to get help.

"Did you find the stag?"

"Yes, and oddly enough it was sitting in a tree and I got it!"

"Bosh!"

"All right. Come and see."

When they came, there it was—in the tree all right.

They apologized: "Would not have believed it possible."

We had more luck that day. Before we got to the grouse ground, we spied right away on the moor two other stags. I did not think it would be possible to get them as they were on flat ground and could command a wide outlook from every side. George Pinckard, who was one of the party, had never had a shot at a stag and was keen to go, so I gave him my rifle and a stalker and off he went. He joined us later—having got them both!

I have always refused to take a very long shot at a stag—the chance of killing is small and of wounding greater. But, once, after a long and blank day with my daughter Lucy on the Glenuig beat of the Glencarron forest, we came to the top of a hill, and down below us, a long way off, were some stags. It was impossible to get down the hill, as there were some hinds between us and them, so I settled to try a shot. I got a very good rest and hit the stag rather low and then killed it dead. The stalker had the curiosity to measure the shot with string afterwards. The first shot was 322 yards and the second 354 yards. I tell this rather with shame.

One of the dearest friends I ever had was Ronald

Melville, who became, after his brother's death, the 13th Earl of Leven and Melville. He took Dunearn Lodge and moor which marched with his property Glenferness on the Findhorn, and every year he kindly asked me to shoot with him. When he took Dunearn he offered it to me. I said that I could not afford the rent he would have to ask, but when he told me what the rent was I found that it was one I could well afford. What was it? "My rent is that you should be my tenant for seven years on condition that you ask your friends to shoot the moor with me and my own moor too."

Just like him. And we spent seven of our happiest autumns at Dunearn and had wonderful sport.

Once we had a baddish shooting accident: Charlie Murray of Lochcarron was one of Ronald's guests, and a neighbour, asked for the first time, fired down the line and shot Charlie badly in the head. Being bald his head and face were soon covered with blood, and things looked rather desperate. All sorts of questions were put to him: "Can you walk?" "Will you wait for a cart?" and so on, and then he made what I thought was a very good reply: "I just put myself in your hands; do what you think best." We got him home, and no ill results followed. I have shot every year for fifty years and this is the only accident I have ever been present at except one other, when Mr. Whitelaw Reid, a notoriously dangerous shot, hit a beater. Strange to say, he was at the time a guest of Ronald Melville. We persuaded the beater to go up to Mr. Whitelaw Reid and tell him what he had done. The beater had heard that Mr. Reid was the American Ambassador, which he probably confused with the King of America, and by the time he got up to him was too frightened to say what we had told him to say. Mr. Reid, seeing the man's face bleeding, said, "Ah, my man, that's what they do to you in England, do they?" and the man never dared to explain that it was he himself who had shot him.

One day when I was shooting with Ronald Melville, he had as his guest Hercules Ross, one of the most famous rifle shots who ever lived. He asked me to try to get Ross to tell us the story of his shooting the steerers of boats in the Indian Mutiny, by which he saved the lives of an English station with many women and children in it. Ross was a very modest man, as most brave men are, and I am a bad diplomat, but at luncheon somehow I managed to get him to tell the story and he got so excited in telling it that he acted the whole event. It is worth recording.

He was a member of the Indian Civil Service and had heard that an army of mutineers intended to cross the Gogra and attack this station. He rode eighty miles to the ford where the mutineers intended to cross. The Gogra was a very rapid river, so the mutineers had to start a long way above the ford and steer their flat-bottom boats very carefully so as to land at the ford. To do this a skilled steerer stood up with a long paddle. If he failed the boat would go to immediate destruction in the rapids below the ford. Boat after boat was launched. Ross shot every steerer of every boat and they all went over the rapids, and so he saved the lives of the English Colony who would assuredly have been destroyed if any one boat full of troops had landed.

Lord Canning, who was Governor-General at the time, publicly thanked him for his services, and included his name with nineteen others, comprising Havelock, Lawrence, Outram, etc., in the list which he sent to the Queen at the close of the Mutiny, terming them "The twenty saviours of India."

Ronald (Lord Leven) died in 1906, and the next year I was stalking at Glenquoich as the guest of Mr. Phipps, who had taken it for the season. Glenquoich is one of the best forests in Scotland and had been tenanted for many years by Mr. Bass, afterwards Lord Burton, and Ronald had always stalked there. I was out one day with

Kennedy, the head stalker, and when we were sitting down to spy a deep corrie he asked me if I had known Lord Leven. I told him that he had been one of my greatest friends, and then he told me this amusing story which I will give in his own words.

" His Lordship and I were sitting on this very spot and he told me that when he was a young man he always used to stalk alone, never taking even a gillie with him; and pointing to the very corrie we are spying he told me how he had gone out one day alone and killed the best stag he had ever got, and he pointed out the way he had gone round to get it.

" ' Ay, and what aboot the shepherd's lad that took your Lordship up to the stag ? ' I said.

" ' How the blazes,' said his Lordship, ' do you know anything about the shepherd boy ? '

" ' I was the boy,' I said ; and then his Lordship burst out laughing and said:

" ' Kennedy, I've told that story for thirty years, and here's a sovereign for the shepherd boy.' "

Often had I heard Ronald tell this story against himself, and I told Kennedy so; and how he had enjoyed being found out. Ronald had seen the stag but did not know the ground and so had asked the shepherd's boy to take him round so as to come down on the stag. It was a pretty chance that the boy should have risen to be gillie, then stalker, and then head stalker, and should have met the shooter thirty years afterwards on the same spot and reminded him of the lost boy.

Kennedy's brother was a stalker at Knoydart, and was out one day with, I think, a Captain Johnstone, who was Amateur Champion boxer of the Army. The Amateur Champion had never shot at a stag and after a long stalk they got up to a good one. " Take him now," said Kennedy, and Captain Johnstone fired and the stag fell dead. In his excitement he shouted out, " I've got him," and drove his elbow hard, he did not know how hard, into Kennedy's ribs. One rib was broken and driven into the lung, and poor Kennedy had to be carried off the hill and never stalked again. I had heard this before the Glenquoich Kennedy told me the story.

Glenquoich provided me with another amusing experience. We were just in on a stag and all seemed quite all right when the stag suddenly looked up and then jumped up and galloped off. I turned round to see what had put him off and I saw a man on the sky-line only about a quarter of a mile off. I put up my glass and behold he was an old friend of mine, Herbert Straker, who had rowed in the same boat with me at Trinity Hall! He disappeared and it was too far and too steep to follow him. When I got back I wrote to him and told him what he had done and regretted that I felt obliged to fine him £25 for the London Hospital as the only compensation I could accept for his spoiling my stalk! Dear man, he sent the money but said he thought it rather hard luck to be fined for walking in his own forest (which marched with Glenquoich). So it was, but the joke was worth £25 to both of us.

Stalkers are a delightful race of men, and I have made many friends among them. I remember once stalking at Corrour in Inverness-shire and the head stalker, Ferguson, upon whose beat my daughter and I were going, was too unwell to go with us, so sent a young fellow with us, not one of the stalkers. Snow was on the tops, and just below it we soon saw a good stag, which gave us a long stalk and, when killed, turned out to be a "Royal," to my surprise and joy. When we got back we hastened to Ferguson's house to tell him how well the boy had done and incidentally to boast of my success.

"What do you think we did?" I began.

"You got a 'Royal' in the snow," was the prompt answer.

"How do you know?"

Then he told me how he spied the ground with his glass from his house and had seen the "Royal," how he had felt sure the young stalker would see it and so had watched the whole of our stalk.

A story I always like is that of the son of a stalker who told his father how, when walking down the Strand—he was on a visit to London—he had had his pocket picked, and how the man had got away in the crowd.

"And did ye no get your glass on him?" demanded the old fellow. They feel so safe, these stalkers, when they have their glass.

It was a stalker in Corrour Forest who told me that no one could afford whisky nowadays, as it had gone up to 12s. 6d. a bottle. I asked him why he did not buy a cask and keep it. He looked at me to see if I was joking, and then said solemnly:

"Aye, man, whusky will no keep."

CHAPTER XXV

OUT IN THE OPEN

DEER stalking stands first, a very long way first, in my list of recreations, but I have tried my hand at many others and have got fun out of all.

Of shooting, apart from stalking, I have done a good deal. The best grouse shooting I ever had was on Cawdor Moor in 1915. The moor was leased by a dear friend of mine, Percy Chubb, and the shooting-party consisted of Lord Warwick, Henry Callender, Heatley Noble, Percy Chubb, Vivian Smith, W. Jameson, Dr. Smith, Charlie Leslie, F. Stobart, Willy Leslie and myself.

The bag for the eight days' shooting was 8,527 grouse, made up as follows :

	Guns.	Grouse.
August 17	9	1,270
August 18	9	1,102
August 19	8	967
August 20	9	866
August 24	8	1,005
August 25	8	1,121
August 26	8	1,162
August 27	8	1,034

In 1908 I was invited by another dear friend, Jack Folkestone, now Earl of Radnor, to shoot at Longford, near Salisbury, and had wonderful sport. The guns were Folkestone, James Lowther (Speaker), Lord Cecil Manners,

H. M. Marshall Brooks, Major Wingfield, Ernest Chaplin, R. Macan and myself.

We went out on four days and killed 1,844 partridges.

	Guns.	Partridges.
September 29 ..	8	806 (in 7 drives)
September 30 ..	8	440
October 1	7	314
October 2	8	284

Every year, too, for the last thirty, my old friend, Nat Heywood, and his father before him, seem to have discovered that it is impossible for them to shoot their coverts without my being present—to me a valuable discovery.

Fishing stands high up on the recreation list and salmon fishing first in the fishing section. It has been my good fortune to fish for salmon in many rivers in Scotland and abroad. For the hours spent in salmon fishing, the success may seem small but when it does come it is memorable, and one forgets the blank days.

I had one such experience on the Sand River in Norway, which my old Cambridge friend, Herbert Gibbs (now Lord Hunsdon), Frank Pember (Warden of All Souls), and I took in September 1901. For the first ten days fishing was hopeless, though even a blank day on the Sand River has its excitement as one is taken skilfully in a flat-bottomed boat through rapids which look always dangerous and often impossible. Then one morning, to our joy, we saw our river changing its blue colour to green; then bits of wood and leaves floating down; then a quantity of sawdust from the saw-mills—all showing that there had been heavy rain on the hills. By the last day of the month we had a 4-foot flood.

On that day Herbert Gibbs got two salmon, Pember one, and I had the good luck to catch three—of 13 lbs., 22 lbs., and 33 lbs.—all on the Jock Scott. That 33-pounder gave me a longer fight than any fish I have ever hooked. He fought hard for an hour and a quarter, and pull as I would and did, he was the stronger till just at the end, although I was using a powerful 18-foot Castle Connell rod. The resistance that a fish can give depends, of course, on the force of the stream he is in. This fish was in deep water in the middle of a very strong current and never tired himself by rushing about, but just sulked at the bottom. As is well known, a fish when he is "sulking" is not lying at the bottom but is standing on his head, and the best way to make him move is to go below him and get on as high a bank as you can. I have never tried the dodges recommended to make a sulking fish move, such as sending a slip-ring down the line or a twist of tobacco, but I have moved them by sending in my dog. However, in the end, by getting into the boat and rowing near to him, he did move, and we gaffed him. I was quite done up, as I had not been able to relax my strong pull on the fish for a single moment.

The next day was my best. I got five fish of 13, 14, 17, 22 and 23 lbs., and lost two more by my Malloch reel jamming. These reels, before they were improved, were as tricky as a Maxim-gun, which someone once described as "real jam." I might have said "reel jam" of a Malloch of those days. Herbert Gibbs caught a very fine 43-lb. cock fish. These big cock-fish are ugly brutes and not to be compared with a lovely 35-lb. hen-fish caught by Frank Pember.

We gave a ball to the villagers as a fitting end to our stay with them. One hundred and ten people came, and the hotel only charged us £10 for the supper. We had made no bargain as to cost, and I remember being rather alarmed, when we were shown into the supper-room, to see in front of every chair a plate containing six oysters. The "oysters," however, were imitation ones made of poached egg on brown bread. To show how appreciative the villagers were of the ball an order went out among them, which is equivalent, I suppose, to "decorations" on an English invitation, and all the girls came wearing their very pretty silver ornaments.

Herbert Gibbs made an eloquent speech in Norwegian, and I gave a "ventriloquial entertainment." We had both learned our "turns" from a Norwegian parlourmaid, so we could not take an encore. I remember that I opened my entertainment by saying:

"Jeg har vaeret meget besvaeret af en mand som vilde Komme her iaften, og han har fulgt mig, for han vilde komme ind."

This being translated means:

"I have been very much troubled by a man who would come here to-night and he has followed me about, so determined is he to come in."

Then I ventriloquized and the man was heard outside, demanding to be let in, and I had a struggle with him at the door. It amused them. Ventriloquism is called "Bugtaler Kunst" in Norwegian, which means the "art of talking in the stomach"—much harder than talking of it.

I have often heard it said that fishing with a minnow or spoon spoils a river for the fly. My experience on the Sand River was that this is not true. One day in particular I remember we had fished a pool down with the fly and never got a pull. So I put on a big spoon and went over every inch of it without any luck. Then Herbert followed once more with quite a small fly and got a fish. I should have thought, but for this, that my spoon, which was nearly as big as a plate, would have spoiled the pool for hours.

Let me prophesy. The man who can discover a fly that will give off in the water a strong smell will stagger humanity. I am sure that smell would be a stronger inducement to make a fish take a fly than hunger or curiosity.

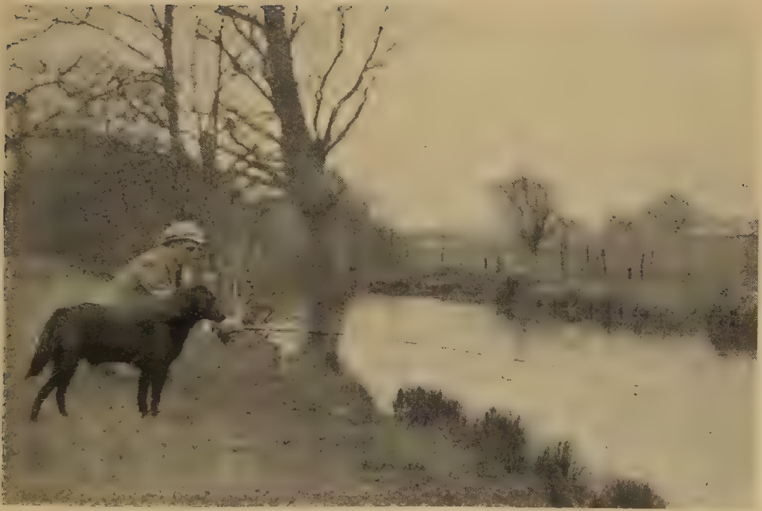
When on the Sand I experimented with a Mauser pistol on fish I could not bring up to the gaff. Holding the rod against my body with the left hand I worked the fish to the top of the water and when he showed himself I fired. The first bullet probably went over, the next very near, till I got the range. When I hit a fish I killed it at once. I have been told that this was very unsportsmanlike but cannot see why. Every improved method of killing an animal you are hunting is at first called unsportsmanlike—breech-loaders, ejectors, choke-bores, low trajectory rifles, high explosive powder, telescopic sights. And the end is not yet.

I suppose my new patent gaff will be called unsportsmanlike. I taught my Labrador to land fish. The photographs show him trout-fishing with me and landing a 2½-lb. trout.

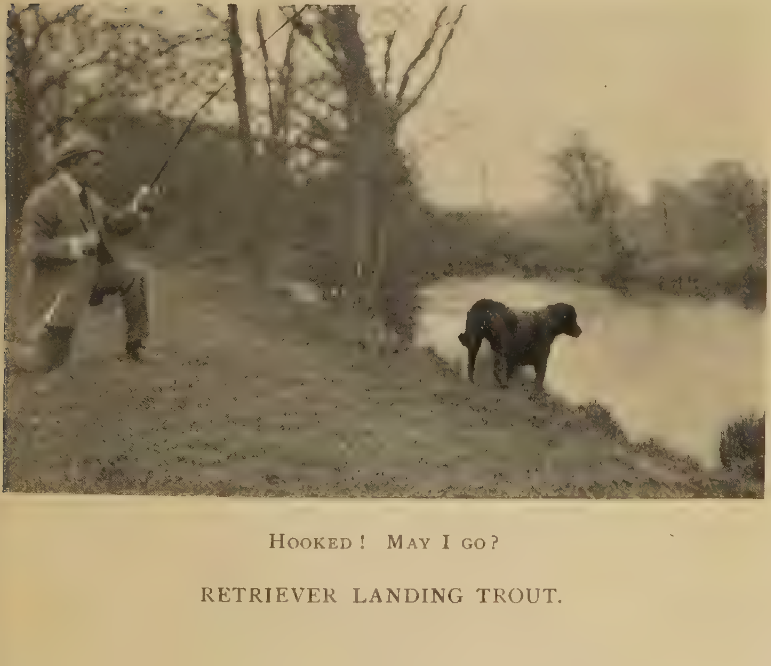
I wrote a few lines about him for *The Kennel* a few years ago. Here they are—for anyone interested in dogs.

> He is as keen as his master to see whether the trout will take the dry-fly. When the fish is hooked he goes down to the side of the stream, waiting for leave to go. At first he used to swim in after the fish; now, as he has become an expert, he waits, when he has got leave to go, till he can jump in and get the fish "on the bound." He does not mark the fish, and I have often, if the fish is not in good condition, put it back none the worse. I have used him for landing salmon, but never one of more than 8½ lbs. He puts his teeth into a salmon, but, after all, that does not mark the fish more than a gaff does. Any dog can be taught to do this. I have a puppy which is getting quite good at it, though the older dog, his father, smiles at his missing the fish and having to dive after them, and generally jumps in to show him how it ought to be done. Strange to say, they both like carrying the fish. Sometimes the hook has come out, but I have never known either of them lose their hold on the fish.

I cannot forget an old fisherman's rage and language when I hooked a salmon in the loch in the Coolin Forest. "Shadrach," my dog, was in the boat with us and, when the fish was sufficiently played, I told him to fetch it, and he jumped overboard. The old man had not heard me

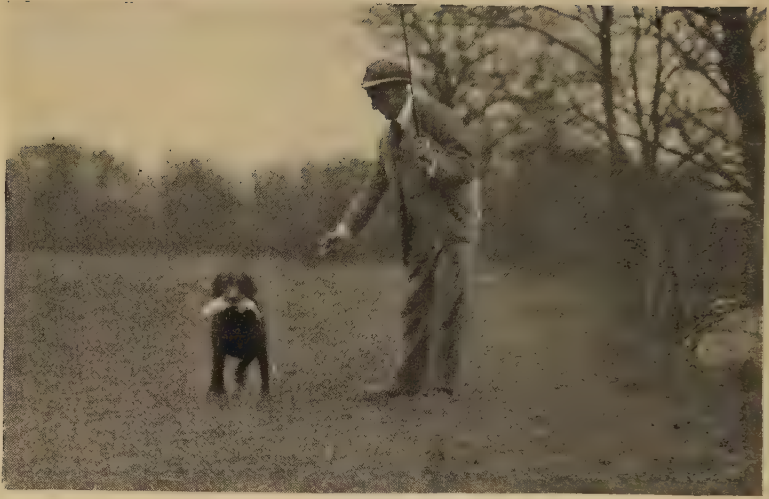


Will he Rise?

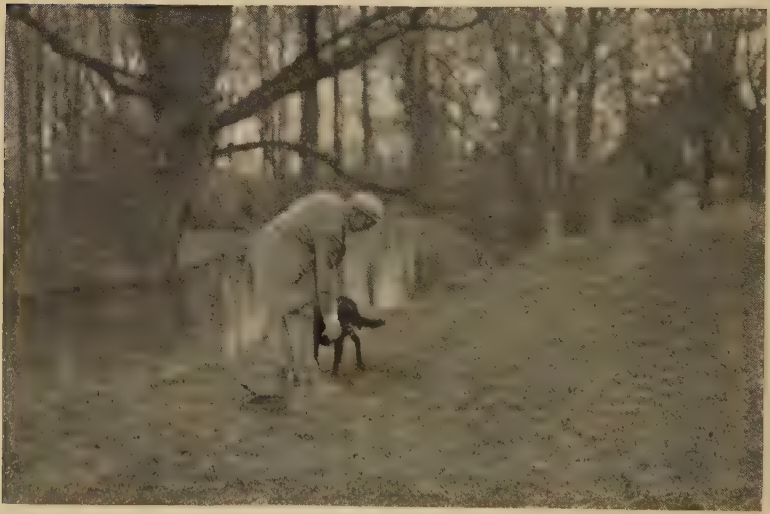


Hooked! May I go?

RETRIEVER LANDING TROUT.



LANDED.



HANDED.

RETRIEVER LANDING TROUT.

give the order and thought that the dog had jumped in of his own accord. When he realized it was a prearranged plan of campaign he was "dumbed"—which he certainly had not been when the dog first jumped in.

The only other of my fishing experiences worth recording was at Grimersta, in the Isle of Lewis. The Grimersta river is a short river about a mile in length running into the sea just in front of Grimersta Lodge. The river connects a series of lochs with the sea and the salmon run up into these in astonishing numbers. The description of this fishing has been well given by Cecil Braithwaite in his book *Fishing Vignettes*, where he tells how he and a friend caught sixty-nine salmon in one day in August 1921. He was kind enough to ask me to join him in 1922–3, and very good sport we had. In 1922 five of us between July 15th and August 15th caught 570 salmon and 600 sea-trout. Our best day was fifty-nine fish, of which Braithwaite caught twenty. I shared my rod with Colonel Pryor, commonly known as Jack, and later with my nephew, Sir Walter Fletcher; and in 1923 I shared it with my daughter Lucy. In 1923 we caught 339 salmon and 290 sea-trout between July 15th and August 15th.

The lochs are all fly fishing, and we fished with a drop and tail fly. If you happen on a shoal of salmon it is not an unusual occurrence for two salmon to take both flies simultaneously, with the result that one goes one way and the other another, and your line is broken. But one day Lucy hooked two and landed both, which, I believe, has only once been done before. The first salmon took the drop fly and, after she had played it for a few minutes, another took the tail fly. The second salmon on the tail fly was rather handicapped by having the dead weight of the first on the drop fly to pull about. At last, after she had played them well and carefully for some time, the boatman skilfully got both into the net. He got the tail-fly fish into the net first and then following the line along got the other in too. They weighed 6½ and 7 lbs.

A good and true fishing story is of Professor Fawcett fishing the late Lord Polwarth's Merton water on the Tweed. Fawcett, it will be remembered, was blind, and on this occasion had the bad luck to have as his boatman one Sandy Purdey, who was deaf and dumb. He was taken out to mid-stream, where Purdey had to row hard to keep the boat from going down-stream. Fawcett, in casting, got his fly caught up in a coat lying in the bottom of the boat well out of Purdey's reach, even if he had been able to let go an oar to get it. Fawcett went on casting, happily ignorant of this. Purdey could not tell him and, except that they are both dead, I don't know why they should not both be there to-day.

Fishing talk brings back to me a beautiful June day when my twin and I were driving through Cassiobury Park and found Regie Capell, brother of the then Lord Essex, owner of Cassiobury, fishing in the Gage. The May-fly were out in thousands and the great trout rolling over them as they floated past. Regie was no fisherman, and we pulled up and chaffed him, Arthur saying that he could catch them with his whip if he tied a fly on to it. "Just like you and Sydney," retorted Regie, "to say that. Come and do it." Arthur jumped down, fastened a long length of gut on to the whip and got a fish at once. Regie used to tell the story against us as an example of "the beastly way those two young men interfere."

I got scored off myself in the same sort of way once. I was playing golf at Oxted. I missed my drive and the ball trickled about ten yards from the tee. A working-man who was passing shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "You think it so easy?" I said. "Come and do it yourself." He did. He drove the ball 200 yards, picked up his tools and walked away without saying a word. My caddie told me that he had been a golf professional.

My golf is very much my own and I do not talk about it—still less write about it. Once, however, my friend, Bernard Darwin, honoured or dishonoured my golf in *The Times*, and if I give his eloquence as it was printed I shall save myself the pain of underwriting my prowess and shall leave a possible reader the sporting problem of dissecting out the truth.

Here it is. Observe, please, that he heads it "Golf."

GOLF.

A Crowded Hour.[1]

(*From our Golf Correspondent.*)

The other day I went to pay a visit to my kind friend K. His invitation to me, couched in rather mysterious terms, had bidden me bring a brassy, a mashie, and a supply of patience, so that I was prepared for almost anything. After luncheon we paraded with our clubs in a meadow beyond the garden. Here, in a long row, at a distance of some 2 inches apart, each neatly perched upon its little wooden tee, were innumerable golf balls somewhat the worse for wear. Beside them stood three small boys of a washed and Sunday-fied aspect. "How many balls are there?" demanded K. in a stern voice. "Seventy-eight, sir," replied the senior small boy, with an air of a sergeant-major. "Carry on," said K., or words to that effect, and the three small boys withdrew to their appointed positions: one straight in front of us at about 140 yards' range; one at deep mid-off—a direction in which K. is a noted and severe hitter; and one in the deep field. The senior small boy selected himself for this place on the ground, as I am inclined to fancy, that there would be less to do there than anywhere else.

Then we began. Alternately K. and I advanced to the appointed place, and, as did the archers in *Ivanhoe*, "delivered our shafts yeomanlike and bravely." It is the rule of the house that every man shall pick up his own tee, and that gives a little breathing space, otherwise there is no respite. Crash-bang-crash! Slice-top-hook-fluff! Away go the balls as fast as they can be hit. Let no man sneer at the golfers of England, and say that ours is not an athletic game. Long before I had driven off my allowance of thirty-nine balls I was a wreck of soul and body, and had made my share over to K., who fell on them with unsated appetite. Clearly all the books of reference have fallen into a ludicrous error as to the date of his birth. When the last ball had flown there was a short pause, and then the three boys came back to report. They emptied their pockets, and there were but seventy-one balls left. Threats of vague but terrific punishment produced expansive grins, and were clearly part of the regular procedure.

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[1] Reprinted from *The Times*, January 23, 1925, by permission.

We next took our balls further out into the field and played mashie shots over a sunk fence on to a particular part of the lawn, the senior small boy being instructed to hold up two hands whenever the ball pitched and remained on the right plot. Thirty-five mashie shots apiece, played at break-neck speed, mean good hard work, but still we had not finished. Three balls had disappeared in a watery ditch, and the remaining sixty-eight were once more teed up, like so many rockets, for a final display of fireworks. This time my strength gave out very quickly, and K. was left with a full fifty to his own cheek.

The Climax.

Black and formidable clouds had gradually been massing in the sky, and there was clearly no time to waste if we were to escape a soaking. It was then that the true greatness of K. was revealed. He rushed at those fifty balls like a machine-gun, and the faster he rattled them off the further and the straighter they flew. The boy in the deep field could not keep pace with them. I stood awestruck before this blazing inspiration. "Just to show you," said K. in a breathless voice, "that it isn't a fluke, that boy out there hasn't had enough balls; I'll send him some," and at once mid-off was subjected to a fusillade. "Now the other boy," gasped K. radiant and exalted, and the boy at mid-on ducked his head. By this time there was but one ball left, and the storm was just about to burst. With a final effort K. lashed it far away towards the thorn bush that no mortal man has ever reached, and we ran for shelter. In the hall were ranged three plates. On each plate was a large slice of plum cake, and by the side of it a shilling and a sixpence. Presently the small boys returned with the balls. Another census was taken, and they disappeared into the rain, munching and jingling. On the whole, theirs seemed a strenuous but pleasant way of earning a living.

I need scarcely say that K. is a remarkable person. The afternoon I have attempted to depict was only a little holiday to him. His usual day, at the end of a week's work, consists of a round of golf in the morning on a most mountainous course, followed by 240 shots in the afternoon, and when he really feels energetic he hits 320. His motive is exercise rather than earnest study, and his system can be recommended to anyone who is conscious of having too many theories or too many preliminary addresses. I deny any man to waggle with K. waiting to hit the next shot. One plays, perforce, as quickly as Duncan, Massy, Taylor, and Mr. Bobby Jones all rolled into one.

If it is a good thing to make the mind a blank while playing golf, this is the way to do it. There is no time to reason why, only to do or die; and whether one does or not, one certainly feels as if one were going to die.

This sensation of imminent dissolution comes at the end of the first forty balls or so. After that, though permanently dazed, one does attain to a sort of second wind. One reads occasionally of some illustrious golfer who "played like a machine." This is the way to feel as nearly like a machine as one can ever hope to do, but it may be a very stiff, creaking, wheezy machine next morning. When after playing about twenty mashie shots as fast as I could, I said I felt dizzy. K. remarked scornfully, "That shows you're nervous." Well, as the Americans say, I hand it to him. I only wish I had half his complaint.

And I am left wishing that he will come again and catch it.

Arising out of playing golf, one spring at Turnberry, I have two pleasant memories combined in one brief story. My caddie there was a dear little fellow with a very bad squint. It was so bad that I wrote off to the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, asking if their oculist would be kind enough to operate if I arranged for the boy to get to Glasgow. Everything went well, the operation was successful, and I had a very kind letter about it from Mr. Rowan, the surgeon. The boy got quite well and his parents were delighted and very grateful. Ten years afterwards, when I was tenant of Raehills, near Dumfries, I was told two gentlemen had called to see me about the opening of something connected with the hospital there

One of them introduced himself with the words, "Do you remember sending me a boy from Turnberry?" A very kindly remembrance, I thought, on the part of a man who must have seen thousands of patients in the ten years.

Of cricket I will only say that I have played it, and still do, with a maximum of pleasure and a minimum of pride. My pleasure has been increased and my pride not humbled by my village Cricket Club at Kneesworth putting on the pavilion wall a picture from Punch of a fat man standing point and letting a ball go past him.

"Who is that duffer standing point?"

"Oh, that's the Squire; he don't bend at nothing."

It was at cricket, however, that an incident occurred which earned me a reputation for being a close ally of the Almighty. My Kneesworth XI were playing a neighbouring village—Bassingbourne—and during the match a very black thunderstorm came over us. It began to rain heavily and we made for the pavilion. Several of the players ran under a big elm-tree. I said to them, "Don't go there, you will be struck." They knew better. But five minutes later that tree was struck and the lightning stripped off the bark on the opposite side to where the men were sitting, and they were thrown 10 yards or so from the tree. My orders have never been disobeyed since.

One cricket story, however, is worth recording in black and white, as it is the most astonishing ending to a match that I have ever heard of. In July 1916 the Guards were playing some other regiment at Vincent Square, I think or on the Chelsea ground. The Guards were batting They had three to win when the last man went in. He was a hopeless bat. He went in, took "block" and wa promptly bowled first ball. The other side chucked up their caps and cheered. They had won by three runs But, and it *is* a BUT, they had not heard that the umpire had called "no ball," and so no fieldsman had attempted to stop the ball, which rolled slowly to the boundary for three after it had hit the wicket, and so the Guards won.

I have had many pets amongst animals and was very pleased when a kind lady once offered me a tame badger which used, she said, to follow her about everywhere. She was going abroad and thought I might like it. She sent me a charming photo of the badger and its sister, sitting on her own feet. I gladly accepted. She told me to feed the badger with milk and cream before I let it out, and it would then run to me and sit on my feet as a mark of friendship. The badger arrived, I fed it as directed, and when my daughter Lucy and I let it out, it came to me and sat on my feet, showing every wish to be friendly. Then in a moment, without any apparent reason, it looked round and seized my leg, biting it to the bone. My daughter caught it by the tail, pulled it off, swung it round, and hurled it away, rather a difficult and plucky thing to do because the badger was as heavy as a fair sized pig, and very angry. The moment the beast touched the ground it came at me again and seized the other leg, hurting awfully. Lucy again pulled it off by the tail, and flung it away. I ran to the house one way and she another, the badger followed her into the hall, where I shot it with a rifle.

I asked Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, the Superintendent of the Zoo, if any experience they had at the Zoo could explain this change of character in the badger. He told me that wild animals, when tamed, often lost their tameness, and relapsed into their natural savageness when suddenly startled by some noise or something strange. He thought that the badger had suddenly realized that the surroundings were all new to those to which it had been accustomed, and so had this regrettable relapse. If Lucy had not pulled it off I think it would have killed me, because when it had hold of my leg I could hardly stand, and if I had fallen it would probably have bitten me in the neck or head. It was very strong.

CHAPTER XXVI

ON BEGGING

"FOND of gay company and excitement he looked about for another way of making money to satisfy his expensive tastes, and he selected the calling of professional beggar."

So a paper described the first downward step of a famous murderer. I have still a long drop before me!

I have always been fond of gay company and excitement, and my expensive tastes have led me to the same choice as the finished criminal, but—those tastes of mine have never yet been satisfied, nor have I yet become a murderer.

Once, however, I had a very strong impulse towards murder—when a lady, whose money was to revert to the hospital at her death, wrote to tell me that she had to undergo a very serious operation and would I recommend a surgeon. I shivered on the brink but my conscience must have pointed out that I was certain to be found out if I yielded to the temptation of a bad recommendation—at all events, I saved the lady at the expense of the hospital.

I wonder sometimes how I should feel if all my expensive hospital tastes had been gratified. I know I feel very restless and miserable when I see a splendid piece of work that should and could be done cold-shouldered for want of money. I have several before me now but—I am sorry, I was forgetting my publishers friendly demand that I must not let my "professional instincts" obtrude themselves, etc.

As a matter of fact I do not want to write this chapter at all, but I am told I must because the public sees me as a beggar and as nothing else. My beggings and stealings have been recorded in black and white by my friend and begging Secretary, Neville Langton, in a book which he published with my rather reluctant consent and dignified with the title of *The Prince of Beggars.* A multitude of sins are covered by that tinsel cloak, and I would willingly have left myself covered by it but apparently even that must go.

I hope that no optimist will wade through this in the hope of discovering my supposed secret—the straight road or short-cut to money getting. There is no straight road and no short-cut. If there had been an infallible method of getting money I should have got all the free money long ago! I know what it is to fail, and I know how it hurts to fail to get help for others whom you know need it.

I am not going to pretend I have not been successful as a beggar, even though never up to the limit of my greed. How can I, when a sportsman, only the other day, sent a cheque to "The London" made out to "The Champion Beggar," and the bank accepted my endorsement without protest or even inquiry? But there is nothing secret in "my secret." I have begged, I can almost say, night and day, and the secret is that I have had something worth begging for, and that I have begged for it with all my might. I have passed on my own keenness to help—that is all.

I have been lucky in having an outstanding hospital to appeal for. "The largest hospital in England" is an understandable objective, and when each day's upkeep depends on your begging, you dare not risk getting drowsy. A hungry hospital means a live hospital in every direction. Please remember, too, that I have been begging for thirty-five years, and when one has been importunate all that time a certain goodwill has attached itself to my begging business. People will follow a name they know, no matter who owns it—whether it be Agnes Weston, General

Booth, Barnardo (a name to conjure with), or Horatio Bottomley.

Appeals must be simple, direct and earnest, and, if possible, a bit off the beaten track. The trouble with a begging letter is to get it read at all, and many efforts kill themselves at sight—in fact are born dead. A circular letter in print sent out by the thousand, giving a mass of wearisome information about debts and difficulties, and using all the dear old phrases such as "urgent need" and its brethren, is useless except to provide indifferent fire-lighting material for housemaids. You can be too economical in dressing your appeal, and many appeals are damned by a half-penny stamp. This puts them into the circular class and into the waste-paper basket. Others are ruined by a mass of added "literature." What happens? The envelope is opened and papers spurt out all over the floor and you have to bend down, after breakfast too, and pick up a letter, a pamphlet or pamphlets, a donation form, a return envelope and so on. No benevolence can stand such stoopings, least of all the stout variety, which is usually associated with generosity. Of course you cannot always avoid an enclosure, but remember that its purpose is to amplify your letter and not to wither it up. Do not strain to be original. That nearly always shows and chills. Equally do not crib. That is feeble and stupid. Stunts—I dislike them as much as I dislike the word—are nearly always cribbed to death.

Queen Alexandra's own motto for our Finsen Light Department—"Nothing like perseverance"—might serve equally well as a motto for beggars. Writing begging letters is the most uphill job I know. I once worked out that a mile of writing earned on an average £200, but every now and again some good fellow or "brickette" will blow the average to smithereens and cheer one to drive on more miles. Begging would be intolerable drudgery if it were not for such thrills. Fishing for money is not like dry-fly fishing—you cannot wait for your rise and then cast; you have got to get your fish to rise. The "chuck-and-chance-it" method is the only possible one. A man will go on casting all day in the hope of a salmon taking his fly, and so must a beggar—Sundays as well as weekdays.

Still, whatever your skill and energy, appeal work must remain a gamble. It cannot be otherwise when the appealee is only a name to you, and even if he or she be more than a name, how are you to divine the happy moment for the arrival of your appeal? I never felt this so strongly as when I made a broadcast appeal for "The London." As I spoke into that unresponsible black box to unknown thousands of listeners, I did indeed realize the difficulty of the right word in the right place at the right time. But there is a set-off to this. A good appeal may live in a man's mind for a long time. He may do nothing at the moment, but your appeal may leave him, as a friend once wrote to me, "with a conscience ill at ease." So never despair in your appealing and—live, live in every appeal you send out.

Here is a story of how I only made £125,000 for the hospital instead of £250,000. We had come to the conclusion that a novel way of collecting would be to make exact replicas of half-crowns in silvered cardboard with the legend printed on them, "Thank you for a real one." So I had dies made of half-crowns, and we struck off a million counterfeit ones and were issuing these right and left, in return for real ones, when I got a formal letter from the Public Prosecutor desiring me to attend at the Home Office as "being in illegal possession of dies for coin-making." Rather alarmed I went to the Home Office to meet the Public Prosecutor—behold, he was my old friend of many years, Sir Charles Matthews, commonly known as "Willie," and there were present also the Assistant Public Prosecutor, Sir Guy Stephenson, an equally old and dear friend, and a lot of other severe-looking officials in frock-coats. Sir Charles, in his most severe and prosecutional manner, pointed out the enormity of what I had done, that I had rendered myself liable to criminal prosecution, and said that the dies must be handed over at once to the police, the issue of my replicas stopped, and all still in our hands destroyed.

"Impossible," I said. "It would ruin my appeal. I wanted a million half-crowns."

"The alternative is the Old Bailey," he said gravely.

I saw myself there and said: "By Jove! What a chance. That would advertise 'The London' and my appeal all over the country. The money would pour in while I was languishing in gaol."

"Confound you!" (I am not sure he did not say "D——n you!") "You and Bottomley are the only two criminals who have beaten me."

Even the solemn men in frock-coats burst out laughing, and Guy Stephenson whistled, or ought to have, if he did not, as he is the best whistler I ever heard. In the end we compromised—the appeal might go on if I handed over the dies and defaced all my dummies with a punch-hole before issuing them. I got my million real half-crowns, but if I had gone to prison I should have got two millions.

It was through an old man, a burglar with twenty-nine years' "service," that I once enjoyed all the excitement of a hunt for stolen goods. He came to me one day and said: "Would you like to get hold of Nancy Parsons?" I replied that I did not know the lady, so could not say. "She's not a lady, she's a picture," he answered. Then I remembered—a portrait of Nancy Parsons by Gainsborough had been stolen twelve years before (in 1907), with a lot of other choice things, from the Park Lane house of Mr. Charles Wertheimer, the great art dealer, a daring robbery that had set all London talking. My burglar friend was prepared to "deliver the goods" for £50 for himself and £100 for the holder. I was sceptical —the picture was said to have been destroyed—but, remembering the huge reward offered, and foreseeing an experience out of the ordinary, I finally agreed, and we sat down, or rather ran about, to pursue "Nancy." She was most femininely elusive. She began by hiding behind the wall-paper in a crook's house; she was removed a few hours before a police raid; she sheltered in a frame behind another picture; she hid again in a false-backed safe that was broken into in vain by a friend of my friend. Whenever we got near her, she changed hands and often lay perdue for months, while her latest owner was doing penance in some gaol or other.

At moments I really thought I was going to see her charming smile, but invariably we were too late by hours or minutes. She was mixed up with the strange theft of Queen Amelie's jewels, when not the jewels but the hope of papers implicating the Queen in a restoration conspiracy was the thief's real objective. She was stolen and re-stolen and once was carried out under the eyes of her hunters, wrapped tightly round a stick. Then she vanished amid flames and water in a fire at an old convict's house. "Now," said my sceptical family, "something will really happen." It did not. There was never another word of "Nancy." Why did I pursue her? For the fun and on the off-chance of recovery. If I had won "Nancy," the London Hospital would have been richer by £10,000 and would have had the advertisement of its existence. As it was I had a lot of fun for a very few pounds and got in touch with a number of queer people and queer places. "Nancy's" real story is, I think, as told in *Cassell's Magazine* for October 1922.

It may cheer would-be beggars to know that I have had quite my share of failures and disappointments. An expensive failure was to pay £1,000 for the best full page of the only official guide to Wembley with a guaranteed circulation of over two millions. I had a good lithograph appeal, paid the £1,000, and got 5s.! These bad dreams must not be thought of again.

I suppose most chairmen of big hospitals have been approached at one time or another by strange people asking whether, in return for more or less lordly donations, "influence" would be forthcoming to obtain more or less lordly titles. Reflecting on the value of my influence and on the late Lord Salisbury's letter to my father on this matter of honours, I have always turned away sadly from these men of great obsessions. This at all events has saved me from being placed in the awkward predicament recorded in one of the best "honour" stories I know.

A rich business man called on a certain Prime Minister and discussed the honour equivalent of a gift to the Party Fund. His offer was princely, and the Prime Minister purred and saw no difficulty.

"A little interval, of course," was the only demurrer. The business man agreed, and the Prime Minister then hinted at the urgent needs of the fund. The business man smiled and, pulling out his cheque-book, wrote a cheque for the amount, signed it, and handed it to the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister's face clouded—the signature was the name which the business man had chosen as his future title. *Ben trovato*—even if not true.

I am convinced that begging must be personal; it must be a one-man business and not a committee affair. Half a dozen hearts rarely beat as one, and half a dozen pens build a sadly dull letter. I have never written to anyone or had a letter written for me that was not personal in the sense that I was behind it in the writing, drafting or outlining. And the same with replies. I started begging "on my own," but even an ambidextrous man has but two hands and the hours of a day are but twenty-four: hence the need for a Begging Department—obvious enough when I say that in one year, the year of "The London's" great Doubling Appeal and a Quinquennial Year into the bargain, we sent out nearly 450,000 begging letters. A flood like that takes a lot of organizing and spade work.

My first begging lieutenant was the late R. D. Taylor, who called on me one day and asked if he might help me. I refused until he told me that he had twice got replies out of me to begging letters he had written to me, I thought this no mean feat and engaged him on the spot, and for many years he helped me admirably. Then I had the good fortune to come across Neville Langton, and he has helped me brilliantly and with a devotion that I am very conscious of. I feel that a great deal of my reputation as a professional beggar is due to his keenness, resource and loyalty. Such work means everything to a hospital because without enough money no hospital can do first-class work. A keen chairman and committee, an ideal house governor and secretary, and first-rate heads of departments, such as I have been blessed with, are of no avail without ammunition for their guns, and, as the head of the munitions department in our little world, " N.L." has been as successful as " L.G." in the bigger world.

Of course, in delegating any part of appeal work you must have a lieutenant with a vigilant eye and—the luck of the devil. A slip or an oversight is so very easy in mass production. Once a lady was writing some letters for me—they were all alike and I am afraid dull, and somewhere held the phrase, " Even if it means an effort will you help me." It was very monotonous work and it was spring-time, and Georges Carpentier was the world's idol, and in one of the letters, addressed to the maidenest of maiden ladies, the pen side-slipped and we found the following : " Even if it means an effort, will you marry me ? " Suppose I had signed it trustfully ? I still feel cold all over at the thought.

Dictation, too, has unforeseen pitfalls. One typing fairy once misread some eloquence of mine about Jezebel, and presented me with a typed edition that alluded to one " Jessie Bell." Who, again, reading a letter with reference to " my courteous plunge," would have imagined that I still remember a few tags of Roman history and among them that valiant youth Curtius who saved Rome by plunging into a chasm ?

I really enjoy catching out my Begging Department in some mistake. Once—I have never let them forget this—they landed me with a god-daughter and a bill for a coral necklace ! This double responsibility followed an appeal for the London Hospital's Cot Fund, which gets help for the Children's Wards by asking ladies who have been blessed with a baby to help less lucky infants. I was horrified one morning to receive a letter from the Medical Superintendent of Guy's, my friend Dr. Eason, saying, kindly but firmly, that it was really carrying begging too far to write to his wife, on the birth of her baby, to ask her to help " The London," of all hospitals.

Someone *had* blundered, and I felt annoyed, regretful and amused. I wrote back, endeavouring to break the shock by suggesting that of course a subscriber would have the privilege of naming the child Sydney.

Then he had me. He replied that he would, if I would—be godfather. I was beaten and meekly took up my burden and responsibility and sent the necklace, and little Sydney Eason is, I am glad to hear, proving the wisdom of being born under a smile, and will probably end as Matron of the London Hospital.

Confession is good for the soul, so let me tell of one or two more " breaks." I had been sending out appeal letters to various firms inviting their support on the solid ground that people in their employ had lately been patients and so had had special opportunities for the speediest possible return to health and work. To one I got this delightful answer :

" As regards the restoration of our maid to health we feel sure you will appreciate the humour when we say that she was in our employ ten days only, previous to which she was in the employ of your own hospital as a housemaid in the Nurses' Home for several years."

Another "break" followed a mysterious gift of £4 11s. 6d. sent "with compliments." This arrived when a big appeal was in progress, so I naturally took it as a tribute to my persuasive powers and thanked the donor most cordially. My reply, however, was countered by the unpleasant information that "the sum was sent in payment for dissecting a 'part' at the London Hospital, which perhaps I did not make sufficiently clear." Confound the fellow, whether he had made the "part" clear or not, he had certainly made me look foolish.

A gentleman once corrected me and my exuberance very neatly. I think he must have come from Aberdeen. I was told that someone in the outer office had just brought up £50 for the hospital and naturally I hurried out to return thanks in person for this generosity. Not wanting to be pompous, I tried to be bright, and having thanked the donor in orthodox style I went on:

"I suppose you've brought this up to save your soul?"

He looked at me solemnly.

"My soul? Oh dear, no. I brought it myself to save postage."

Press publicity is very valuable help for hospitals but it sometimes "turns again," and I remember a remark that made me feel how cheap it could be. It was on the occasion of the funeral service for Edith Cavell in Westminster Abbey, who, as I have already told, was trained at the London Hospital. I was watching the procession go past when a Superintendent of Police, who happened to know me, turned round and said with a smile, "The London Hospital on top again." I was not—for once—thinking about the hospital.

During one of my appeals, the members of the Sphinx Club of Advertisers helped me very much. Two of them were specially active and well-known members, Mostyn Piggott and Macleod Moore.

In my speech thanking them, I said:

"At first I thought there was most in Piggott, but I soon got to value Macleod more!"

Oranges were thrown at me. All the same, I think that if my forebear, Sydney Smith, had fathered this *jeu de mot* it would have been printed before this.

"The London's" great "Doubling Appeal" at the end of 1923 was the most thrilling job I ever undertook. We were nearing the end of a Quinquennial Appeal—one of those big fifth yearly appeals which have been "The London's" salvation for ages—and at first thought, it seemed pretty hopeless to try to get a further £80,000 in a couple of months to win the £80,000 prize at stake. For that was the condition. The Anonymous Donor had offered to add, pound for pound, up to an £80,000 limit, to all the money we could raise in two months. His idea was to increase materially "The London's" endowment which was miserably small.

How every one worked! No one concerned had any hours, and I must admit that our plans worked well. It was the sporting side of the appeal—the fight against probability and against time—and the splendid generosity of the offer that caught the public fancy and made every one want to have a share in it.

Day by day the total grew, with a rush at the start as usual; then depressingly slowly; then forward in spurts, as this appeal and that went out; and then very rapidly as closing time loomed, until on the last night before the last day we needed but £3,362 to win the whole prize. Still, £3,362 takes a lot of getting, and we went home to bed thoughtfully. The morning's post came in and I never saw such a sight; it was a beggar's dream—letters by the thousand and still pouring in by basketsful. Have you ever seen over 4,000 letters on a table? Letters that you know have money in them? Exhilarating is a mild word for the feeling you get. I felt myself investing £160,000!

But on the tail of that feeling trod another—one I never expected to have in my life. We had got too much money. All those envelopes, averaged at a reasonable figure, would cover the balance we needed at least twice over. And the money had been sent to be doubled! Obviously any sums that took the total beyond £80,000, the doubler's limit, would have to be returned. It really was a spoil-sport feeling, and on the top of it—it was a nerve-racking morning—came a wire from Sir Walter Lawrence saying that he would give the last £1,000 for the privilege of being the last donor.

We went on opening envelopes.

We reached our £80,000! There were still a couple of thousand envelopes mocking us.

We went on opening resourcelessly, and then came a telegram from Sir Henry Mallaby-Deeley offering to make good any deficit.

A deficit! And two thousand gifts to be sent back!

I groaned, and the groan and the telegram combined to bring a brain wave—would Sir Henry double those unopened gifts in lieu of making good a deficit that did not exist. Obviously he wanted to help! The question was wired away and we sat on thorns until the reply-paid wire came back. Sir Henry was a sportsman and his answer was "Yes." That reply cost him £10,000, but I am sure that he has never done anything that he has regretted less. The Doubling Appeal added over £180,000 to "The London's" endowment and gave me the moment of my life. I wish I had space to set down a few of the pleasant and pathetic stories behind many of the gifts, but I am afraid that these must remain as buried as the Anonymous Donor's identity. One, however, was so specially refreshing that it insists on being recorded. A man brought in £500 to swell the total, and I was starting to thank him when he cut me short: "Good of me? Not a bit. What more does a fellow want than a butterfly net and a ham sandwich?"

I have said how the appeal caught every one's fancy, and Royalty itself shared in the general interest. I had the privilege of meeting H.M. the King while the excitement was at its zenith, and he beckoned to me to come and speak to him.

"I do not believe one word of this 'Doubling Offer,'" he said. "It is only another of your money-making ingenuities."

His smile cancelled his words so I dared to reply:

"Would not that, Sir, be defamation of character—if a King were not above the law?"

He laughed merrily and went on to speak in warm terms about the donor's generosity and of his wish to remain anonymous.

Well I am afraid I have said enough and more than enough about my appeal ups-and-downs, and the story of the Doubling Appeal makes a pleasant end—for me.

The rest of the acts of K., and the appeals that he made, are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles of *The Prince of Beggars* (which I have never called myself).

CHAPTER XXVII

SOME BIG GIFTS AND THEIR STORIES

IN the last chapter I have told of the largest gift ever made to the London Hospital. Since he made that wonderful gift of £80,000 the same Anonymous Donor has added £20,000 to it for the endowment of Research. I wish I could show my gratitude. I can only do so by working harder.

Big gifts to charities almost invariably attract public interest. It is very natural, for "big money" is every one's personal want, and, in addition, the public often senses a touch of romance, a story, behind these great gifts.

The public is usually right about this.

Big gifts to "The London" are certainly among the happiest recollections of my life, and I am setting down a few of them with the stories behind them. They are worth reading if only as examples of the infinite variety in human nature.

When I first came to the hospital I found the Out-patients' Department really very bad indeed. All the patients were herded together in a long basement passage, and they could see into the small rooms, where children were being attended to and often screaming. I wrote to Alfred Yarrow as he was then (now Sir Alfred Yarrow), told him the condition of affairs, and asked him if he would help remedy this. I did not then know him, I only knew of his work in Poplar. He asked me to dine with him at his house at Blackheath, and I went down there, and he said nothing at all during dinner about my letter. I was in despair, but as I left he said, "I will give you £3,000 to remedy what you have told me." I said, "Come and see it." He did, and when he had seen it he said, "I will give you £25,000 to remedy this." We spent £83,000 on a new Out-patients' Department; and when King Edward and Queen Alexandra came down to open it, hidden away behind the platform was Alfred Yarrow, who would not allow his name to be mentioned. This was the commencement of a long and very dear friendship, and I had the honour and pleasure of being his Best Man when he married the present Lady Yarrow. To his help and advice I owe more than I dare say.

When he made this great gift he asked me whether I would like any conditions attached to the gift. The chance was too great and I asked him to attach the conditions, which were then strongly opposed, that those out-patients who could afford it should be made to pay something towards the cost of medicines supplied to them, and that all letters of admission to the hospital should be abolished. He asked me who were my strongest opponents. I told him. He invited them and me to dinner and asked us all to give our views quite openly, and invited two or three important judges to be present. Having patiently listened to both sides, he attached the conditions I had asked for to his gift, and I need hardly say that it was impossible after that for my opponents to keep their end up. I am not quite sure that this reflects to my credit, but there it is.

Sir Alfred Yarrow's far-sighted kindness did not stop with this great gift to help those actually ill. A few years later he made another of £20,000—for research work, to help in the fight against disease itself.

One day as I was sitting in my office at the Docks, I got a message from a Mr. Fielden asking me to call. I went round to see him and saw a young man who told me that he had been operated on by Sir Frederick Treves, who had told him that I wanted help for the London Hospital, and he asked me to write down what I wanted.

This was a pretty large order, and I began at £100 and went up to an Isolation block costing £22,000!

I said, "I do not know how much you mean to give, but here are the things that are pressing."

He drew out his cheque-book and gave me a cheque for £22,000, saying, "That will help you with the Isolation block."

I said: "I have no words to thank you."

"I do not want any thanks, keep my name entirely secret, pay it into your own bank, and give your cheque to the hospital."

I said: "I shall bolt with it!"

"No, you won't," he said, and that was the beginning of a long friendship.

Later on Mr. Fielden came down to the hospital and asked me whether the £22,000 he had given covered the whole cost of the block. I told him it had done so, all except the site, and he said, "How much was the site?" I told him £5,000, and the next day he sent a cheque for that. Then, to my dismay, I found out that the £22,000 had covered the cost of the site as well, so I wrote and told him, and he said, "Use it for something else then"; so we owe all the balconies outside the wards—perhaps the most appreciated gift that has ever been given to the hospital—to this good man's generosity.

Here is the "behind the scenes" story of how three hospitals once benefited to the tune of £90,000 apiece. H.T. was born at Brighton in 1832, and his father is described in the baptismal certificate as a coach proprietor. I believe he horsed the coaches between London and Brighton. H.T. in due course entered the service of one of the great London Banks, and being possessed of considerable ability, very good looks, and a prepossessing manner, rose in due course to be manager of an important and fashionable branch. About the time that he was appointed bank manager his two elder sisters died, having inherited from their father a considerable amount of valuable real estate. These two ladies, being of a devout turn of mind, devised the whole of this property to a church at Brighton, of which the vicar was the very man who had urged Constance Kent to confess to the murder of her little brother, as I have written elsewhere.

H.T. applied to the Court to set the wills aside, on the ground that the bequests were contrary to the Statute of Mortmain. He succeeded in his action, and inherited the property as the next-of-kin, and this was the foundation of the fortune he succeeded in amassing. As manager he resided over the bank, and when he retired from the post under the age limit, he refused to give up the rooms or to pay any rent for them on the ground that his current account was sufficiently large to remunerate the bank. He kept no carriage or motor-car, and literally lived a life of absolute privation from all creature comforts, with the result that his fortune rapidly increased. He lived at the rate of a very few hundreds a year, while his income was over £15,000 per annum. The result was that his money piled up, and in order to get rid of a lot of it, at the age of eighty-five he purchased an annuity of £5,000. He was an odd mixture. He hated money, though he did everything he could to save it. He subsequently expressed his desire to destroy his fortune at his death, and actually considered the feasibility of throwing it into the sea.

When H.T. decided that he could neither take his money with him into the next world nor destroy it, he discussed with his adviser the various hospitals in London. He declined one hospital because they pressed him to leave them something, and another, of which he was a governor, because he had quarrelled with his colleagues. When he died at the age of ninety-one I was told that he only agreed to the inclusion of "The London" because I was "such an assiduous beggar." I felt very thankful indeed for my reputation.

The next big donor of whom I shall speak was a very different type of man—a man who was conscience-driven, though I always felt he exaggerated the omissions which haunted him.

I have constantly been amazed at the kindness and generosity of people, complete strangers, who have replied to my personal appeals to them for help for the London Hospital, but I never thought that a general appeal sent out by the thousand would have met with this sort of response.

In 1889 I received a reply to one of my letters from the late Mr. James Hora in which he referred to the time it must take to be Chairman of so large a hospital. I replied that it took most of my leisure and that my wife often complained that my life was hospital first and everything else afterwards. To my surprise he called and told me, in pathetic language and with tears, how his great unhappiness was looking back at his past life and realizing how he had neglected his wife for his work. He and she, Marie Celeste Hora, had passed most of their married life in Australia. She died after he came to England. I believe he was the first man to organize companies for lending money to Australian farmers—the Trust and Agency of Australia being, I think, his first-born.

He evidently felt the matter very much, and finding I sympathized with him—who would not with a grey-haired old man telling his trouble to a man some thirty years younger than himself—he asked me if I could get some part of the hospital work called after his wife. I suggested the Samaritan Society, which seemed to please him very much, and he promised a large annual subscription to the Society if it could be called "The Marie Celeste Samaritan Society." His devotion to his dead wife was almost tragic. I have been with him down to Ottershaw, where she was buried, and the dear old man used to kneel down on the grave and call her, and ask her if she could hear him. He lived for fourteen years after his first interview, and I saw him constantly. As he got older and senile decay set in, our numerous interviews were a great trial, I confess. Lady Wensleydale, one of the noblest and kindest women I have ever met, told me once, as I think I have said, to do my utmost as I got old, to be kind to, and welcome young people. I have never found this anything like so hard as to be kind to, and patient with, old people, and hours with old Mr. Hora were a great trial to one's patience; but I like to remember that he sent for me when he was dying for one more talk. Before he died he endowed the Marie Celeste Ward for maternity work, and by his will he left £120,000 to the Marie Celeste Samaritan Society of the London Hospital.

He made a very ingenious will. He left a sum of money to the Parish of Ottershaw, the interest of which was to be spent in providing flowers every week for Marie Celeste's grave, and keeping the grave in order. But, as he said to me, there is never any certainty that such wish and direction would be carried out and he did not intend to leave anything to chance; so he made a proviso in his will that if these directions were not carried out, all the money was to go to a neighbouring parish. Thus he got two willing agents to see that his directions were observed, the parish who wished to keep the money, and the parish who wished to get it, and, to make sure that this proviso was common knowledge, he left money to have it all set out verbatim on a marble tablet let into the wall of Ottershaw Church.

In 1903, when we were in great despair, I was passing the Mansion House one day and an inspiration seized me to go in and see the Lord Mayor and ask him if he would help. In the outer office where I waited, there was seated a frock-coated gentleman, but we sat there saying nothing to each other. Presently the door opened from the Lord Mayor's room, and a magnificent man came out in full uniform and a cocked hat. I said to my silent friend:

"By Jove, what a swell!"

Whereupon, to my surprise he turned to me, and said, "A damned sight better fellow than you."

I said, "How do you know; you must not judge by looks, or where would you be yourself?"

"Well, where should I be?" he said.

"Well," I replied, "I should not have said if you had not asked me, but you would be in the dock at the Old Bailey."

This made him very angry, strange to say, and he complained to the Lord Mayor of my rudeness; but, as I learned later, he had been summoned to receive his own dismissal. The Lord Mayor, Sir Marcus Samuel (afterwards Lord Bearsted), heard the story with much amusement. Sir Marcus did help. He gave a Mansion House dinner for the hospital and raised a very large sum of money, and has been a very generous helper of the hospital ever since. When he retired from being Chairman of the Shell Company, all the employees subscribed together and gave him a large present of money which he, with their consent, presented to the London Hospital. I am proud to number him amongst donors who have become personal friends. In 1925 he added to many other generous gifts the gift of a Clinical Theatre costing £10,000.

When we first installed the Finsen Light treatment for lupus, the late Lord Northcliffe came forward most generously with a gift of £10,000, a gift that was as helpful as an example as it was of itself. But he and Lady Northcliffe—now Lady Hudson—took a really deep interest in the hospital, and the "Mary Northcliffe Ward" commemorates very many kindnesses and a weekly visit to the hospital extending over many years. Of shooting and week-end visits some of my most enjoyable ones were at Sutton Park, near Guildford, then tenanted by the Northcliffes. There were always agreeable people there. I cannot remember all, but it was a joy to meet Lady Dorothy Nevill there. The dear old lady would sit down and very soon had a circle of us round her, and then, in quite an unaffected way, would tell her experiences of people and happenings. The enormity of writing my recollections was not present then, and so, alas! I have forgotten her stories. They were not told as stories, but came out of their own accord, so to speak, apropos of what someone else had said. In her long life she had known everybody worth knowing, and many who were worth forgetting. Amongst many others I met there was Regie Nicholson, then Manager of *The Times*; Evelyn Wrench, who, as a young man at Oxford, so Northcliffe told me, was the inventor of picture postcards, and is now the guiding spirit of the English-speaking Union; Geoffrey Dawson, Editor of *The Times*, always delightful to meet; Beach Thomas (now Sir William), interesting for and because of his love of natural history; Owen Seaman (Sir Owen), Editor of *Punch*. If ever we thought Owen Seaman was shooting too well, we used to ask him if he could find a rhyme for some word. I saved the lives of many pheasants at one corner by telling him that he could not find a rhyme for "month." I believe the only solution is a Saxon word "wonth," which means "once." But without a diary I cannot remember all the many friends I met there.

Lady Northcliffe was an ideal hostess, only concerned to make every one happy. And Northcliffe? Everybody who knew him is expected to say what they found in him. Well, I found a combination of every conceivable sort of person, depending entirely on his mood and surroundings which rôle dominated. He was not posing or acting. It came natural to him to be what he was at the moment. Of one trait of his character I am certain, and that is he had no personal ambition for himself. He was not an ambitious climber. His whole aim was to get at what he believed to be the truth and to make it known at any cost to himself or his papers, and he cared intensely that those papers should be a guide to his country. Of course the danger of this position was the source of his information—was it good or bad? Was he, to use a well-hackneyed phrase, "Backing the wrong horse?" He was a man of quick affection and quick dislike, and I think not a very good judge of character, though it hardly becomes me to say so, as he showed unaltered friendship towards me for many years. He was, as I said, a mixture of every sort of man, and, until you had been with him some time, you did not know which special sample you were meeting. R.I.P.

The next story is one of a £25,000 offer that I declined to accept. In November 1902 I received a letter from a Mr. A—— of B——, asking me to go and see him about some money that he had to dispose of. I had no idea where B—— was until Bradshaw told me, and then I wired to him and took the train that day. I was met at the station by a dog-cart, and in the course of a long drive to the house pumped the coachman, who told me that Mr. A—— was dying of cancer and was a very bad-tempered man. I was shown into his bedroom and found a thin, wan man, evidently dreadfully ill. He told me that he was anxious to give me £25,000 for the London Hospital, which he wished me to take back with me that day. I was naturally very pleased and rather surprised to find that a man living in such an evidently humble way had so large a sum of money at his disposal. I sat with him talking till luncheon time, when I joined his daughter, who was twenty-two years of age. I told her what her father had said to me. She told me that she thought it a horrible shame of him to deprive her and her brother of so large a sum. She said that her father only gave her a hundred a year to dress on and as pocket money, and that he had quarrelled with her brother, and had said he would cut him off because he was anxious to marry a girl whom his father did not like. I had every sympathy with the daughter and told her I would do my best to dissuade the father from giving this large sum to the hospital. So after luncheon, when I got back to Mr. A——'s room, I asked him whether he had considered carefully the claim of his daughter and son to this money.

He asked me what the devil that had to do with me, and got exceedingly angry: "All the money I give to my daughter she wastes on dress, and if I give money to my son, it simply enables him to marry the little chit of a girl whom he thinks himself in love with." I went on remonstrating till he told me that, if I did not like to take the money, he would give it to another hospital, so I had nothing else to do but to accede. He rang the bell; his daughter answered it, and in a very rude way he told her to go and fetch his despatch box. This he opened and handed me £25,000 in Egyptian Bonds. At five o'clock I said good-bye and went downstairs, and in putting on my overcoat the beastly bonds dropped out on the floor. The poor girl stooped down and picked them up and gave them to me, and I left the house feeling miserable, with the bonds in my pocket, but with my tail between my legs.

I was in a very difficult position. I hated taking this money, but on the other hand I did not know the true circumstances of the relationship between the father and the children, and it was absolutely impossible for me, as a Trustee of the Hospital, to refuse to take the money—in fact I had no right to do so. However, when I got back to London, I wrote to him and said that the money would not be handed to the hospital while he was alive, so that he could have an opportunity before he died of leaving it by will to anyone else, and that, until he died, the hospital would neither touch the capital nor any interest. I told him that as far as I could see his daughter did not seem extravagant in dress, and that I could not help telling him that I rather admired his son for sticking to the girl he loved though he knew that doing so would mean the loss of a fortune. I got no reply to this letter, but, at any rate, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had not minced my words in placing the alternative forcibly before him.

He died within a few weeks without making any alteration, and I confess I was very much hurt when the son and daughter brought an action against me to recover the money on the ground, not only that their father was mad, which was a perfectly good ground to raise, but because I had exerted, they said, an unfair influence over him. Judge Fardell tried the case, and at the suggestion of Counsel on both sides, saw us in his room. I told him the facts and said that the only reason I had defended the action was because of this suggestion that I had not acted fairly. When he returned to Court, he spoke very nicely of what I had done, declared Mr. A—— was not in his right mind, suggested that it would not be unfair to give £2,500 to the London Hospital, and that the son and daughter should have the rest—a verdict with which I cordially agreed, and so ended this unpleasant matter. Since then I have had pleasant business dealings with the son.

It is not of George Herring as a donor to "The London," but as a princely benefactor of all London Hospitals that I am writing these few lines about him. I used to spend many delightful Thursdays to Sundays with him at Putteridge and so got to know him well. George Herring was a wonderful man. It was said that he began life cutting up beef and ham in a shop opposite Newgate Prison. He then attended races and came to be trusted by a great number of the best people in England who owned horses, to back their horses for them, and to make other bets for them on commission. He was implicitly trusted by them, and they made a friend of him. By degrees he got on, and became comparatively well off. When Mr. Bischoffsheim, who was then a leading financier, got into some great difficulty over a company which he was financing, he found himself in need of two shrewd business men to help him. He chose Herring for one and Sir Ernest Cassel as the other, so I am told. Herring got richer and richer, and eventually died worth £1,300,000, and made me, his brother William, and Mr. Seton Taylor his executors, a trust which I much appreciated. We had often discussed the Hospital Sunday Fund, and he left a million to it. Herring was a remarkable character, very quick in his judgment of men, with an extraordinary facility for grasping figures and a shrewd insight into everything.

In Herring's will there was one curious clause which I have never seen elsewhere. He desired that seventeen of his friends should go to his house, in the order he named, and choose something for themselves in memory of him. First on the list was Sir Ernest Cassel, who chose a little inkstand, dear at five shillings, which Herring always used. Mr. Bischoffsheim came next, and he chose a valuable picture by Herring the artist (no relation of George Herring); I came third or fourth, and chose a very nice cabinet, which is now in the drawing-room at Kneesworth. There was no need to put upon one's self the self-denying ordinance of Sir Ernest Cassel, because Herring's directions were that all that was left was to be sold.

When I was at Cambridge I had the misfortune to come of age on the same day as my twin brother, and I am afraid there was rather a merry dinner amongst us all to celebrate the occasion. Arthur relapsed on that occasion to his former life, the Navy, and walked up and down on a green plot with a cricket stump under his arm, which he said was his telescope, and declared that he would brain anybody who dared come on the "upper deck." We persuaded our mutual friend, Mr. Louis Raphael, to cross the bit of grass, which he was quite unaware was at the moment Arthur's "upper deck," and he was promptly "brained" and was carried down to the cockpit. The next time I met Raphael was when he joined the Committee of the London Hospital and gave £20,000 to endow a ward in memory of his father. I do not recommend this treatment to everybody, but it says something for the forgiveness of our friend Raphael, and we often had a laugh together about it. He died in 1914, leaving many friends to remember him.

This is the story of Lord Lister's blessing.

When the old Pathological Institute was built at the London Hospital in 1901, I went to Lord Lister and asked him if he would open it. He said that he would gladly be present but that he would not open it, as he disliked making speeches and felt too old and weary to make them. He was then over eighty and I promised him that he should not be called on to make a speech. The opening speech was made by Sir Henry Roscoe, and as Chairman I had "to say a few words." The place was packed with students, and Lister was there in an inconspicuous position. After the usual prefacing platitudes, I told the audience that perhaps they had not noticed that, hidden away amongst us, was one of the greatest surgeons in the world, and one of the world's greatest benefactors, but that I had promised him that if he honoured us with his presence he should not be asked to speak. By this time the students and every one were all agog and peering to see to whom I could possibly be referring, and there was tremendous cheering when I added—"That man is Lord Lister. I will not ask him to make a speech, but we have a lot of young men on the threshold of the profession of which he so supremely is the head, and I ask him if he will just give us his blessing." The grand old man, frail in face and figure, stood up and said very solemnly, "Yes, I will. I bless you all and I bless this work, and may you and it prosper. That is the wish of an old man." He then sat down, very moved, as were we all.

The work has indeed prospered under Professor Turnbull. Year by year the work increased so much that at last we were at our wits' end to know what to do. Three or four researchers had to work in one tiny room, and it was impossible to investigate properly and to tabulate the results of the 1,300 post-mortems which were done there every year. It was a tragic waste of unrivalled opportunity—a waste that that great American surgeon, Dr. Charles Mayo of Rochester, rubbed in when he came to preside at the Annual Prize-giving of the Medical College. After walking round the hospital he remarked enviously, "What a wealth of opportunity for discovery."

At last I felt desperate enough to do anything, and, doing a thing I very much dislike, I called on Mr. Bernhard Baron of "Carreras" at his office in the City Road. His opening sentence was, "Well, what do you want?" I replied that no one had ever asked me that before. My wants generally go without saying, even if I go without getting them. Then he told me that, in consequence of some gifts of his having been made public, his life had been made a nuisance by shoals of begging letters from all over the world. I told him that I understood how he felt and that I would not ask for what I intended to, for I always felt it unfair that, when a man has done a great deal, he should be asked to do more. However, he made me tell him what I had come about, so I told him all about the institute and the real need for good research work. I told him, too, how few people were interested in work for the future—they would give money to cure the present sick but took little interest in prevention of disease. That is true—there is no "sob" in prevention. Mr. Baron became interested, and when I got up to leave he said simply: "I want to send you away happy. I will give you your Pathological Institute. What will it cost?" I said that the estimate was £10,000. "Very well, but understand that I do not want any recognition for doing this. The doing is enough."

Lister's blessing? Yes—I think so.

I hope that before very long the extended work of the institute will be in full swing and worthy of "The London" and of the giver's generosity. Mr. Baron had an invitation to one of the garden-parties at Buckingham Palace, and hearing of this I wrote to Lord Stamfordham telling him of what had happened, and that Mr. Baron desired no reward whatever, but I asked if he thought the King would let me present him. The King very graciously consented and personally thanked Mr. Baron for what he was doing for the country.

Our new Gynæcological Theatre—the last word in theatres and equipment—came to us in very dramatic fashion. Mr. Bader, a wealthy American, and his wife were on a visit to London when the lady was suddenly taken very ill. Two members of "The London's" Staff were called in and an operation was performed but, owing to the patient's weakness, transfusion of blood was found to be necessary. The aid of the hospital was invoked and as, very fortunately, a list of blood donors, classified according to the grades required, had lately been drawn up, a willing and suitable donor was soon forthcoming. The transfusion succeeded, the lady recovered, and as a mark of gratitude the husband gave the hospital the sum of £10,000 to be spent at the choice of the doctors concerned in the operation. Their choice was the theatre.

I have spoken of Mr. B. W. Levy's princely gift of five new operating theatres to the hospital, and of his insistence on the strictest anonymity, which he backed up, to the extremity of thoroughness, by declining to be among those present at the ceremony when the theatres were formally opened by Sir Joseph Dimsdale, the Lord Mayor, in 1902. Mr. Levy was a Jew with the highest possible idea of what Jews ought to be. He hated the sort of talk that Jews were moneylenders and usurers, and he once offered to any hospital which had received money from Mr. Sam Lewis, a famous moneylender, that, if the money were returned, he would double it.

Talking of Sam Lewis reminds me that I once had to visit, for a friend, most of the moneylenders in London to try and settle matters with them. My friend had behaved badly to Sam Lewis, having misled him as to his position and prospects, but, of all the moneylenders I visited, I found Sam Lewis to be the fairest and least exacting, and to my friend he behaved with extraordinary generosity, accepting his loan back with only 5 per cent. interest, though he was entitled to far more, and my friend had not even a false leg to stand on. I wish I could have got as good terms from the Christian moneylenders.

In the autumn of 1925, when I was in Scotland—these things always happen in the autumn—I got a letter from a kind man only just known to me, saying that he intended to give £50,000 to endow research at the London Hospital, but that if ever his name got out, he would withdraw the gift. This was the foundation of the Freedom Research Endowment, and this donor has nominated a gentleman to represent him on the Committee who manage that fund.

It was in the same year that the splendid liberality of Mr. Alfred Williams gave "The London" the sum of £10,000 for the "Owen Williams Research Scholarship." The gift was in memory of his son.

I suppose such big gifts do not often come to any chairman, but they are enormous help and encouragement when they do, and enable one to face the many disappointments and difficulties which must always occur in the management of a struggling hospital.

Even a more astonishing incident. I once went into the office at the hospital and I saw an evidently poor man sitting on a chair by the fire.

I said, "What can I do for you?"

And he said, "Who are you?"

I told him, and he said, "Oh, I should like to shake hands with a lord; I have never done so before."

I said, "It's very cheap here, there is no charge! What do you want?"

"I have got some money for you."

I said, "Where did you steal it?"

"Now," he said, "don't give us away, because you and I were in prison together"—much to the joy of the clerks.

I said, "Fish it out—what is it, a bad sixpence?"

"No," he said, "it's £500," and it was,—£500 in Government Securities!

He asked me to give him ten shillings a week for this for his life. He was then eighty-three, and I told him that would be unfair as he could get more from an Insurance Office; but he said it was all he wanted.

Three months later he brought another £400. I congratulated him, and said, "I see the cat-burglars have been at work." But he said it was all right; he had earned it in his long life honestly, And so I believe he had; but of all the gifts that I ever had this was the most surprising and—thank you, Mr. Johnson.

Another day a man called and left an untidy brown paper parcel with the gate porter to be given to me. It was evidently old boots or some rubbish so was not opened for a couple of days. It contained £10,000 in Bearer Bonds!

But, splendid as all these gifts are, I am positive that the donors would allow me equal gratitude for the 18s. 6d. which came with this letter:

"DEAR LORD KNUTSFORD,

"Thank you for doing the operation and making me quite well. I would like to help you, so every birthday now I am going to collect for the London Hospital. I tried my hardest and I got 18s. 6d.

"Much love from
"BETTY."

Or for the 5s. with this one:

"I received all that was kind, also a very clever job has been done on me. I shall never forget it."

Or for the 30s. that a small boy sends me:

"Last night I got up a little play and I got two other boys and a lady who was understudy. We collected 30s."

And for thousands of other "great little" gifts to match.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WITHIN FOUR WALLS

LOOKING back through my years of hospital work I find that my early thoughts of a hospital as a House of Pain lasted only a very short time. There are sad scenes enough, Heaven knows, but it is the hope and trust that you can read in the eyes which watch you down a ward that are my chief memory of thirty-five years of hospital life. The message in those eyes is compelling—you cannot, you dare not, read it and fail the confidence that you can and will help. You have got to do—anything! You are on your way to a committee and you pause by a child's cot and the child clutches at your watch-chain, or, harder still to escape from, your finger. Which is to win—the committee or the child? I know which does. Walk down any ward for a few days running and you will be able to watch hope pass into certainty and confidence into gratitude. A breadwinner fit again for his work, a woman seeing herself back in her home once more, a child with joy in life given back—those are my front-rank memories of hospital work. I am far from blind to the sad side, but it is the "happy hours" that I remember best.

I know nothing more helpful and more cheering than the gratefulness of patients. I do not necessarily mean gratitude in terms of cash, though that means we can give the next fellow his chance, but in the little ways that show real feeling. There is a ward that gets, year after year, a humble little bunch of flowers that a mother sends on the anniversary of her child's death in the hospital.

That expression of gratitude alone would be enough to help me through a year of silences.

Gratitude has been described as the least enduring of the virtues, but any hospital could produce plenty of examples to the contrary. Only this week I got a letter enclosing a couple of postal orders from a mother whose little daughter swallowed a brooch which was located by X-rays and removed by operation nine years ago.

Read this letter—sent by a very, very poor father and mother with a gift of £2—and I think you will know with me that it is more than an expression of fleeting gratitude. Is not " with no offence " pathetic ?

"DEAR SISTERS AND NURSES,

"Enclosed is just a trifle to express mum and dad's thanks for extreme kindness and Angel ways you have shown to our darling baby, for indeed you snatched it back from death. I beg of you not to refuse, it is given with a full heart; and may God grant you long life to carry on the good work you are doing. With no offence,

"MUM and DAD."

(Then follow their names.)

Very often one wishes one could say " No " to these gifts of gratitude, for one knows what a real widow's mite business they are. But it would give lasting pain if they were refused.

They are cheerfully given, too, these thankofferings, and not on the lines of the small boy whose father, as they were going to church, gave him a penny and a half-crown and told him to put into the plate which of the two he thought right. Asked, after the service, which he had given, he replied, " Oh, the clergyman said the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, so I gave the penny." This collection story recalls one told of Mr. Cairns, the Police Magistrate, when trying a case of a drunken sailor who had been found on his knees on the steps of a church. The sailor pleaded piety, and Mr. Cairns gave judgment: "I accept the plea of piety. The collection will now be taken. Fined 30s."

Here is a little story of a sacrifice "in kind." We were sadly short of dolls one year for the Christmas trees in the Children's Ward and for the small people in the adult wards. Word of this shortage got about—word travels very quickly "Down East"—and a woman turned up in one of the Children's Wards and insisted on our taking a doll that had been given to her twenty-years before, when she had been a small sick child in the ward, and to which she had clung as a souvenir of the kindness that had been shown to her. It had kept the world sweet to her but—it might help someone else as much or more.

I happened to walk into the Massage Department one day and found a wonderful display of cut flowers—very expensive flowers indeed. As I was looking at them Sister came up to me, and I asked her where they had come from.

"One of our patients," she replied.

"A patient who can afford to give flowers like those ought to be going to a private doctor, not to a hospital," I said severely.

Sister disagreed, and told me the story—how they were the gift of a dock labourer who was intensely grateful for what had been done for him. He earned good money but had very strong drink tendencies and, to fight these, whenever he was paid, he rushed off and spent practically everything on flowers for the hospital. They kept him out of harm's way, he said. It sounds like a story out of a tract, but it is true.

Our East Enders are not masters of language. They often do not know whom or when or how to thank, but they do know how to feel, which is all that matters. I have often told the story of the mother whom I met one day coming out of the hospital with "Alice" in her arms. I knew "Alice" very well—she had been terribly burned and had been in "The London" for a long time—but I had never met her mother.

"Hullo!" I said, "are you taking Alice away?"

She looked hard at me. "Are you Mr. Sydney 'Olland?"

I admitted it.

"Are you Chairman of this 'ere 'ospital?"

I admitted that too.

"Then, Gawd blimy, I must 'ave a kiss."

And she had one, or rather I had one, in front of a row of grinning porters.

Gratitude is not always shown in such a vigorous way or a chairman's life would be an even more harassed business than it is.

Of course, among so many thousands of patients one finds a proportion of "grousers," and more than once I have had complaints that sufficient attention has not been given while in hospital; but I can hardly imagine they would have liked the extensive and intensive treatment which poor King Charles II underwent—so extensive that it is worth recalling.

Some years ago Dr. Raymond Crawford wrote an exceedingly interesting account of the last days of Charles II. If, as is generally believed, this King led an evil life, he certainly had a precious bad week to end it up with. There is no doubt, says Dr. Crawford, that he died of Bright's disease with convulsions, but not one of the seventeen eminent physicians of that day who attended him diagnosed his complaint. He was taken ill on February 2, 1684, with a sort of stroke, and died on February 6th.

During those miserable four days his treatment was altered no less than fourteen times, and at each of the consultations from ten to seventeen doctors were present, and were, as is quite usual to-day, quite unanimous about the treatment. Poor man, he had a good deal to put up with, and to put down, too, for a matter of that! First, six doctors who attended him drew off 16 oz. of blood and then gave him an emetic of ½ oz. "Orange infusion of the metals"; but as he could not swallow this they added one drachm of white vitriol dissolved in compound peony water. They failed to get the result they wanted and so administered two more emetics, and "so as to leave no stone unturned," as they quaintly report, they called in three more doctors (nine now), and blistered his head. Towards evening, "to give strength to his loaded brain," having called in yet two more doctors, they gave him some sacred bitter powder, peony water, and bryony compound, and to make him sneeze, a drachm of white hellebore roots. Then again, "to strengthen his brain," later on they gave him some cowslip flowers—4 oz. Then came the night; but he was not to rest. His bowels were to be kept open, and he was given a purge and an emulsion, to lessen the pain caused by the cantharides administered, and the poor man was to be allowed a drink of light ale made without hops if he asked for it. Not content with all this, cephalic plasters combined with spurge and burgundy pitch were applied to the soles of his feet. Poor King—enough for one day!

But on February 3rd they were at him again. Twelve doctors now drew off 10 oz. of blood and gave him manna, cream of tartar, dried mallow, melon seeds, almond kernels, and as he complained of a sore throat, and who can wonder, he was given a gargle. He seems to have got worse, so he was given a julep composed of black cherry water, flowers of lime, lilies of the valley, peony compound and prepared pearls, which he might sip as often as he pleased!

And so the treatment went on. On February 4th, the number of physicians was increased to the unlucky number of thirteen, and these all agreed that the time had come—after they had given other decoctions, emulsions and juleps—to give him forty drops of "spirit of human skull." On February 5th, fourteen physicians met and settled, unanimously, that the King had "intermittent fever," so they prescribed peruvian bark, antidotal milk water, and syrup of cloves, mixed together, to be given at 6 a.m. and 9 a.m. and noon, and to "introduce at the intermediate hours still more spirit of human skull."

On February 6th, the illness was becoming more grave as the Chief Physician, Scarburgh, reports, so they were compelled to have recourse to the "more active cardiac tonics," and this they found in one scruple of goa stone, which I understand is found in the stomach of an Eastern goat. The treatment was changed again later in the day as the King was evidently sinking and the physicians lost all hope, but "still, so as not to appear to fail in doing their duty in any detail" (this is humorous, I think), they gave him yet another cordial and his last :

Raleigh's antidote, 1 drachm.
Pearl julep, 5 tablespoonsful.
Succinate spirit of sal ammoniac, 20 drops.

Then he died ! And you will see what the post-mortem showed if you read this little book, which is interesting from cover to cover.

I am glad, as Chairman of a hospital, that this elaborate leading to the grave has gone out of fashion. It would be a desperately expensive business carried through on each of the 18,000 in-patients who are "The London's" "housing question" every year. I wonder what King Edward's Hospital Fund would say to the cost per patient ? Modern hospital treatment costs enough, Heaven knows, but if Charles II's treatment was communized, we should indeed go "bust."

As may be guessed, patients are extraordinarily interesting and a couple of hours in a ward will give anyone plenty to think about. There are all sorts and conditions of men and women, and all sorts and conditions of lives. You will find the whole range of temperaments between murderers and saints, and I am far from sure that the first are really vastly worse than the last.

I remember discussing prison life with an old ex-convict whose wife was a patient in one of the wards, and I happened to say something about loneliness in prisons and the need of "something to love." He brightened.

"Ah! that's the word, sir—love. There's none of that in prison. A pal of mine at Dartmoor did once tame a field-mouse but a warder came in and killed it in front of him."

"By Jove," I said, "I believe I'd have killed that fellow!"

"So he did," was the quiet answer. "He waited till he got into the tailor's shop and then drove the scissors into the warder's heart."

He told me of a visit paid by a chaplain to a prisoner about to be discharged.

"Well, so you're going out?"

"Yes."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"You never have yet."

"Oh-h-h! Well—what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to start a jeweller's shop."

"Dear me, will not that cost a lot of money?"

"No—only eighteen pence for a jemmy!"

He gave me several tips that may be useful to other honest citizens. Not to wear your watch in the left-hand pocket of your waistcoat; not to keep your safe in a room but out in a passage; not to imagine that a key left inside a lock is any hindrance to a burglar.

Life in East London is a crowded business, and here is a story I heard from Dr. Graham Hargreaves, an old Londoner.

"Jimmy, a typical Cockney child, was dying in Harrison Ward, and, thinking it might be better for him to die at home, I asked him one day:

"Like to go home for a bit, Jimmy?"

"No," said he very promptly.

"Why not?"

"Well," said he, "they shove so at home."

So he died in the London Hospital, and that's the end of that story.

This story brings another to my mind. A small boy about ten years of age came to the receiving-room and asked to be taken in. We asked him what was the matter. He described his symptoms and said he knew he was dying, and added, "and don't want to die in mother's bed." He lived.

Amusing and touching letters come to anyone engaged in hospital work and any newspaper publicity about a queer case—an "elephant" man or a "brittle" man, for instance, always brings them in shoals. In October 1924 I received these two letters evidently referring to the same patient but, despite zealous searching, nowhere could we find a girl with an octopus inside her or one with crabs round her heart, so we could not avail ourselves of the suggested remedies.

The first ran:

Oct. 10*th*/24.

DEAR SIR,

I must apologize for taking the liberty of writing to you but I have heard that you have a young girl lying in the Hospital with an Octopus inside of her. I am sure that you have done everything in your power to save her life, but may I put a suggestion forward, that is, open her stomacke, and sit her in a bath of sea water, so that the thing might swim out into its natural surroundings.

A SYMPATHIZER.

The other suggestion was more homely and less drastic:

9.10.1924.

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,

Having heard that there is a girl in the hospital suffering from having crabs round her heart and it is eating her heart away and that no doctor can cure her I know how you can cure her. Because the same thing happened about 30 years ago. A young woman had the same case and it was cured by Frying eggs in butter and she should stand or sit or be held over it and all the crabs will go out of her and she will get cured. I am sure of it. If it is alive it is very good, and if it is a growing it is no use.

I am, your faithfully,
Mrs. L. S.

P.S.—Do not give her the Fryed eggs to eat.

Here is another letter which is as positive as it is ambiguous. It came in reply to a kind letter from the Matron asking for permission for an anæsthetic to be given to a little boy as he had to undergo a painful operation for straightening his arm.

Dear Madam,

Quite agree with putting him to sleep while you put him straight but no further

for Mrs. B.

I always like to be punctilious about answering letters sent to me, but I have not yet answered this one—I could not foresee a safe ending.

Sir,

In rePly to your Answer witch I must Thank you One and all And I shall be very Delighted for your Kind Ade as I must get way from a wicked husband, thair is no Peace all so my suffering while I am in this house I have Tryed my best Plan as a thortful Person

every Good wish for One and all
Yours
Faitfuly
(Sgd.) Mrs. G——
The wife of Lait H——.

I am not mentioning these letters ill-naturedly, but only to instance the humour that happens in all work, and that blesses it. In hospital work, certainly, humour is a thrice blessed godsend. A long face never helped anyone, whereas a smile does help.

In hospital you must smile however tired you are and however severely tried. The vague patient who has "something wrong somewhere, doctor, I'm sure," and yearns for a complete examination of every portion of his anatomy, puts a severe strain on a man who has been grappling patiently with inarticulate out-patients for three hours or more, but has got to be endured.

Kipling, in his *Letters of Travel*, tells a story of a murderer who got off with a life sentence and, when asked what had impressed him most at the trial, replied that it was the frank boredom of all who took part in the ritual. "You come to 'em full of your affairs, and then find it's only part of their daily work to them."

But there must not be any evidence of frank boredom at a hospital—that is against creed and tradition; you have got to pretend to alertness and interest even when a lady comes in with a broken arm, and to your question when did she do it, replies:

"Lemme see. Yuss, that was when it 'appened. The Toosday after the Friday my 'usbin was took into St. George's."

Exasperating? I agree—but one gets very fond of the East Ender. There is much to be learned from his pluck, loyalty and unselfishness. And the women are as good as the men—even better, I think.

One word of advice I should always give—I try to live up to it myself—to anyone working at any hospital, and that is to be honest in admitting a real mistake. Not only is frankness the right thing and the time and brain economizer, on George Washington lines, but it pays. It disarms attack not to attempt a weak defence. When humanity perfects itself there may be no mistakes but, until it does, they will occur, and even the hospital spirit drowses at times. But mistakes are inexcusable when a want of sympathy or kindness has been proved, and it is better to say so at once. Bluff and slipperiness may seem to pay at the moment, but they will kill trust in your hospital.

One of the things I am most proud of is getting the late Sir James Mackenzie to come to London and to join the staff of the London Hospital. Proud, because it gave that great and wonderfully modest man the opportunity of making his work known all over the world. There was no question about its making itself known in time, but I believe that, without this opportunity, it might not have become so until after his death. Some of the staff of "The London" had told me of his wonderful work as a general practitioner at Burnley, and referring to it *The Times* said: "Mackenzie set his teeth and devised one of the most amazing pieces of research work that has ever been planned." This was nothing less than the "following up" of several thousand patients for a period of not less than twenty years. He confined his attention to symptoms and signs of a particular kind, those usually assumed to bear a relationship to the heart and its diseases, and for twenty years his labours were never relaxed. At the end of that time he was in possession of a mass of knowledge which, when he published it in his famous book on diseases of the heart, took the medical world by storm. Here indeed was a man who spoke with authority.

It was just about this time that my dear, dear old friend, the late Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., the devoted "servant," shall I say—yes, because that is how he would like to have been described—of Queen Alexandra, had a bad heart attack. I persuaded him to see Mackenzie, and he sent for me and said, "I don't think much of your Dr. Mackenzie. He has given me some beastly medicine and now I can't do anything. I can't keep my mind on my work and my hands will not write!" "See him again," said I. He did, and I was there. As Mackenzie and I walked away from Marlborough House I told him what Sir Dighton had said to me. The whole of Pall Mall reverberated with Mackenzie's laugh.

"That's just what I wanted to happen. He has been straining his mind and his heart and I have given him enough bromide to make him rest them compulsorily."

Then he started to talk to me and I felt I was in the presence of one of the greatest minds I had ever met. As we paused at the bottom of St. James's Street, I said to him:

"Would you join the staff of the London Hospital and have beds for heart cases there?"

"They would not have me," was his modest reply, and he went on to tell me that, if only it could be possible, it would be the greatest opportunity he could ever have of making his work known and of, perhaps, getting his methods adopted.

In a very short time the staff unanimously invited him. He came to London; he was allotted a ward at the hospital, and a Heart Department was started, with him as its head. He was soon made a Knight by the King, and what he valued more than anything, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. At once he stepped into a huge consulting practice, but he was far too great a man to care about money or personal success, and, after a few years and at the very zenith of his fame, he left London and set up the St. Andrew's Institute, a clinic where to the end of his unselfish life he carried on the work he had begun at Burnley. Mackenzie was a big-framed man, a scratch golf player, gifted with a superlative mind, modest and lovable beyond description, and—*pace* Mark Antony—"the good that men do lives after them" is true indeed in Mackenzie's case.

It was through Mackenzie's interest that the Hospital obtained the Paterson Trust Fund of £14,000 for the specific purpose of forming a Heart Department.

I wonder how many hospital stories I have been told since I first took up hospital work? The total must run to a huge figure. A very fat volume, for instance, could be written about the sayings and doings of the Medical and Surgical Staff of "The London," but I am not going to write it, for they might counter tales about themselves with tales of me, and "The London" might then appear to the public as a bear-garden instead of a happy family. Besides, I want to die quietly.

A story or two, perhaps, just to show that I do know something about them and for the rest—silence.

It is a decidedly ageing reflection that my time at "The London" has seen a complete turnover of the staff—not even the youngest member of the Honorary Staff of Physicians or Surgeons, who saw my fledgling entry, remains to correct me on matters of precedent, and on that invaluable and elastic bogey, the unwritten law.

Of the older members of those earliest days my memories are rather dim. I have told the story Mr. Jeremiah McCarthy told me about my grandfather, Sir Henry Holland, and in turn I can tell a story of McCarthy himself. He was a very solemn man, and it is said of him that only once in his hospital career was he known to have made a joke. He used to stalk round in his wards in an abstracted silence that the students resented, as they wanted to learn from him. Once a student, bolder than the rest, tried to get a rise out of him. He asked his question. No answer. He then asked, "Did you not hear me, sir? You made no answer." McCarthy looked up—"Did Balaam?"

It is an old story told of a London Hospital Physician and of a notice put up on the board: "Dr. W. cannot lecture to-day. He has gone to Windsor." Some student wrote up under this: "God save the Queen."

Also another: "Mr. —— will lecture to-day on 'Our eyes and how we see through them.'" Someone altered this to "Our pupils and how they see through us."

A pathological story that mixes humour with gruesomeness is that of a doctor who after many years met the landlady of his old student days. He asked after her family—all well and flourishing—Tom a sergeant, Bill a gas inspector, Susan married, and little Dick, "'E come since your time, sir; 'e's at the Royal College of Surgeons." "Really, that's good," enthused the doctor. "What is he doing there? Clerk?" "Clerk? Not 'im. 'E's in a bottle on the shelf."

A tale of a doctor's devotion to a patient had, I remember, a calamitous end. Dr. Charles Miller, now at Exeter, was on the staff of "The London" and was quite its heftiest member. He was deeply interested in a mental case, but the man went off his head, became dangerously violent, and, in accordance with regulations, was removed to one of the padded rooms. At the end of the regulation time limit—forty-eight hours—he was worse rather than better, so the usual official notice was sent to Dr. Miller directing that the patient must be transferred to the Infirmary. Dr. Miller, however, was so interested in the case that he defied the removal order, vowing that the patient was the mildest man in the world if properly managed, and that he would on no account have him removed to the Infirmary. Matters seemed at rather a dead-lock. A few hours later the Secretary found Dr. Miller in the passage outside the padded rooms, walking up and down with his head in his hands. Sympathy elicited the fact that, while Dr. Miller was bending over the man, he had suddenly received a tremendous blow on the jaw that had sent him flying. "We'd better get the chap away to the Infirmary now," suggested the Secretary tactfully. "Infirmary! I sent him there two minutes after he'd hit me!"

Sometimes I waste a few minutes wondering how the next generation will regard our efforts for ourselves and for them. If the soul-killing doctrine of "Nothing for nothing" wins the field, I fancy there will be a good many smiles. That there are apostles of that doctrine is evidenced by Dr. Eardley Holland's experience. He had been telephoned for in the early hours of the morning to go down to the hospital to do an emergency operation, and, after a good deal of hunting about, he managed to find a taxi-cab and offered the driver 10s. to take him down to Whitechapel. The man refused to budge for less than 20s., and Holland remonstrated with him, pointing out that he might be going to operate on the man's wife, or child, or aunt, or umpteenth relative. The man retorted with, "'Ow much are ye getting for doing it?" and when Holland waved the nobility of the Voluntary System before his eyes, the man replied: "Doing it fer nothing?!! Well, yer must be a lunatic, and I'm not having any lunatics in my cab."

Looking back I wonder if any hospital chairman has ever had happier relations with his staff than I have had. We have disagreed, we have fought, and we have stayed friends. Each knows that the other is putting the hospital first in his mind.

Here is a story that is a complete perversion of the truth but it is saved by its cleverness. We were at lunch and a dyspeptic member of the staff quoted the old adage about bread being the staff of life. A hospital official who had had a wearing morning because one of our surgeons "seemed to imagine I could produce an anæsthetist out of a hat," promptly took up the remark. "Oh, is it? Anyway, I should say the life of the staff is one long loaf."

Hospital service to-day is not as hospital service thirty years ago—it takes much greater toll of a man's time and of a man's energy, but the old hospital spirit is as strong as ever, and the night-book would show just as many examples of devotion as in the old and more leisurely days. Take just one example. Mr. James Sherren has just retired; during twenty-four years at "The London" he has performed nearly 8,500 major operations, and the Theatres Attendance Book records "Never late for an operation." Turn that into hours of anxiety saved to patients and their relatives! The Committee once protested against the expense of synchronized electric clocks, as they said every one could set their watches by Sherren's arrivals.

I wonder where novelists find those superman or super-fiend surgeons who play with humanity in fiction? I have never found even the beginnings of one. Of course, in hospitals, working day in and day out, amid pain and suffering and death, you get used to such things, and they do not appal you as they can the outside world. An operation does not mean a coffin, as some people imagine, nor is admission to a hospital a reason for drawing up an inscription for a gravestone. The medical world may often talk lightly and carelessly—that is the way of all "shop" talk, and it is an English characteristic to hide most deeply what is felt most keenly—but it does not act so. A quiet-looking old man was once travelling in the same carriage with a lot of medical students who tried hard to shock him by telling all the wild and wicked things they had done. At last one of them asked him: "I suppose you've never done anything of that sort?" "Oh, yes, I have," he replied with a grin, "but I've never before been in any company where I could say so."

As a matter of fact, it is often difficult in hospital life to keep business-like enough, and not to let one's feelings run away with one. I remember at one committee meeting how Mr. Morris, the House Governor, kept jumping up and leaving the room to have whispered talks outside. I remonstrated, and he told me that he really could not help it, as he was so excited about an operation that Sir Hugh Rigby was in the middle of. A child had been brought in, blue in the face and suffocating to death through a toy bicycle in the throat which it had swallowed. The child had been rushed up to the theatre and Rigby, if I remember rightly, had left another operation to try to save the child's life, which he did. I recall the excitement among the students in the passage outside the theatre during the operation, and we of the committee were as bad, or as good, as any of them until we heard the "all's well."

The high spirits and audacity of medical students are traditional, and true, and they do not decrease with civilization.

A Jewish mother came up to me once and complained that the young doctors in the Receiving-room had spoken rudely to her and her boy, and told me, " Directly they saw him, they said, 'Well, what's the matter with you, Moses ?' " " Is that rude ? " I asked. " Surely if you are a Jewess you are not ashamed of it." " He said it very rude," she persisted, so I told her I was sorry and that I would speak to the young men. I did so, and, as I expected, there had been no intention whatever to give offence. Still, they admitted the words and promised to be more careful. Christmas time came and I received a note asking me if these Receiving-room officers might come and see me. They came into the Committee-room and said they knew I did not like texts put up on the walls (I do not—the patients misread them or misunderstand them, and I should not like myself to be very ill in a bed and see opposite to me, as some patients did in one hospital I know of, " Vain is the help of man "), but " would you mind, sir, making an exception for one in the Receiving-room ? " " Depends what it is," I said—I had learned some caution with our young men. " We have it here, sir," and without a smile they produced a roll with these words beautifully painted on it : " Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem ! " Without a wink, and in my finest chairman-parson voice, I replied that I approved of the text and that it might be hung up. The deputation filed out, smileless as ever.

A few days later their leader " had " me beautifully again. When I say that he was H. Bashford, who was to write that very pleasant book, *The Corner of Harley Street*, my overthrow may appear more excusable. We are particular at " The London " about the Christmas festivities, and all the little plays, songs, words and performances to be given by the residents and students in the hospital are strictly censored. Mistletoe and the custom so intimately connected with that fungus growth are frowned upon. Well, as I came out of the Committee-room whom should I meet but that same ruffian who wished to comfort Jerusalem. On each shoulder he had a large branch of mistletoe forming an arch over his ugly face, and in his buttonhole a great aggressive bunch of holly. In a moment I was the complete Chairman—I felt I had got him, as he stood there the picture of surprised innocence. He even had the audacity to adopt a "caught" look, when he saw me (bless him !).

"What is this ?" I demanded.

"What is what, sir ?"

"That—stuff," I replied severely.

"Oh, that, sir ? This," he touched the mistletoe lovingly, "this represents Free Trade, sir. And the other," looking down his nose in disgust at the holly, "that's for Protection, sir."

Then he bolted and I know that the R.R. ruffians considered that they were "two up."

Talking of students recalls a good story of an Oxford don told me by Edward Lyttelton. The don had a belief in consecutive study and was anxious to persuade the undergraduates to give up their vacation and come up to Oxford to work. As an inducement he provided very good meals for them, and lessened the number of compulsory chapels. The undergraduates got rather out of hand, so he increased the chapels, and diminished the food, whereupon they all left, and the don, standing outside the college gate and seeing them go, said : "This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting."

I must add to these odds and ends of hospital memories a little story of Mr. Morris, the House Governor. He had been asked by a friend to dine with them at a dinner given by one of the City Companies. Unfortunately the host, or his secretary, blundered in the invitation—ult., inst., and prox. are vile substitutes for proper dates—

and Morris arrived at the Company's Hall to find shut doors and inhospitable windows. It was very odd. To verify or dispel his fears he sought and took counsel of a stout policeman. The policeman stepped back, took a lengthy survey of the hall and shook his head. "There don't seem any signs of a dinner, sir, but," pointing to a light up in one of the top-floor attics, "there may be some sort of a snack going up there." I like to think of the Master, Wardens and Court of the Worshipful Company enjoying a "snack" in that top-floor attic.

CHAPTER XXIX

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

SO much of my Chairmanship of "The London" has been concurrent with the late Queen Alexandra's Presidency. Her interest in the work and well-being of the hospital were so much a part of her life that a few words, a special chapter, about her and her alone is an inevitable and very pleasant necessity.

Queen Alexandra was elected President in 1904, but her first visit, the starting-point of her interest, was in 1864, when, in the year after her marriage, she came to see it with her husband the Prince of Wales. I had met her many times before she became President, for her interest in hospital work, and, beyond that, in nursing work, was a natural impulse and was very far indeed from being one of those pious fictions that are often attached to Royalty.

At any time up to the day of her death I could have written as I wrote in 1900 in a very private letter for my family: "I have been seeing a good deal of her during the previous months as Chairman of the ship she sent out to South Africa. She was very kind indeed to me. Everyone who meets her would love her, Princess or no Princess, because she really is lovable and so very sympathetic. She gives to every one who asks; she cannot refuse; she has intense sympathy for anyone who has done wrong. The beggar gets most who owns to an evil life and says he wants to do better. She never sends for me without apologizing for troubling me, and generally ends every interview with 'It's a shame to bother you, you are such a busy man,' and then perhaps some chaff about something she has been told about me by Miss Knollys."

If ever Royalty looked royal, Queen Alexandra did so, and I always found her as charming as she was royal.

Looking through some old papers the other day I came across a little account of an interview with her in 1903. It was written only for my children, but I am giving it here as it shows a picture of her that not every one has had the privilege to see.

" The Queen wishes to see you at 3.30."

What a nuisance, thought I; it was the Annual Meeting of the Poplar Hospital, at which I was down to preside. However, no help for it, so I gave heads of speech to the Deputy-Chairman, Mr. Broodbank, and went off.

Buckingham Palace at 3.30 sharp; shown into a lovely little green damasked sitting-room looking over the gardens. Odd mixture of pictures and ornaments which I had plenty of time to look at as the Queen did not appear till four. Some good pictures, and amongst them some coloured oleographs! Lovely Sèvres on the mantelpiece. Rows of miniatures of royal children, all large blue eyes and round cheeks, a wholesale look about the pictures—all done by one man, I imagine.

Miss Knollys looked in: " You are going to be scolded, good-bye "—that was all. I felt anxious.

At four in came the Queen. " Oh, I am so sorry; I had some very dull music to listen to. I have kept you waiting so long, it is a shame on so busy a man." I followed her into a large beautiful sitting-room opening out on the green room. She sat down, back to light, and told me to sit down by her, which I did.

" I have got two or three bones to pick with you, and have to scold you."

" Very sorry, Ma'am, what have I done ? "

" Well, first you have been cruel to St. Bartholomew's. I like that hospital; I used to visit there very often, and knew a nurse there very well." This with rather a merry twinkle, which told me that my scolding was not very deep. "You had to appeal for your own hospital, and it was your Quinquennial year, but you wrote in the papers against Barts."

"I never did so. I am very sorry to contradict you, Ma'am, but I declare I never did."

"Oh, but I read it."

"Impossible! I never wrote. I plead 'Not Guilty.' I did write to Lord Knollys saying that the Barts.' appeal coming out immediately after ours would not be well received, but I never wrote a word to the Press."

"Well, how is your appeal getting on?"

I told her we had got £110,000.

"How much do you want?"

"£140,000," I said.

"Well, you will get it if you go on—you will see, you will get the money."

"Now I am going to scold you also for wishing to take away from me my schools at St. Katherine's and to turn them into rooms for the Jubilee Nurses! I won't stand this. It is my bit of patronage, and I like the schools. The nurses already have some rooms there, and offices, but I am going to clear them all out." Then, with a smile, "You sit there being scolded and say nothing."

"Well," I replied, "I have nothing to say in this case because I plead 'Guilty.' I think the nurses more important than the schools, but I have said this to your Majesty, and thought you would be glad to agree!"

"Well, I am not, and you must find other offices and rooms for the nurses, which will be expensive, will it not?"

"Yes," said I, "but it shall be done."

And then we passed to other subjects, the electric cure for cancer, the opening by the King of the new Out-patients' Department, London Hospital.

"We are full up till May 17th," she said. "No one can get us till after then."

Then she gave me a new lamp for the cure of lupus, which she has had at the Palace for many months, and hoped we would try. Then she talked of army nursing, intensely interested in it, and then came the silence, which generally means you are to get up and go; so up I got.

"Oh, no, you are not to go yet, I have something more for you. Here," and she fished out from the crease of the sofa, hidden behind herself, an envelope. "This will help towards those nurses' office expenses," and she gave me the envelope. On it was written:

"£1,000, a gift for Offices for the Queens' Nurses Staff now established at St. Katherine's.

"A."

I really think I blushed with pleasure, and surprise.

"Oh, that is kind of you."

"Ah, but it's not all, here's something more to help you." Another fat envelope:

"A gift for the London Hospital.

"A. R.

"100 £10 notes.

"That will help you with your old hospital."

I mumbled out some thanks as well as I could, and I could almost have cried with pleasure. It was all done so kindly, and evidently with such joy. She said I was not to mention either gift as it looked like advertisement. I begged to be allowed to, and she hesitated to consent, so I left the matter.

Soon after this interview ended, and I went down to Miss Knollys. She was much amused, as she had warned me I was going to be scolded. I asked her about letting the gift be known, as it would help the hospital so much. As we were talking, the Queen's bell rang. Off rushed Miss Knollys, and when she came back she said the Queen had told her about the interview, and had asked, "Was he pleased?" Was he pleased indeed? Who would not have been? All her kindnesses are done so nicely. Also Miss Knollys had got leave to let the gift be known when the Queen had left for Copenhagen.

Queen Alexandra's love for "The London" was a real passion. She wrote of it and spoke of it as "her" hospital, and she made it so. She visited it very often indeed, and her visits were never processions, but were intimate and enjoyed by visitor and visited alike. Princess Victoria, who frequently accompanied her mother on these visits, was always very naturally anxious they should not be too prolonged, but what could I, or anyone, do—it was easy to get Queen Alexandra into a ward, but very hard to get her out of one.

The visit that I remember most vividly of all was one paid during the first year of the War when she came down to visit the wounded soldiers. It was a visit which added yet one more to the long roll of instances of her Royal graciousness and womanly thoughtfulness. She was determined that every one of the wounded men, and there were over 200 of them, should have an individual word from her. Remember she was seventy. The act was as typical as it was charming.

Long before my hospital time, back in 1887, that unfortunate travesty of humanity, the so-called "Elephant Man," was being hunted about the streets of London. Queen Alexandra heard of this, I believe through Sir Frederick Treves, who, in one of his latest books, wrote the man's story, and at her instigation he was taken into "The London." The poor fellow was horrible to look on, but the Queen came down to talk to him and to cheer him up, and for years afterwards, until he died, she used to send him Christmas cards, with messages written on them by herself, to show him that he was still in her mind.

Elsewhere I have told the story of how her "obstinacy," as she called it, made us introduce the Finsen Light treatment, and of how, by her spontaneous wish, the Nurses' Home that was to have been called "The Alexandra Home" was named after Nurse Edith Cavell. The day after she had expressed this wish she sent down a beautiful little clock for the sitting-room, but a week afterwards some thief broke in and stole it.

All my memories of her are happy ones. Once I found myself in the very awkward position of being "wanted" by Royalty in two different places at the same moment. It was in March 1902, when I got a wire to say that the Prince and Princess of Wales (King George and Queen Mary) would be visiting "The London" next day at 3.30. Next day, when I was at the hospital making arrangements for their visit, a wire came from Queen Alexandra telling me to be at Marlborough House at three o'clock. I rushed off to see Miss Knollys and told her my difficulty, and begged to be let off. The Queen was very nice indeed about it, and I was able to be at the hospital after all. I remember how well the Prince of Wales (King George) remembered his former visits, and that he only wanted to see what was new. About one point he was specially anxious for information and that was that he had heard that women patients were exposed before students (a frequent Continental practice) and wanted details of our procedure. I obtained a full report on this from our staff, which was in every way satisfactory, and sent it to him. I was able to assure him that no woman patient was ever examined at "The London" except in the presence of one of the Nursing Staff.

The Queen sent for me next day to tell her all about the visit, and said to me, "Remember that the London Hospital is my hospital and I wish to be President of it."

After Queen Victoria's death she was very sad at having to go to Buckingham Palace and to leave Marlborough House, where she said that she and the King had always been so happy and so comfortable. The first time I saw her at Buckingham Palace she told me that she did not like her new room nearly as much as her old one at Marlborough House, and that it was very difficult to feel comfortable in her new surroundings, and that driving past Marlborough House made her quite sad.

The year 1902 was the Coronation year of King Edward and the date had been fixed for June 26th. By that date all the representatives of the foreign nations were gathered in London, where the big hotels and houses had been specially taken for them. My wife and I were looking forward greatly to the ceremony as the Queen had kindly sent us both seats in her own private box at the Abbey.

On the 23rd, I was at the London Hospital when a telegram came from Sir Frederick Treves telling us to send up a nurse to Buckingham Palace at once as the King was very ill. The fact was to be kept quite secret. Then a messenger came from him to tell us that he had settled to operate on the King the next day. We got back Nurse Haines from a case she was attending and sent her up to the Palace at once. There was a dinner-party that night at the Palace, but the Queen was not told of the impending operation until after it was over. Next day, to the dismay of the whole world, it was announced that the Coronation was postponed. The news struck every one dumb.

The operation took place at midday, and the Queen told me afterwards that the King had walked into the operating room unaided and had got on to the table without any help. He was wearing his oldest dressing-gown and she was "quite ashamed of it." She had stayed in the room until the King was insensible and then left him. The operation was a very severe one, and I have been told that at one moment all those present except Sir Frederick Treves wondered whether it would be safe to go further with it. All went well, however, and next day the King was better.

Dinners for poor people had been arranged everywhere to celebrate the Coronation, and the King had specially desired that they should not be put off. I attended the very large dinner that had been arranged in the Out-Patients' Department of the hospital and spoke to the 1,100 people who were present. The tragedy of his illness, of course, made the dinner rather a sad affair, but the King's consideration in not wishing it postponed was wonderfully appreciated. The Queen sent for me the same day at three o'clock—the first time I had seen her since the King's illness. She was dressed in mauve—the first time I had seen her out of black—and I thought she looked very tired and much aged. She talked a great deal about the operation and its severity.

At the end of July, we took for the autumn with our great friends, Sam and Maud Bevan, Torloisk, the late Lord Alwyne Compton's place in Mull. We engaged a very nice little yacht in which we made delightful trips to Staffa, Iona, and the numberless islands off the coast on which there were a great number of seals. We inspected the " salmon river " let with the place which we found to be quite a small burn. We got several seals, but the majority of them sunk when hit, and those that we did get had bad skins.

I had teased the children a good deal by saying that, as the King was yachting round the west coast of Scotland, recruiting after his operation, he was quite sure to come and call upon us. They could not quite make out whether I was in earnest, and certainly I was not, for it was the last thing I expected, though I knew that the Queen knew where we were. However, early one morning I was awakened by " Father, father, there are two big ships in the bay." I jumped up and dressed as quickly as I could, and behold the King's yacht and a man-of-war were in the bay, and a boat coming off. Bertie Brand, a nephew of Sam Bevan (now Admiral Sir Hubert Brand), was in the boat and came up to the house and said that the King wished me to come down to the yacht and take him seal stalking, which he heard I was enjoying. I sent for my keeper and went off at once. The King and Queen were very kind to me. He talked a great deal about his operation and told me the intense pain he suffered before he could make up his mind to go through with it. The Queen told me how the Saturday before his operation he had sent for Dr. Laking. Laking at once suspected that there was a good deal of mischief somewhere and told the King that he must see Sir Frederick Treves at once. The King refused to do this, whereupon Laking sat down and said that he was the King's medical adviser and refused to leave the room until the King promised to see Treves. This action of Laking's, and his brave insistence, probably saved the King's life, as the appendix abscess was a very bad one.

The King talked a good deal about the success of his Hospital Fund and of the bitter disappointment it was to him to have to put off the Coronation. He thanked me very sincerely for having sent Nurse Haines to him. He was very pleased with her, and she was on board the yacht. The other people on board the yacht were the Marquis de Soveral, Austen Chamberlain, Miss Knollys and Princess Victoria. The weather by this time had got rather rough and the doctor on board considered that it was too rough for the King to go off in a little boat to get a seal, and so Hedworth Lambton (now Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux), who was the Admiral in command of the yacht, decided to send me ashore in a boat, but, bless him! he landed me many miles away from Torloisk, and I had to walk home! It was a kindly thought of the King to give £1 to my stalker, who had it framed with the inscription, "Given me by my King."

The last time I saw King Edward was on May 10, 1910. The Queen had sent for me to go to Buckingham Palace, and when I arrived I was taken up to the King's bedroom, where I saw him lying dead, with his widow kneeling at the bedside—a scene too sacred for more than the briefest reference.

Queen Alexandra had two recollections of the hospital that were special favourites, and she always enjoyed telling them. She came to the hospital one day and went into the Receiving-room, where a man was having his arm examined. She said, " This man has a broken arm." None of the officials recognized who she was; even the nurses did not know. But one of the patients did know her, and when Her Majesty had gone, he said to the injured man, " That was Queen Alexandra." The man did not believe it, but he had a sense of humour, and replied, " Yes, I always send for a Queen when I am ill ! " The other was of how on one occasion she found herself on the theatre floor. This was before it was the general rule for surgeons to wear a special dress for operations. She met two of the most distinguished surgeons dressed in long white smocks, white cuffs, and bandages round their heads. Thinking one was a patient, she went up to him and, putting her hand on his arm, said, " Never mind, my man, it will soon be over." A greeting which much astonished the surgeon.

I cannot end this chapter without a reference to Miss Knollys, to whose friendship and unending kindnesses I owe so much. Queen Alexandra trusted her implicitly, and their mutual loyalty and devotion were really beautiful. Miss Knollys has indeed been one whose friendship has been an honour and a joy to me for many years.

To the very end of her life Queen Alexandra's interest in " her " hospital remained as keen and as fresh as ever, and she was specially excited over the progress of our great Doubling Appeal in 1923. We had had a princely offer, which I have already mentioned, from an " Anonymous Donor " of £80,000 for endowment, provided we could raise a similar sum in two months, and her anxiety that we should achieve this was intense. She wrote to me about it—a pathetic last letter that I shall always value.

"*January* 1924.

"MY DEAR LORD KNUTSFORD,

"I am most *grateful* for all you have done for *our* dear and precious Hospital, to which the public have added £80,000. You will be happy after this, and I hope to see it once more. I am not very well now and you must excuse this awful writing. I hope you and your dear family are all well and happy. Please accept this little Almanack and think of me as I used to be, now I am breaking up. Excuse this awful letter but I am always so obliged to you and I hope to see you once more.

"Yours,
"ALEXANDRA."

At the hospital we shall always think of her "as she used to be"—always full of joy and brightness and fun, and sometimes with a little spice of mischief.

I have been asked many times "Why did you not get up a memorial for 'The London' in connection with Queen Alexandra ?"

Well—I simply could not.

CHAPTER XXX

PUBLIC SPEAKING

HOW intolerably we have all suffered from long speeches. I have always wished that the bores who indulge themselves in this way would take note of what David wrote: "The Lord gave the word, great was the company of the preachers." What was the effect? The next verse tells us: "Kings with their armies did flee and were discomforted." Unfortunately so few people are kings! The great majority of us are obliged to sit and listen—we are discomforted but cannot flee.

A man is asked to return thanks to some toast—"The Army" or "The Guests," or anything else—at a dinner, and instead of speaking for five minutes he will go on for fifteen or twenty, without apparently the smallest idea that he has "discomforted" anybody. He sees either his speech or himself out of all proportion to place and time. In five minutes he could have said anything new or pertinent that there might be to be said.

I have often timed after-dinner speakers, and have never yet known a man who did not become a bore after ten minutes' talking, except Mr. Choate, the well-known American lawyer who was Ambassador to England at the turnover of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. I have heard him hold an audience for half an hour. I think the best of all after-dinner speakers I have ever heard was my friend E. F. Turner, who, blessed with a real sense of humour and a knowledge of the ten-minute time limit, could keep his hearers laughing from start to finish.

Mark Twain I heard several times, but except on one occasion I was very disappointed. The exception was when he was speaking at a dinner in the magnificent great hall at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He was replying for "Literature." This he declared to be dead in our country—"Macaulay is dead; Scott is dead; Carlyle is dead, and," after rather a long pause, "I am not feeling very well myself." He then went on to propose the health of the Medical Staff and dwelt on the great qualities which go to the making of a successful physician. Looking round at the pictures of great doctors and surgeons in the room, Abernethy and other distinguished men among them, he pointed out how remarkably their faces showed gentleness and sympathy. At last he arrived at the great life-size picture of Henry VIII by Holbein, and, pretending he did not know who it was, he said, "Look at that great man, does not every line of his face show that he was a very attentive ladies' doctor?" Another happy remark in the same speech was when he said how hurt he had been by the innuendo which he had seen on a news-sheet:

"ARRIVAL OF MARK TWAIN
"DISAPPEARANCE OF ASCOT GOLD CUP"

These three instances of Mark Twain's wit all bear out Sydney Smith's saying that "surprise is an essential ingredient of wit."

Much as I hate doing so, I have necessarily had to make a lot of speeches before and after and without dinner. I have taken an infinite lot of trouble over them because I have no natural eloquence or gift of language. It may sound conceited to say so, but as people still go on asking me to speak, my midnight oil does not seem to have been wholly wasted, and perhaps a tip that I have always followed may be of service to similar duffers to myself. Like many other people I keep a "Powder and shot" book for speech making, and before sitting down to construct a speech, I seek from it just *one* inspiration—one, no more—and I make that, and that only, the groundwork for the speech. Write out the speech and then, from it, make out short notes. This will prevent you forgetting your points, and you will find that you need not refer too obviously to the notes if you have repeated the speech beforehand—in front of a clock, please.

In mentioning the time permissible for a speech I am not referring to serious speeches, but only to after-dinner ones—the two are miles apart. In a serious speech it is impossible to make a real impression on your audience under fifteen or twenty minutes. I had once to broadcast an appeal for the London Hospital, and was offered ten minutes. I said it could not be done, and at last I got twenty allowed me. As I was about to face the formidable black box into which one has to speak, a man said to me, " What will you take for what you are going to get ? " I said, " £200 down." " No, I am blowed if you will ; I will give you £150." I refused. I spoke to nobody I could see, but I felt very deeply what I was saying, and did my best to make others feel it. The next morning the letters arrived at the hospital in carts, there were thousands of them—letters, not carts—and the hospital took £6,600 in cash, or over £300 for each minute's speaking. I like to brag that even Melba is not paid that, but then she can sing as often as she likes, whereas I doubt if anyone will pay me that again. I certainly shall not tempt Providence.

W. E. Forster once told me that John Bright advised him always to get the beginning and end of a speech better prepared than any other part of it, and to learn these by heart. I should like to add something more—be very careful to avoid speaking too slowly and on one note. You will never carry people with you if you do that. " A " is the parson's favourite mononote—keep off it for more than one bar.

Do not begin a speech by depreciating yourself to your audience. I once had to present, on behalf of the Magic

Circle (a select body of conjurers) a testimonial to Mr. N. Maskelyne, a son of *the* Maskelyne of "Maskelyne and Cook," and I began: "Why am I chosen to do this? Why, because I am by far the best man to do it. The position I hold among conjurers is absolutely unique." (The audience got suddenly attentive.) "I suppose I am the only conjurer here present who has never been able to deceive his audience, and so, when to-day we want no deception and have only to speak the truth, the conjuring world pointed at me, and said, "Here is our man." I only give this instance as one which established a good *entente* between me and my audience at the very beginning, and that is most important in any speech, serious or not.

Sir Squire Bancroft—alas! I must now write "the late"—had an artistic way of beginning his reading of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, a reading which he gave many times for charities. He used to come on to the platform, stand by the desk, and appear for quite a long time to be absorbed in thought, toying with a large ivory paper-cutter. Then, suddenly, he would look up and say in a loud voice: "Scrooge was dead. Yes, dead as a door-nail."

Once, when speaking to the boys at a public school, a critical audience, I bagged the idea of that long pause before beginning my speech. It made them wonder if anything was wrong. Then I began—"Wouldn't it be a good thing to open a window?" which made them laugh, and the ice was broken.

Speaking to public school boys is an alarming experience. Boys are very critical and are very easily bored and show it by coughing and shuffling their feet, as I soon learned. A bad start with them is specially difficult to get over, for, once a boy decides against you, he is very hard to win back. At one time I did a lot of speaking at public schools and judging by the many letters I have received since recalling something said in those speeches I seem to have succeeded more often than I imagined. One boy even wrote to his sister—the mother showed me the letter—saying that I had made the school "blub at one moment and roar with laughter the next." High praise—that. Eton and Winchester were my best audiences. I also spoke to the girls at Cheltenham College when Miss Faithfull was Principal. They were much less ready to laugh and far more easy to make cry, as one would expect.

The best speech I ever made was the most dismal failure. I had to speak for the Voluntary Hospitals at the Guildhall, and to thank those who had organized in 1922 the Combined Appeal for the hospitals of London. I took a vast amount of trouble because I did not feel at all sure that the company of my fellow-chairmen would like my having been asked to speak and represent them. I spoke, but I might have been speaking in a churchyard for all the response I got. I made my jokes; I was pathetic, with a tear in my voice, but the gravestones did not laugh or cry, so I ended up sooner than I meant to, and they did not even look relieved. I learned afterwards that not a soul could hear a word, though I have a voice like a fog-horn. The Guildhall is a very long, narrow hall, and I had to speak at right angles to the audience with the opposite wall comparatively close. No bull of Basan could have made himself heard. Since then loud-speakers have been put in, I understand.

I know of no satisfaction equal to that of holding an audience. Everybody always says "excellent speech" to a speaker, but you will *know* whether you have succeeded or not whatever people say to you. Few people are so cruelly candid as Mrs. Sidener, who, when her husband asked her what she thought of his speech, said, "You did not make the most of your opportunities." "What opportunities?" "Why, all the opportunities you had of sitting down!"

I have always found that it helped me a lot with my audiences if I could introduce some remark (in impeccable taste of course) more or less connected with one or more of the "personages" present. Here is an example of what I mean—an example only, please, not a model. I was speaking in the House of Lords on the Performing Animals Bill and said something of this sort. "Being a conjurer by profession, I can assure Lord Raglan that, when I produce goldfish from my hat, the *fish* are not performing; it is *I* who am performing. . . . You can teach animals by taking advantage of their idiosyncrasies. I have a dog that likes to have things taken from him, and if I were to give him a note to be delivered to the Lord Chancellor, he would deliver it because he knows that the Lord Chancellor would take it from him. I have another dog that won't eat a cake unless you call it a Banbury cake." (Lord Banbury had introduced a Bill exempting dogs from vivisection.) "I know a ruffian who is training his dog so that, whenever he says 'Knutsford,' it sits up and begs."

Of course others do this, and I remember once at a dinner of the Hospital Officers' Association a speaker played a variation on the invaluable "St. Peter and the gate of heaven" story that was rather neat. According to him I had knocked at the Golden Gates and asked for admission. St. Peter demanded my name, and when he heard it he looked dubious (I always thought this a weak spot in the story) and said he would have to make further inquiries as to my character from such hospital people as had already managed to get in. So he went off and, finding that the general opinion was that my faults were rather a matter of unfortunate circumstances than of evil intention, he sent to say I could be admitted after all. The messenger returned in haste. "Please, sir, he has gone, and the Golden Gates are gone too!"

The greatest waste of time I know is to go to open fêtes, bazaars, etc., and to say "a few words." Once, often, and once too often I have been stupid enough to do this. It is all very well if you are a Royalty or a show man, but for an ordinary busy man such "openings" are a sheer waste of time. Sometimes I have been invited to go to some place and speak on hospitals, and, before I was old and selfish, I have done so. Experience taught me to make one condition—i.e. that the chairman of the meeting should merely say, "I will ask Lord K. to address you." I have had a chairman get up and make a fifteen-minute speech of fulsome praise of myself, leaving me to face an audience already resentful, and looking at their watches.

Never allow a meeting which you are going to address to be opened by prayer. If you do, it will take you five minutes to get them thawed from this refrigerating chamber. Let them pray as much as they like after you have spoken, and offer up their thanksgivings, but not before.

I had a curious experience once at a Poplar Hospital Dinner. I had told a favourite story of mine, instancing how people will commend others for giving, but will not give themselves: A man coming out of a store where he had been delivering goods saw a boy giving some bread to his horse. "Good little boy, how kind of you to give my horse that bread. Do you always give bread to horses? Is it your dinner?" "No, sir, I found the bread in the back of that cart." "Damn you, that's my tea!" That good fellow, the late Will Crooks, within a few minutes told exactly the same story. I suppose he had been engaged making notes for his own speech and had not been listening. Naturally the story fell a little flat, but I did not like to tell him why, and I hope no one did.

The best speaker I have heard is Lord Buckmaster. He is in earnest, but never indulges in high-faluting language. He speaks without a note, and not a word that is not the right word. He has a tear in his voice; he is logical, insistent and convincing.

The present Lord Salisbury would never be counted among great orators, but he has the valuable power of saying exactly what one wishes one could have said oneself, and he does this really well with the true ring of a modest and sincere man, convinced of the truth of what he is saying. He is, therefore, a formidable opponent, and a very valuable supporter. He has never talked nonsense in public.

The late Lord Curzon was generally listed amongst orators, but his pronunciation was not attractive, and he seemed too self-conscious to be quite natural. He has often been accused of thinking himself a very superior person, but that was not his real character at all. Out of harness (I know nothing of him in harness) he was a modest man, not at all overbearing, and very lovable.

Lord Birkenhead, who was once a " one speech " man, has made many speeches since that first one. He never indulges in oratory, but it is wonderful to hear him answering the arguments made by ever so many speakers, never missing one of them, and without a note of any sort. He has rather a poor delivery, and looks straight down his nose with half-closed eyes as he speaks. I must consult my solicitors as to whether I can bring an action against him for bagging my great-grandfather—Sydney Smith's—motto : " Faber meae Fortunae." True of both Smiths. I hope never to have to cross tongues with him in debate. His great work for the country will be, if he succeeds with it, in simplifying the Law of Real Property. At the moment of writing he seems to have made it so awfully simple as to be simply awful (to quote an old saying of, I think, Gilbert and Sullivan). It has been a bold attempt, and one certain to raise the opposition of interests vested in legal complexities. But that would not deter him.

CHAPTER XXXI

ON LIES

AN American was once discussing George Washington's character with me and asked me if I knew why he had never told a lie. I said, " Of course I do. He was a lover of truth." Then my temporary friend surprised me: " Not at all. It was because he had not the time." That set me thinking, and I am still thinking. It is quite true that a lie takes a lot of backing up and so a lot of time, but—I have grown old in my belief in George Washington.

Lies are very numerous both in quantity and in variety, and the spectrum of lies shows them as black, white, piebald and shining.

Black lies are usually an effort for self-preservation, and are given up after middle age. White and piebald are chiefly indulged in by the writers of Reminiscences. Shining lies are most certainly forged in heaven. Here is an example of a small but very black one.

In 1890 my twin brother was High Sheriff of Hertfordshire. It struck him that many of the expenses which a High Sheriff was called on to pay were totally unnecessary, so he wrote a letter of protest to *The Times*, setting out a list, including "Customary tip to the Judge's butler." He received a letter from Baron Huddlestone, who had been Judge at the Herts Assizes, expressing regret that before he wrote to the papers he had not taken the trouble to be accurate, and the letter ended, " My butler tells me that during all the years he has been with me on circuit he has never received a tip from any High Sheriff."

To this my brother returned the reply :

"Dear Baron Huddlestone,

"I enclose the letter I received from your butler asking for the 'usual present,' and as he received no reply he made a personal application to me. With all respect,

"Yours faithfully,
"A. Holland Hibbert."

The correspondence ended there, and I hope the butler did too.

White lies are deviations from the truth and are usually impersonal. This one happened a long time ago. One morning, in the early grey hours, a nurse made a terrible mistake. She gave two patients, a boy and an old man, doses from the wrong bottles—poison instead of medicine. Most hospitals now have specially shaped and coloured bottles for poisons, so that the danger in them can be seen and felt, but it was not always so. Discovery of her mistake meant a terrible moment for the nurse—but, after the first horror, she pulled herself together and in a very few moments a house physician in a dressing-gown was fighting her mistake. At last he said that he was happy about the boy but that he did not like the look of the old man ; he was suffering from an internal disease and the poison, a very strong disinfectant, might easily be an adverse factor. He thought the wife should be sent for. She was sent for and told everything. She listened, thanked the secretary for being "straight," and was very insistent that the Committee should not dismiss the nurse. The old man died. The Coroner very properly ordered an inquest, and the wife was called and asked the vital question: "Had the patient seemed worse after what had happened." The wife shook her head. "Just about as he was when he came in," was her answer.

A shining lie ? I think this is one. I was outside the door of a ward when I noticed three children with those too wide-open eyes which mean fear or starvation. I asked them why they were here. " Mother is with father," one answered. I went in and Sister at once began to tell me about the case in the ward—a man who had stuck to his work too long and had gone down with double pneumonia and was very seriously ill. " I am afraid they're miserably poor, the wife is evidently underfed." I went up to the bedside and spoke to the man. He assured me that he was better, and that the only thing that worried him was how his wife and children were managing to get along. The woman watched him and me anxiously while he was speaking and then—the moment he stopped—came the shining lie. It came rapidly and impressively—straight from heaven: " Why, John, we're getting on splendid—all the people are that kind that we're better off than when you were out. Don't you worry about us. We're grand." And she gave him instances of what Mrs. This and Mrs. That were doing, and how kind the employers had been. It was all imaginary. At " The London " we have a small fund for meeting these tragic happenings, and the fund saw to it that the family did not try to live on imagined help. The man got well and I am sure the wife's brave lie helped a lot towards his cure.

Sir Frederic Treves used to tell a similar story that happened under his eye at " The London." If I seem to say this too often, please remember that nearly 1,600 people come to the hospital for help of some kind *every day* throughout the year.

In this case a man in a mad fit of rage threw a lamp at his wife and she was brought in desperately badly burned. Treves asked her how it happened, and she told him. As she was dying a magistrate was sent for to take her depositions. Treves told her to repeat to the magistrate what she had said her husband had done to her. " Done to me ? 'E ain't done nothing. It was a pure accident." And that was all she would say, and she went, I dare hope, to where that lie came from.

Here is a lie that is such a compound fracture of the truth that it is hard to class.

A " dangerous " case was admitted into a ward of " The London," and the House Surgeon examined it at once. It was a very dangerous case and, according to the book, immediate operation was most desirable. But—in a very few minutes the Senior Surgeon of the ward would be going his round, and if he saw the case, it would be his for operation, and that particular operation was not his speciality—in fact, his record for it was not good. If, however, he did not see the case, the moment he was out of the hospital the Assistant Surgeon could be summoned to operate, and his record for such cases was a very brilliant one. Which would give the patient the better chance ? Which was the greater—the risk of operating or the risk of delaying ? The House Surgeon decided on delay and tactfully engineered his chief past " Bed 13." He telephoned at the first possible moment for the Assistant Surgeon, who hurried down and operated. For a short while it looked as if the decision had been a good one, but suddenly the patient weakened and died. The relatives took up the matter on the grounds that an immediate operation should have been performed, with the result that the Coroner held an inquest. The House Surgeon said, with perfect truth, that he thought the case would do better if operation was delayed a little. Then the Senior Surgeon was called. He had learned what had happened, and his evidence was the keystone. " Yes, I think the patient had a better chance by waiting." That, too, was true, but I doubt if many would have made that veiled admission of inferiority.

A piebald lie ? I think this one falls under that heading.

A man was brought into the hospital one day, shot in the neck, and the X-ray plate showed that a bullet had lodged in a very dangerous place. The police came to me and said that the man was a well-known burglar, and had been shot by a fellow-burglar. They asked me to give them his pocket-book, which they were sure would contain valuable information. Rightly or wrongly—I refused. The man's clothes had only come into our hands because we had had to remove them to help save his life, and they were his property and were just as much a trust as the man himself. What the man might or might not have done was nothing to us; he was just like any other patient. The police were very insistent, but we stuck to my point and the pocket-book. The man got better, and I went to talk to him. He refused to say a word. Then someone told him who I was, and on the next occasion he admitted to me that he had thought I was just another "somethinged detective." He asked me about the pocket-book, and when I told him what had happened, he said, "You're a gentleman. Shake hands." Then he told me the story of what had happened. He and his pal had done two burglaries. In the first, the pal had not divided the swag fairly, and, therefore, in the second he himself had stuck to all they had got. There was a quarrel, of course, and his pal had pulled out a pistol and shot him. "What shall you do ?" I asked him. "You will prosecute him, of course ?" "Not I. He'd tell everything if I did. No," and then with a knowing smile, "the shooting was just an accident. How do I know I didn't do it myself ?" He left with his pocket-book, and I have always wondered how he and his pal "made it up." But that was the evidence he gave.

Here is the story of a lie which has always puzzled me to place. It concerns Selous, the great hunter and most lovable of men, and I tell the story as it was told to me—I believe by Selous himself, but I cannot quite swear to that, though I have often said he told me. (If he did not tell me, what sort of lie have I told ?) Selous was a daring and mischievous boy at Rugby, and on one occasion he climbed up to the school clock and put the hands on half an hour. This upset the school organization intolerably. Dr. Temple, the Head Master, gave out that the culprit must give himself up. Selous was ready to own up but the boys decided among themselves that he should not do so. Then Dr. Temple assembled the school and asked every boy whether he had done it. All the boys kept to the agreement they had made. Later in the term, Selous broke his leg and was dangerously ill from blood-poisoning. His house master went to his bedside and told him that they all knew he must have done it, because no other boy would have dared the climb up, and urged him not to go before his Maker with a lie on his lips.

"I thought this such a low-down way of getting at me that I preferred to tell a lie to my master and to take my chance with my Maker," was Selous's commentary.

Here is a case of lie upon lie that fits no group because the speaker saw her lies as truths.

Many years ago a nurse at the London Hospital had received special sympathy over the loss of two brothers in quick succession, one at the War and the other in King's College Hospital. A little later she became engaged to be married and asked leave to go to America with her fiancé for a short time. This the Matron refused, on the ground that it would not be proper to do so without a chaperon. The chaperon—an aunt and her daughter—was found, and off she went. Shortly after she came back from America she asked leave to fly to Brighton and back for one day with her fiancé, who was in the aeroplane business, and this was granted. Some months after her sister happened to be an in-patient at "The London," and we very naturally expressed our sympathy with her over the loss of her two brothers.

"Brothers! I never had any brothers!"

"Your sister told us that they died just before she went to America."

"Went to America! When did she go to America?"

"For her summer holiday."

"Nonsense, she spent her summer holiday with me!" Then we sent for the nurse, and she explained that her sister would never call her brothers "brothers" because they were only step-brothers—sons of her father by his first wife. As to her going to America—"Why, how like her to say this. Go to 17, Pall Mall and you will find that in the S.S. *Arizona* I had Cabin No. 1, and my aunt and her daughter No. 2, and that my fiancé had No. 70."

"And did you fly to Brighton, nurse?"

"Of course I did, and we started from a vacant space where a lot of houses had been pulled down behind Bourne and Hollingsworth's."

I like to believe people, but that aerodrome was beyond belief, and investigation showed that her father had never married again—that no brothers had died—that there was no good ship *Arizona*, and no 17, Pall Mall—and, of course, no vacant space by Bourne and Hollingsworth's from which an aeroplane could start.

We got a very eminent mental specialist to see her, and the poor girl had to go into a home, and finally into an asylum. This specialist told me that in cases like this the patient really believes her story, and that it grows from being a lie into being the truth to the teller.

Let me end with a smiling lie.

"Tommy" Openshaw, officially known as Mr. Thomas Horrocks Openshaw, C.B., C.M.G., M.S., F.R.C.S., one of the Consulting Surgeons at "The London," once went into a ward to see how a patient he had operated on two days before was getting on. It was visiting day and the patient had friends by his bedside, and "Tommy," overheard one of them say, "These surgeons are very careless. I've been told they sometimes leaves a sponge in a fellow." "Yes," agreed the other friend, "and I've heard of 'em leaving forceps in you." Then "Tommy" boiled over. "Sister," he called loudly, "have you come across my walking-stick. I had it here two days ago and I've lost it."

I imagine that the sick man must have felt like that other patient who, after endless central operations, is said to have begged his surgeon to put in buttons instead of stitches and so make future life simpler.

It does not come properly into this chapter, but the mention of Mr. Openshaw reminds me of the payment he received from a hospital patient—against all rules. "Sir," said the patient, "I can't pay you in money for what you have done for me, but I can give you a good tip. I am a chef. Don't you ever take thick soup at an hotel."

CHAPTER XXXII

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM

I SEEM to have had my fair share of controversies during my hospital career, and looking back, with an age-ing eye, at the many that have speckled my path (a lot of black and white here), there seems to have been a good deal of noise. Perhaps it helped at the time; I hope so.

I have no intention of calling up the dead, but the battle between the devotees of the Voluntary System and the soothsayers who laud State management of hospitals still goes on, like the eternal fight between good and evil, and after thirty-four years as a combatant I can hardly leave it out of "recollections."

The Voluntary System has made our hospitals the admiration of the world for humanity and efficiency, and I have fought my hardest for it and shall die in my belief in it. I simply cannot see the State as the ideal physician, or surgeon or nurse. The one merit—as seen by a beggar heartily tired of begging—is the illusion of a bottomless purse. But even if the purse existed it would be so netted with red tape that dippings into it would be wasted time and labour. The Voluntary System has the qualities and fineness that generations of freedom have given it, but I am afraid that State management would be a sterile thing with no heart-beat or likelihood of one. To help one another is a good law of life, but the helping should be spontaneous and not extracted by taxation.

A pamphlet issued by the Trades Union and Labour

Party quotes the late Sir Charles Loch as saying that the voluntary hospitals are " the greatest pauperizing agency in this country." Pauperizing agency, indeed! Is it pauperizing to give a fellow a lift on the way, to help him when down in suffering or sickness? I am sick of such cold-blooded teaching. If this is pauperizing, the Good Samaritan was a first-class pauperizer. Let us tear up the Sermon on the Mount and substitute the Charity Organisation Society's Guide to Heaven, and let " C.O.S." stand, not for Charity Organisation Society, but for " Choke off Sympathy."

As Mrs. Cecil Chesterton writes, with an experience which few women have passed through, in her book *In Darkest London*: " The destitute will try their very strength to the verge of collapse before they will enter the portals of any place within the shadow of State control."

What is the significance of this little story that reached me the other day from our new Sunbath Department? Tommy is a small sunbath patient, and knows the ropes. He knows that in East London an all-over bath is a very necessary preliminary to a sunbath. He appeared one day dragging a still smaller and decidedly reluctant brother by the hand. " Why the brother, Tommy?" inquired Sister. " Please, Sister," was the reply, " muvver's gone to Brighton fer the d'y and granny says as 'ow she's too busy, so I've brought 'im up to 'ave 'is 'ands and fice washed." It will be a bad day, indeed, when that trust in the hospital as a universal helper is frozen out.

Please do not think, though, that I regard the Voluntary System as perfection. I have seen far too many changes and know far too many needs to be so foolish, but when a system has proved humane and efficient and suited to English minds and lives, I cannot for the life of me see why it is to be scrapped instead of strengthened. Why spend a fabulous sum of money when it is quite unnecessary? We need closer co-operation and more amalgamation between hospitals and more beds, and to those ends I favour a scheme roughly on these lines.

I should divide London and the country into districts. I should make the large Voluntary Hospital, with its scientific departments, its first-rate staff, its teaching school, and its excellent nurses, the Mother Hospital of the district. I should attach to it all the other voluntary hospitals in the district, under combined management.

I should remove all Poor Law Infirmaries from the Guardians, and attach these as annexes to the Mother Hospital, under its management, and thus get rid of all pauper taint. The result would be that you would have all the hospital work of the district carried out by organizations which have proved their worth during the last 200 years, and which are admitted by the Labour Party's pamphlet to be "models of good management." The sick in every district would be adequately and sufficiently treated and provided for, and we should not have, what we had lately, the London Hospital full with a long waiting list, while across the road there was the Whitechapel Infirmary with 200 empty beds, and no applicants for admission.

All teaching and training of doctors would be centred in the Mother Hospital. The Scientific and Research departments would be centred there, and patients who did not need this special help would be sent to the annexes. But every branch of annexe would have to be equally good, and have sent to it cases which it was best fitted to deal with.

The Minister of Health would make large grants to the Mother Hospital, and should have power to nominate on to its management representatives of the State and of the district served. This would secure State control, but not State management. State control would satisfy the taxpayer; State management would satisfy nobody.

The benefits of this scheme would be that you would keep alive the precious spirit which has animated the work of the Voluntary Hospitals. You would keep that in them which has enabled them to attract the devoted service of the very best men in the medical world. You would keep alive the *esprit de corps* of the staff and of the nurses in maintaining the highest ideals of the treatment of the sick. And you would be keeping and making more efficient and more widespread what is loved and trusted by the sick.

Some may say: "Why could we not get the same in hospitals managed by the State or public bodies? You managers of the Voluntary Hospitals are not the only competent people. Others care for the sick as much as you do." I make no such claim. I only say "judge by the results." You have *not* had or seen the same results from the hospitals managed by the State or public bodies.

How about the money for this?

It is everybody's selfish interest that there should be good hospital service, that doctors and nurses should be trained, that a high standard of treatment should be set up and maintained, that preventive medicine should be studied and research carried out. Those things are for the good of all, whether they use the hospitals directly or indirectly. Every one should remember this and help to pay towards the cost.

I would stimulate voluntary subscriptions by letting a man off paying income-tax on any sums given to hospitals, and by assessing his estate for estate duty after first deducting amounts left to hospitals. This would, I think, help subscriptions very considerably. All patients using the hospital should be assessed for payment on an agreed scale. I should make every wage-earning man, before he is twenty-five, pay a sum, say of £10, to the Government. He has earned good wages up to that date, and is not what is called "encumbered" with a large family. The Hospital Saving Association, by which for a payment of 13s. a year, a patient and his family are excused all payments when in hospital, should be pushed forward. A sickness rate for the penniless sick should be levied on all. It is now paid to the Guardians for keeping up the Infirmaries ; in future I suggest that this sick rate should be paid to the Minister of Health.

If I may sum up the whole of what I have said, it would be to say that if you have found a thing well done, the best policy is to strengthen it and help it to do more, and not to dig it up by the roots.

Talking of the Voluntary System reminds me—but, no, I really must stop, much as I am enjoying myself " jotting down my recollections."

My last recollection ?

Well, a blurred one of gratitude—it is only blurred because of numbers—to all those good friends who have given me so many happy moments and so many lifts on the way during my life, and especially to the known and unknown ones who have helped me with that part of my life that I have enjoyed most of all—my work at the London Hospital.

If, as is said, old age drifts out in remembering things, I ought to end my days very pleasantly.

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